PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

02242

APRIL 1986 $3.50

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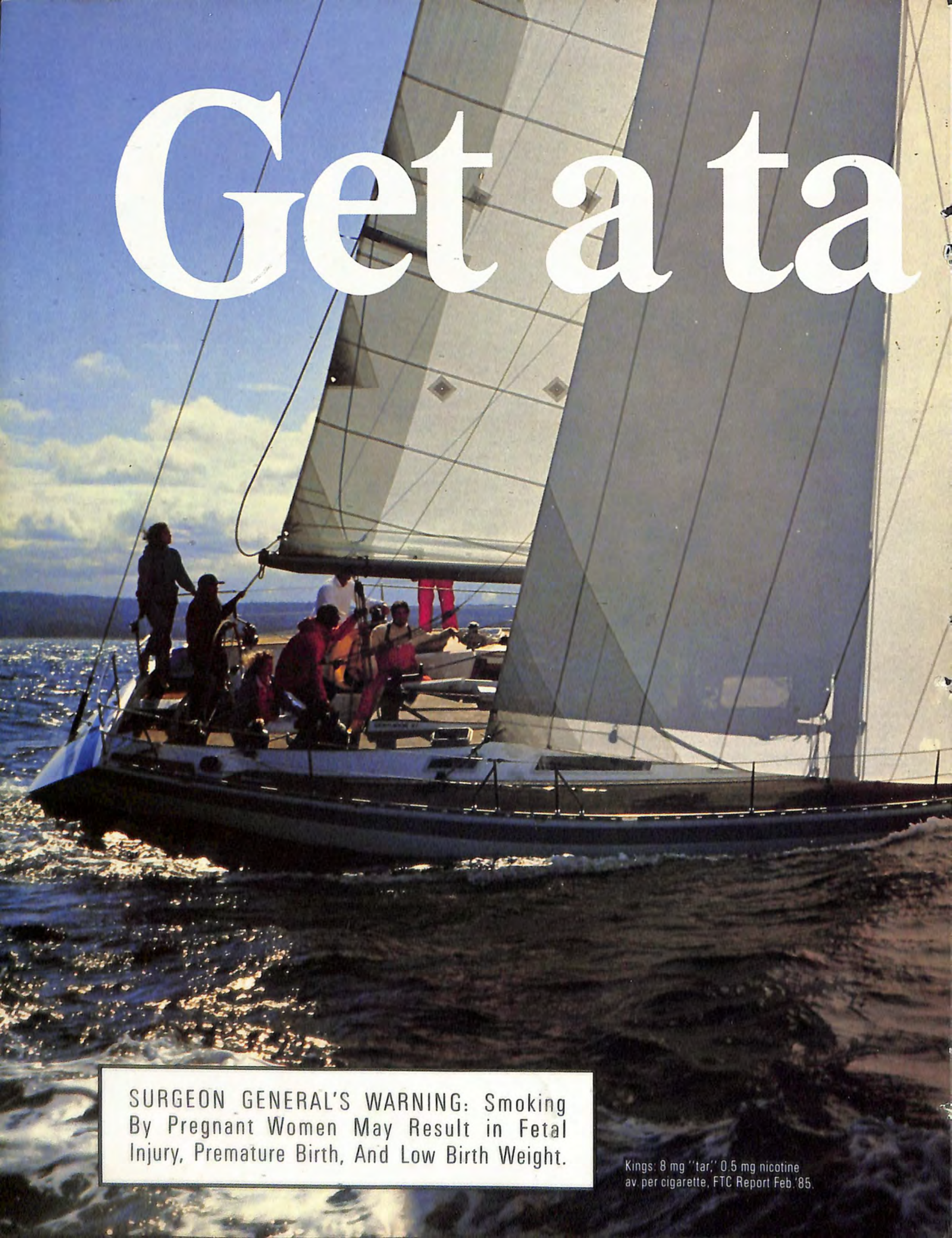
SIKH TERRORISTS... TRAINED IN THE U.S.?

VIBRATORS: A CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO GOOD SEX

NEW FICTION BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY

APRIL FOOLS: THE YEAR'S BEST JOKES

NORTH CAROLINA'S HOLY WAR ON SEX



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The International Magazine for Men/April 1986

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CONTENTS			**PAGE**
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		10
PET FORUM	Correspondence		20
FEEDBACK	Opinion		22
FITNESS	Service	Michael Colgan, Ph.D.	24
MEN'S RIGHTS	Service	Sidney Siller	26
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	28
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager	35
LAW		Alan M. Dershowitz	36
SCENES		Gary Hanauer	36
T.V.		Peter Occhiogrosso	37
SEX NEWS			38
THE SIKH TERROR PLOT, PART ONE	Article	Frank Camper	40
WET SUITOR	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller	44
HIPPO HUNTING	Photo Essay	Photographed and reported by Jeffrey L. Rotman	50
HIGH JINX	Fiction	William F. Buckley, Jr.	56
THE GALLERY	Humor	Art Cumings	67
GOOD VIBRATIONS	Article	Al Goldstein	72
DOMINIQUE	Pet of the Month	Photos by Hank Londoner	75
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	William R. Corson	92
NORTH CAROLINA'S WAR ON SEX	Essay	Professor Thomas Tedford	94
A REMEMBRANCE OF FLINGS PAST	Pictorial	Photos by David Schoen	96
MEDICAL GENOCIDE, PART EIGHT: DIET: THE SECRET OF LIFE	Article	Gary Null and Leonard Steinman	106
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS	Lifestyles		109
ICE CAPADES	Pictorial	Photos by Jeffrey E. Blackman Text by Lynn Kearcher	112
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE	Satire	Ori Hofmekler	121
ADRIANA	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller	123
X-RATED VIDEO	Service	Al Goldstein	132
HARD TIMES	Humor		143
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione	148
GAMES	Diversions	Scot Morris	154

This month's cover features Pet of the Month Dominique St. Croix, who was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 80-200 lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 142.

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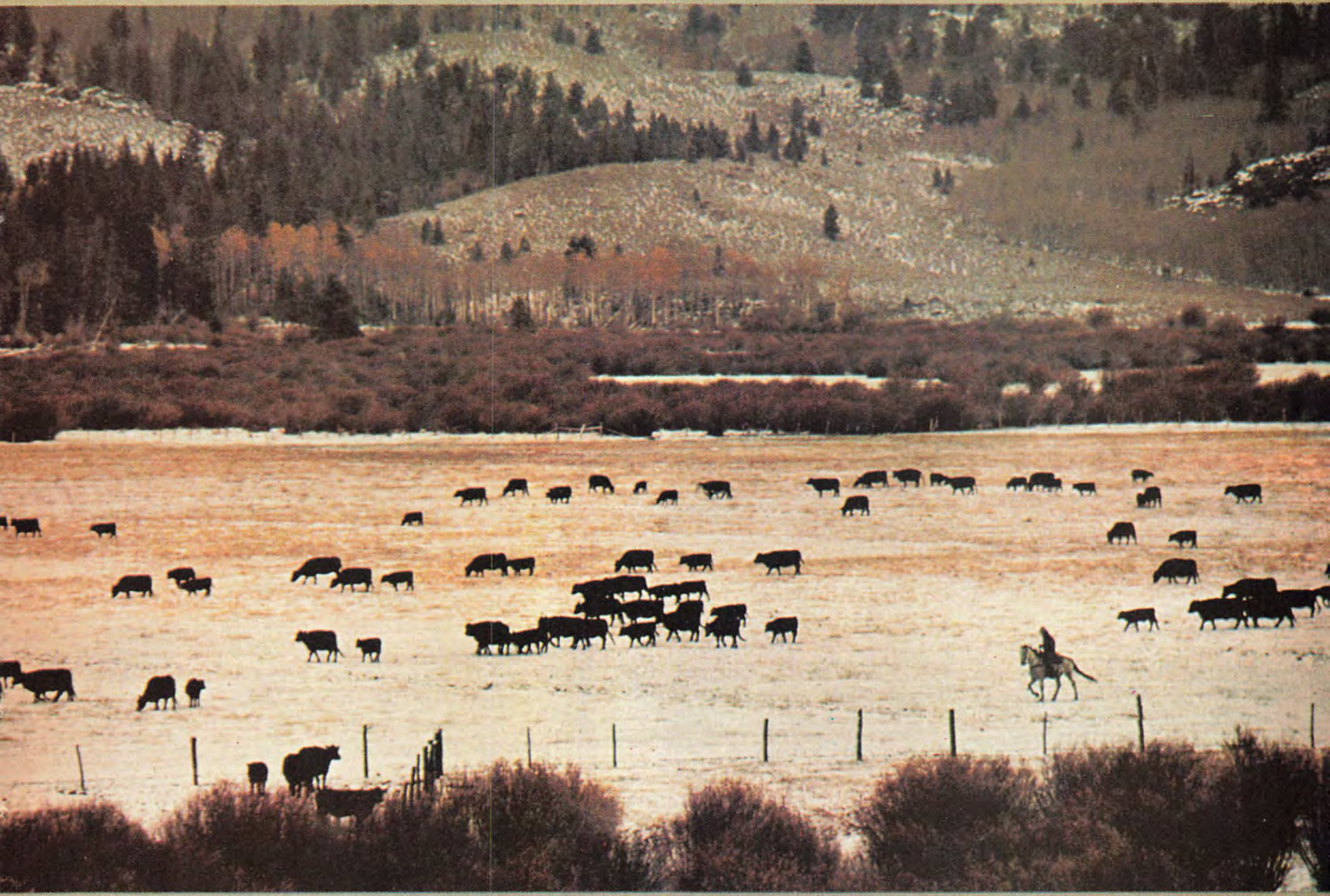
The Spirit of America



Wyoming Winter by Dick Durrance

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Old Grand-Dad

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY 40601.

HOUSECALL

TERROR TRAINING

Frank Camper's mercenary training school in Alabama has received a lot of publicity over the years, but when an Air-India plane crashed last June, killing 329 people, reporters descended like locusts on Camper's soldier-of-fortune playground. It turned out that the destruction of the plane had probably been part of a wider Sikh terror plot—and that some of the fanatics had been Camper's students. Cries of outrage demanded that he be punished and his school shut down. Now, in the first of a two-part *Penthouse* exclusive, Camper tells his side of the story. Alerted by *Penthouse*'s sister publication, *Newlook*—whose editor Jennifer Landey was preparing a photo essay on Camper—we heard his extraordinary story of international plots and FBI undercover work with fascination. We're sure you'll agree.

ICE CAPADES

As you read this, most of us are still struggling with the effluvia of winter—the mounds of snow and slush that blanket the land and bury our cities as we wait for the spring sunshine to liberate us. The Japanese, half a world away, also have to cope with winter, but, as with so many things, they have made a virtue of necessity. In "Ice Capades," photographer Jeffrey E. Blackman takes us to Sapporo, where every year thousands of tons of snow are miraculously transformed into ancient warriors, crystal palaces, and cartoon statues for the fleeting pleasure of millions of spectators. Unlike the real things, however, these photographs will not melt and will be yours to enjoy for months to come.

HIGH JINX

William F. Buckley's swashbuckling cold warrior Blackford Oakes returns in our exclusive preview of *High Jinx,* his latest thriller, to be published soon by Doubleday. We're proud to have published other Oakes adventures in the past, and we know you'll find him up to form in this adventure of British double agents and Soviet deceit behind Albania's deadly Iron Curtain. . . . And in the eighth installment of "Medical Genocide," Gary Null and Leonard Steinman explore a story that, while not as flashy as cold war confrontation, is actually more important to most of us—the role of good nutrition in keeping us alive and healthy.

HIPPO HUNTS

The El Molo tribe is a tiny (pop. 37) band of warriors facing extinction in a village on the shores of Lake Turkana in Kenya. Photojournalist Jeffrey L. Rotman traveled to this far corner of Africa to document their story and found one even more bizarre: The El Molo have no source of meat other than the illegal hunting of the giant hippopotamus. Each year, in ritual ceremonies, they slaughter and butcher three or four of these great beasts to give thanks that their tribe still survives. Rotman was one of the very few outsiders allowed to witness and photograph these unusual, vanishing ceremonial rites.

GOOD VIBES

In his own inimitable fashion, Al Goldstein explains how vibrators ("those miracles of modern electronics") can actually become a man's best friend—a second in any sexual duel. If, Al writes, you're like most American males, "traditionally as skittish as hell toward any proposal to renovate your love life," his consumer's guide to these indefatigable gadgets should prove helpful indeed. . . . Games Editor Scot Morris, on the other hand, offers a consumer's guide to the latest and most unusual April Fools' jokes (in case you haven't yet noticed that it's that time of year again!). . . . And finally, of course, you won't need any guide to locate and enjoy the sexiest, most sumptuous collection of beautiful ladies to be found in any magazine in the world today. They're our April Pets—ready, willing, and able to stimulate the best vibrations of all . . . and that's no April fooling!

A SERIOUS WORD ON BREWING FROM THE FUNNIEST BEER IN AMERICA.

Lite
A FINE PILSNER BEER

The cast of characters who have helped make Lite Beer from Miller famous has brought America a lot of laughs. But the beer that stands behind them happens to be one of the most serious creations in the history of brewing.

After all, the very idea of Lite Beer was once considered an impossibility: a truly full-flavored beer that was significantly lower in calories than regular beer.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE LIGHT BEER

Today Lite Beer from Miller is far and away the largest-selling light beer in America and the nation's second largest-selling beer of any kind.

This remarkable performance took a lot more than a good sense of humor. The brewing process that gives Lite Beer its superior taste uses no fewer than 128 quality checks along the way to the bottle.

MORE HOPS, MORE FLAVOR

Lite's flavor is achieved by using the essence of two kinds of hops instead of just one for more hop flavor than most other light beers. Then the flavor is meticulously balanced to a perfectly mellow, well-rounded pilsner beer containing no additives or preservatives.

The *only* way to achieve this much character in *any* beer is quality brewing every step of the way. To achieve it consistently in a beer with only 96 calories is a long way from funny. It's unprecedented.

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED IN A BEER. AND LESS.

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1100
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Keeping the big heavyweight in fighting form is simple. In fact, features like shaft drive and a Hydraulic Valve Adjuster system keep maintenance to the absolute minimum.

And if all that doesn't hook you, the looks will. The Shadow 1100. It'll knock you out.

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That means using your head. And riding safely. Always wear a helmet and eye protection. Read your owner's manual carefully. Follow the rules of the road and always use common sense. Never drink and ride. Always ride at a safe speed. If you're riding a new or unfamiliar machine, take it extra easy.

Doing the right things makes riding a lot safer. And more fun.

The Shadow has a 12-month unlimited mileage warranty. See your local Honda dealer for complete details. Specifications and availability subject to change without notice. California version differs slightly due to emissions equipment. Shadow is a Honda trademark. For a free brochure, see your Honda dealer. Or write: American Honda, Dept. 188, P.O. Box 7055, No. Hollywood, CA 91609-7055.

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HONDA MOTORCYCLES

FOLLOW THE LEADER

“Soon the three of us were in the backseat
of an old car in the parking lot.
My skirt and top were off and the guys were
rubbing and kissing me all over.”

PENTHOUSE **FORUM**

RACY RECONCILIATION

My husband and I have been reading your magazine for several years, though he did his reading in the open and I would sneak it into the bathroom or read it when he was gone. I suppose I was raised to believe that a true lady would not read such things. Glen, my husband, always said I was rather a prude. I guess I was back then, but much has happened since that time to drastically change my life for the better. It all started almost two years ago when, regretfully, Glen and I were divorced. That only lasted just over a year, and then we found ourselves flying to Las Vegas for one of those quick marriages that we're sure will last this time. My story has to do with the events that got us back together and the part your magazine played.

Immediately after our divorce, I found myself searching for a meaningful relationship and learning to date again after 20 years of marriage. It was not the same as I had remembered! Every man had but one thing in mind and that was to screw, eat, suck, or whatever they could get as fast as they could. Within a month I had been in half the motels within ten miles of town, nearly raped in a dozen backseats, and swallowed at least a full gallon of assorted come. I soon realized that a woman my age is going to end up in bed, if she is going to get a date at all.

Then one night I chose to stay home and read the latest issue of *Penthouse*. There was a letter in the "Forum" column from a couple who claimed to have saved their failing marriage by putting a little variety and excitement into their sexual adventures. Their system was to go out separately and have the wife pick up other men with her husband watching. Then the three (or four) of them would spend an evening or night playing together. This sparked the missing excitement in each of them that carried over into their private lovemaking. Since I never had stopped loving Glen and had often dreamed of our somehow getting back together, I set about with a plan to regain his interest in me. I knew that I had nothing to lose should I fail.

We had intentionally avoided each other since our split and I was afraid he wouldn't be interested. You can't know how thrilled I was when I called and he agreed to meet me that evening after work at a small cocktail lounge I knew he frequented. I had lost several pounds since he had last seen me and wanted to look my very best. I wore dark hose, a dark, straight miniskirt, and a white silk blouse with the top three buttons left unfastened. I arrived early and was having my second manhattan when Glen walked in. I wanted so much to run over and kiss him, but I waited until he reached my table and then stood and extended my hand to him.

We had some drinks and engaged in general small talk for nearly an hour. Then he asked what had caused me to call. I pulled the two neatly folded pages I had cut from the "Forum" section of your mag and asked him to read the particular letter. He laughed and asked if I had started reading *Penthouse,* to which I smiled and nodded. After silently reading the letter, he handed it back to me and asked if I wished I had done the same thing when we were still together. I responded by asking if it would have helped. "I don't know, but maybe it might have helped," he replied. "Some of the guys tell me you've become a real swinger," he continued.

At that point I became aware that his gaze was directed at my excited nipples, which were clearly outlined by the clinging silk blouse. "It appears you've discovered yourself—or at least burned those ugly bras you used to wear," he added laughingly. I asked if he liked what he saw and he answered with a broad but silent smile. He then asked what I had in mind. It was time to speak up! I patted the "Forum" letter on the table and gestured toward it as I asked if he would be interested in meeting an exciting lady for a few more drinks the following night. He responded affirmatively and we set the time at 9 P.M. and the place at a small bar across town with a somewhat seamy reputation.

I spent the entire next day nearly wetting my pants in anticipation. I purchased a black garter belt, fashion hose, and a light-blue wraparound miniskirt. I bought the skirt several sizes too small so there would be a minimum of overlap where it met in front. Unable to find a suitable top, I picked up a pale-blue shorty pajama top with peekaboo lace and two ribbon ties at the front. Tucked in the skirt, it was ideal. You never saw a sexier hooker.

I arrived at the bar an hour early to check out the men

In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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APRIL

and to encourage myself. I was an instant hit from the time I walked in. I never paid for a drink once and there was a line of men waiting their turn to dance with me. When Glen arrived he had to get an extra stool from the other end of the bar to sit slightly behind me, as the other men had taken every other seat anywhere near me. It was obvious that we knew each other, though we made it appear more of a chance meeting than a planned escapade. Glen took his turn with the rest of the men, reaching inside my top and under the opening of my skirt to play with my bare tits and muff as we danced. It was fun! It was also getting me hornier than I had been in a long time. I was amazed that my juices weren't flowing all over the floor.

Later Glen and another man asked if I would like to go out for a little fresh air. Soon the three of us were in the backseat of an old car in the parking lot. Not long after that my skirt and top were off and the guys were rubbing and kissing me all over. With my head in Glen's lap while he stroked my tits, the other man was first to enter me. He pumped me so hard that the entire car shook. When he climaxed and sat back upright, I bent over him to suck him clean. Taking advantage of my position, Glen entered me doggy-style. When he had finished I cleaned him also, and the two of them helped me get dressed to go back inside.

Walking back across the parking lot, Glen put his arm around me and whispered, "You're beautiful." For the first time I believed he meant it, and I couldn't help but agree silently to myself. Before long, I found myself once again in yet another car in the parking lot with two other men. One of them was buried in my muff, eating and licking me while the other stroked and sucked my tits. The one started to screw me as the other held me, then changed his mind and decided on a blowjob instead. In moments, he shot his load into my mouth. I hadn't swallowed completely when the other inserted his cock into my mouth. He was even faster than the first, as I soon found my mouth filled with warm sperm again. Dressed once again, I walked back into the bar and joined Glen. He wanted to dance, as an old favorite song of ours was playing then. I felt I could not get close enough while he explored my thighs and tits and whispered how great he thought I was.

He left after the song, but invited me to join him at his house as soon as I could get away. I stayed to dance for another hour, then said my good-byes to the men and asked for a volunteer to walk me to my car. They all would have gone, so I selected the one I wanted. Soon I was lying stripped in the front seat of my own car this time, receiving my last screwing before I headed for Glen's house.

Once there, Glen and I spent the remainder of the night and all morning making love as we never had in all the years we were married. We had several normal dates (dinner and such) in the months that followed, and an equal number of stimulating sex adventures with other men. We usually went to that same little bar or to the triple-X movie house uptown. Once we found ourselves comfortable and honest with each other, we planned a trip to Las Vegas—and after two wild nights there, we were once again married in the sweetest little chapel.

We still buy *Penthouse* every month. We read the "Forum" column together and get many of our ideas for our growing list of adventures from it.—*Name and address withheld*

FIELD TRIP

I am a 28-year-old muscular and good-looking teaching assistant at a large southwestern university. Last summer I had an unforgettable experience with one of my former students which I would like to share with other *Penthouse* readers. From the first day of class, I knew that Amy had something in store for me. She always sat in the very first row, always had a big smile when I looked her way, and she frequently wore brief running clothes that did little to hide her lean, taut body.

Our natural "friendship" began to get really interesting only after the spring semester closed, and I didn't have to worry about mixing academics with pleasure. After the final exam and a big hug, Amy said that she would like to see me sometime for an outing "or something," so the first chance I had I called her up and we went hiking in the nearby mountains. As we sat down for a breather along the trail, our lips and tongues automatically met in a passionate embrace, and my hand found its way to her small, firm breasts. It was clear we wanted each other badly.

The following week the consummation of our relationship occurred when Amy invited me over in mid-afternoon to chat. My cock immediately hardened and my heart pumped madly as I drove to her house. We sat together on the couch, and before long I began to undo her blouse as we looked into each other's eyes, smiling devilishly, anticipating the pleasure which we were soon to share.

I undid her black-lace bra and sucked her nipples, taking practically an entire breast into my hungry mouth. I savored each breast, and then gradually began to untie her sexy wraparound shorts. Amy smiled as I undid them, which told me that she was mine. She wore a pair of black-lace panties that matched her bra but did little to hide the short dark pubic hair underneath them. She removed my shirt and shorts, and we embraced, grinding our still-clothed crotches together like two animals in heat.

She lay back on the couch and, with her eyes, invited me to remove her panties. For me there is nothing quite as exciting as sliding a girl's panties off her bottom for the first time, exposing her bush and rear. This time was no exception; Amy's pussy hair was trimmed very short, and her cleft stared at me invitingly. Immediately my tongue was lapping up beads of love potion which dripped from her pussy lips as she wrapped her long, taut athletic legs around my neck. After a good while of cunnilingus, I rose somewhat and mounted this young nymph, giving her only an inch of cock at a time and not fully penetrating her tight pussy until some minutes later. By this time we were wild with desire, and we rammed our pubic mounds together madly. We came together in waves of passion, and eventually collapsed from exhaustion in each other's arms.

After a few minutes of rest, my cock needed Amy's pussy again, and I rolled over onto her and penetrated her to the hilt. We fucked madly until I once again pumped my come into her. As we rested again—me with my eyes closed—I could sense movement on Amy's part, and all of a sudden felt warm lips and a tongue caressing my growing cock. I braced for yet another unforgettable experience as Amy slowly sucked me sweetly, concentrating on my cock's head, and occasionally jacking it gently in order to tease me to orgasm. When it finally arrived, my breathing was so heavy that I came close to passing out. Amy sucked and swallowed each drop of come that I pumped through her beautiful lips, and then moved up to kiss me deeply and passionately, ending our lovemaking session for that afternoon. We repeated our encounters several times until Amy finished her degree program and moved on to new horizons. I shall never forget this beautiful gift from heaven who miraculously appeared in my classroom.—*Name and address withheld*

COOKIN' GOOD

I am a 21-year-old senior at a medium-size midwestern university, and I am an avid reader of "Forum." I consider myself fairly good-looking, and I usually get my share of trim.

Since the beginning of this semester, my roommate John and I had been admiring this curvaceous blond beauty who lives in our on-campus apartment complex. I ran into her in the hallway quite often and usually received a nice smile, but could never bring myself to make a move on her. Just the thought of her was enough to give me a raging hard-on. I spent many an afternoon pumping myself with my right hand while thinking lustful thoughts about this blond goddess.

With spring finally upon us, John and I decided to celebrate a balmy Saturday afternoon by barbecuing out in front of the apartment building. By the time the coals were hot and ready to go, John and I had already put away a good portion of a 12-pack. Just as we were about to put our food on the grill, the blond object of our sexual desires pulled up in a bitchin' 1967 Mustang with a load of groceries.

SOUTHERN COMFORT

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Hot black coffee (regular or chicory). 1½ oz. Southern Comfort. Sugar (to taste). Whipped cream (optional). Pour Southern Comfort into mug of steaming black coffee. Sweeten to taste. Garnish with whipped cream.

COMFORT CAKE
Cake 1 18¼ oz. Duncan Hines Yellow Cake Mix. 1 3½-oz. pkg. Instant Vanilla Pudding Mix. 4 eggs. ½ cup cold water. ½ cup cooking oil. 1 cup chopped pecans or walnuts. ½ cup Southern Comfort. Glaze ¼ lb. butter or margarine. ⅛ cup water. ½ cup granulated sugar. ¼ cup Southern Comfort. Combine cake ingredients in large bowl; beat at medium speed for 2 minutes. Pour into greased and floured 10-inch tube or 12-cup Bundt pan. Bake at 325° for 1 hour. Set on rack to cool. Invert on serving plate. Prick top immediately; drizzle and brush half of glaze evenly over top and sides. Reserve half of glaze. After cake has cooled, reheat glaze and brush it evenly over cake. Just before serving, sift 1 tbsp. powdered sugar over cake. To make glaze, melt butter in saucepan. Stir in water and sugar. Boil 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and stir in Southern Comfort.

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The beer seemed to lower my inhibitions, and I quickly offered to help her carry the groceries to her apartment. We got to her apartment, and she introduced herself as Stacy. She commented on the beautiful weather, so I invited her to come out and barbecue with John and me. She accepted with a smile that could have raised the *Titanic* or made the Leaning Tower of Pisa stand fully erect—not to mention my seven-inch penis, which was already twitching uncontrollably.

She began to put her groceries away and said that she would have to change her clothes before coming back outside, so I excused myself to go check on the coals. Before I got through telling John the good news, Stacy was walking toward us across the grass wearing a pair of white shorts and a halter top which nicely showed off her protruding nipples. She helped herself to a beer while John and I put the hot dogs on the grill. We could tell that Stacy was not the shy type by the way she was eyeing our bulging crotches and brushing her 36-24-35 body against us while pretending to help out with the food. Believe me, the hot dogs on the grill were not the only ones cooking that afternoon!

When the food was ready we decided to go inside to eat, as there was no picnic table outside. Neither John nor I had ever been involved in a threesome before, but when Stacy loaded two hot dogs onto one bun and watched us with her bedroom eyes while she seductively ate her double dog, we knew that anything was possible. We were out of beer by the time we were through eating, and Stacy commented that we should get some more beer to keep the party going. At this cue, I headed for the nearest liquor store.

When I returned, I couldn't believe the sight before my eyes. John had Stacy on the floor and was ramming her doggy-style while gently caressing her swaying breasts. When Stacy moaned for me to get out of my clothes, I nearly blew an anticipatory wad in my shorts. I quickly dropped my shorts to my ankles and knelt in front of her so that she could have a taste of my pulsing member. I was nearing climax when John pulled out of her from behind and dumped his load onto the small of her back. Stacy then released my stiff rod from her talented mouth and said that she wanted to feel me inside her.

She rolled over and spread her legs wide, revealing her neatly trimmed blond bush. She was running her hands up and down over her prizewinning body, and I needed no further invitation. I rubbed the head of my dick up and down her moist pink slit, and she gasped as I bumped her clit, and grasped my penis with both hands and positioned it at the mouth of her velvet love tunnel. I threw her legs over my shoulders and plunged in balls-deep. As I pumped away, her vaginal muscles threatened to suck the foreskin off my dick. John was stroking himself back to an erection while watching from the sofa. After I blew my wad with the intensity of a .357 Magnum, John stepped forward to have a taste of her dripping pussy. The combination of John eating her out and me sucking her cherry-tipped melons brought Stacy to a shuddering orgasm. After this, John and I lay back to relax while allowing our hands to roam freely over Stacy's flushed body. After a brief recovery period, our sexfest continued late into the evening.

The three of us have not been together simultaneously since that Saturday, but John and I each have had many wonderful experiences one-on-one with our newly found sex kitten.—*Name and address withheld*

A COUPLE OF STAND-INS

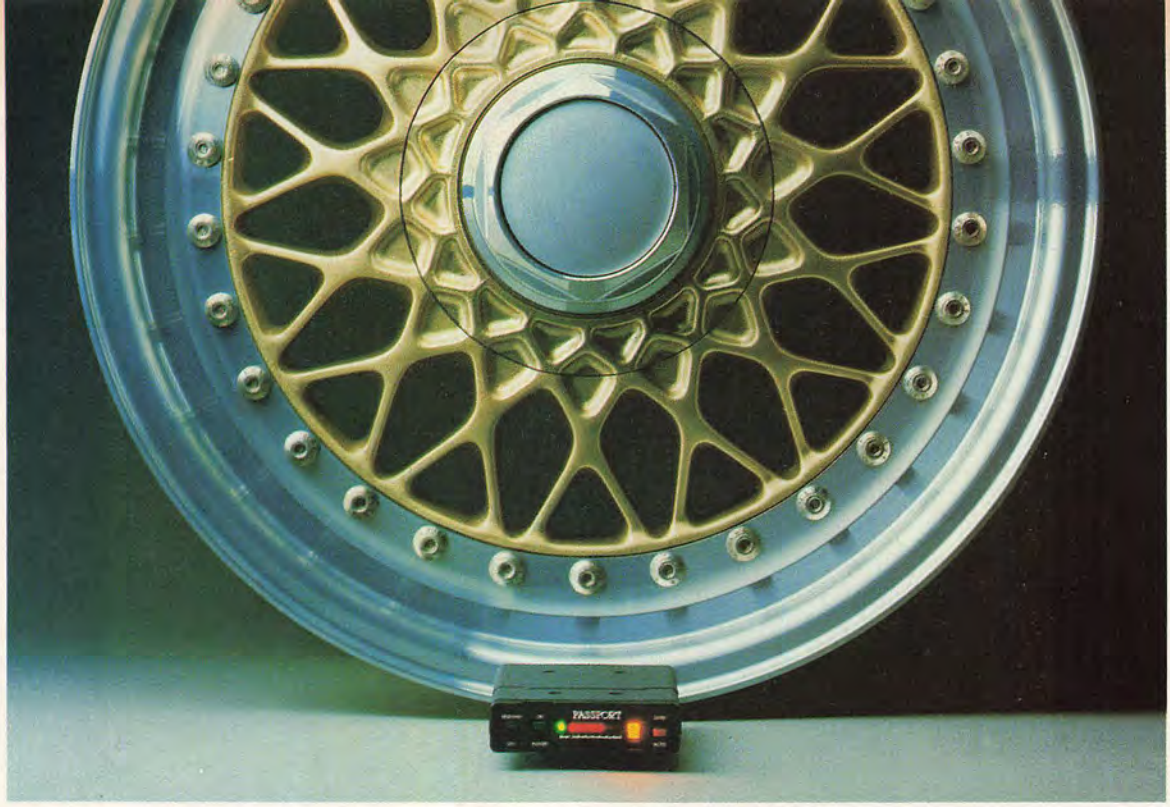
Last week I was at a party that was fun but not particularly interesting. It was being held by a girl who certainly was interesting, but her parents didn't trust people who were under 30 years old, so they stayed home that night, inhibiting the goings-on. Because of this, a friend of mine and I left. Neither of us had our cars there, so we started to walk aimlessly around the golf course next to the girl's house. After a while, I heard a low sound, but I ignored it because I couldn't recognize it. My friend, Howie, and I had finished the beers that we had brought with us, so we began to head back toward the party for more.

I heard the sound again, so we decided to go investigate. As we got closer, I recognized the sound: the engine of a Volkswagen Beetle. The Beetle was parked on the side of the road and two occupants were in the back.

We drew closer to have a look at what they were doing. The man still had his jeans on, but the girl was completely naked. There were beer bottles all around and in the car, and the guy was obviously drunk. After five minutes of kissing, the girl accidentally pulled off the guy's wig, revealing that he was a GI from the Army base south of town. Five more minutes passed, and the GI still hadn't pulled off his jeans to enjoy some carnal pleasures. Howie and I were about to go back to the party when the guy passed out on top of her, much to our surprise.

Howie is an expert at taking advantage of an opportunity, and I couldn't talk him out of going into the Beetle and taking over, so I decided to join him.

Howie opened the door and said, "Excuse me, ma'am, but you seem to be in some need of assistance." The woman didn't mind, so we pulled the GI out of the car and Howie climbed in. By the time I got my large frame into the cramped VW, Howie already had his large member in the girl's mouth, so I started working on her beautiful pussy. She took nearly as much time to come as Howie did. As



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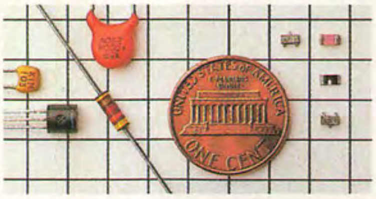

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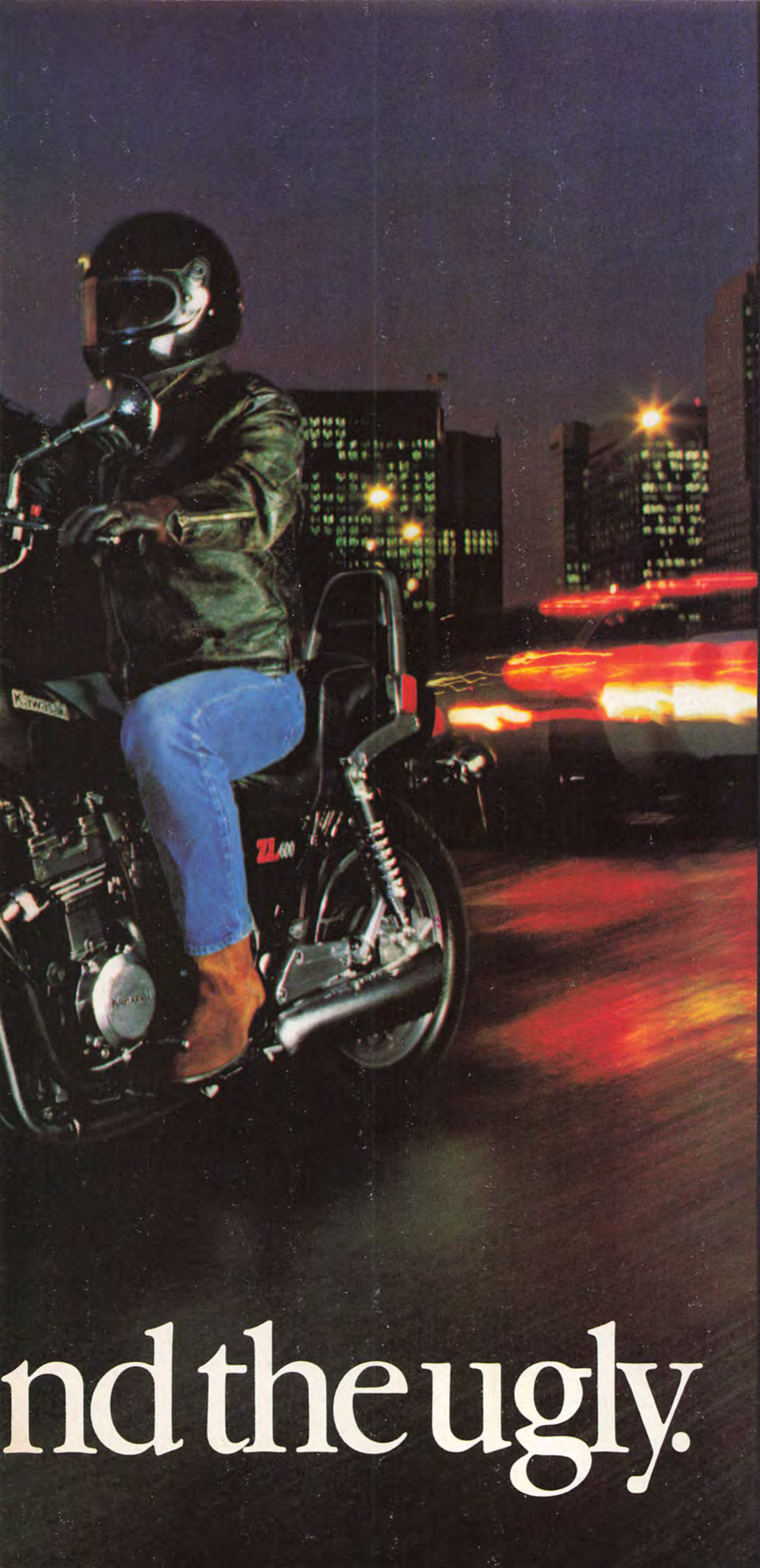

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MIC

he sat trying to catch his breath, I ripped off my jeans and fucked her for all I was worth. With her tight pussy massaging and contracting around my dick, I came after five minutes in an unbelievable orgasm. I rolled off and Howie, now fully rested and hard, took over, mounting her doggy-style.

While I was resting, I suddenly realized that it had begun to rain lightly. There was something I was trying to remember, but I couldn't think straight, so I turned my attention back toward Howie, who was fucking the girl's brains out. He finally came and nearly collapsed on the girl's back.

I was ready for a blowjob when suddenly I remembered what it was. I looked out the window at the GI. The rain was beginning to revive him!

I motioned to Howie and we quickly dressed. The GI was still groggy, so Howie and I were able to leave without him ever knowing what happened.—*Name and address withheld*

SWEET AWAKENING

I am a student at a major Texas university and I have never been into voyeurism, but an experience I had recently has changed my opinion.

I live in an on-campus, males-only dormitory. One night at about five in the morning, after a heavy night of beer drinking, I woke up and found I needed to go to the bathroom. I was half asleep and barely noticed that the shower was running. When I heard several moans come from the stall, I woke up completely.

The shower curtain was partly open, and I caught a glimpse of my resident assistant, Brian. Then I caught a glimpse of his girlfriend, a short brunette who owned a magnificent set of breasts. When I saw Brian run his hand down her erect right nipple, I knew I couldn't leave.

I settled myself into the shadows as his hand slowly moved down. He played with her belly button for a moment and then continued his descent. As he reached for her snatch, he lowered his face until he was eye-level with those voluptuous tits. Her eyes followed him down until he licked her right nipple; then she threw her head back and moaned. At the same moment, I saw his forefinger extend and then slowly rise up between her thighs. He drew it out again, and I could see it shimmer in the moonlight with her love juice. My cock was already hard, but when she put her hands on his head and pushed it between her legs, it grew another inch. I was breathing so hard that it echoed through the bathroom, but fortunately her moans were the only thing that could be heard above the running water. She grew tense and barely contained a scream as she shoved his head into her cunt and reached her climax, her dark hair waving about and her glistening arms tense against Brian's head.

After her orgasm, which sent thrills through my cock, Brian raised his head and washed the shimmering love juices from his face in the shower stream. I would have given anything to have licked those diluted juices off the floor. In the meantime, Brian's girlfriend had sunk to her knees out of exhaustion, and she reached for something to steady herself. What she grasped was Brian's erection. I developed more respect for Brian as I noticed the size of his love pump, which his girlfriend proceeded to stroke. It was his turn to moan as she took it in her mouth and began to move her head back and forth. I noticed my mouth was dry, and several seconds later I noticed that hers wasn't.

Brian threw his head back as he came. He tried to grasp the walls for support, but they were almost as slick as the lovers' bodies. She couldn't take his whole load, and his dick squirted out of her mouth, covering her face with cream that began to drip down between her breasts. The pressure in my cock was now so bad that it poked up through the elastic in my briefs.

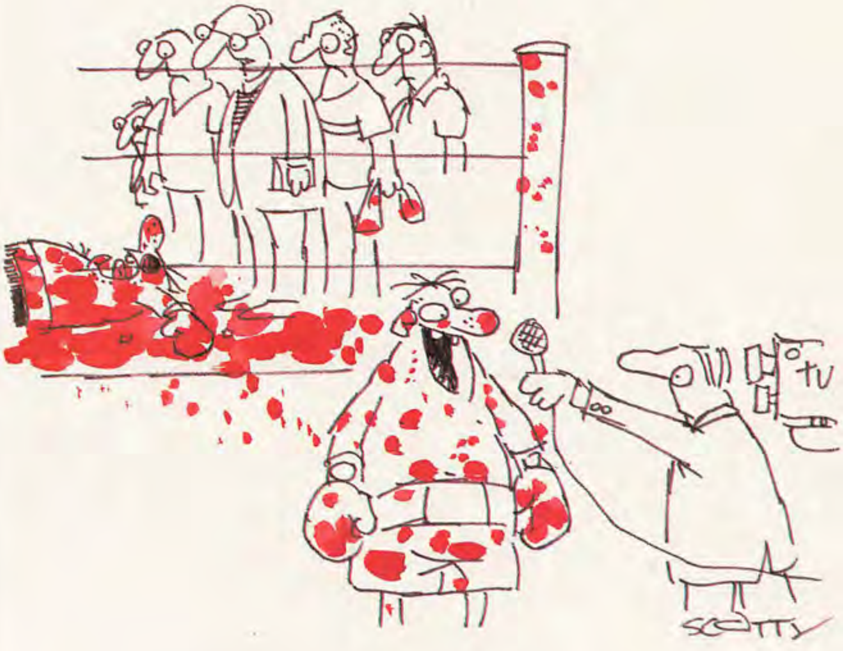
As I looked down at my dick, I heard Brian tell her, in between his gasps, that they should head back to his room to continue. I panicked at the thought of being caught. I hurriedly crawled back to the bathroom door and ran back to my room. When I fell onto my bed I found that I had come in my underwear and that I still needed to piss.—*Name and address withheld*

BARTER SYSTEM

Being a male senior at an average-size college, I've worked at a pizza establishment for the past two years. Since I'm close to graduating, I've become increasingly jealous of all those people who write to "Forum" and are lucky enough to have had a sexual experience at their place of work. This jealousy, however, ended quickly on an otherwise dull Tuesday night.

Since Tuesday nights are so slow, only one person is needed to work, and luckily this Tuesday night it was me. Only 20 minutes away from closing, I began to clean the establishment and put things away. All those who had stayed to dine had left, and the place was empty except for myself. There was only one pizza left to be picked up, and it was under the name "Julia." As I started to put the sauce away, a stunning brunette walked through the doors, causing me to nearly splash the sauce all over the counter and floor. Luckily I was able to set it down before a minor catastrophe could occur. She stepped up to the counter with a smile on her face that nearly caused the clock to stop and the ovens to overheat an additional ten degrees.

She asked for the pizza for Julia. I brought it over to her and told her the price. Reaching into her purse, she sud-



"First, I want to thank God and my personal savior Jesus Christ for giving me the strength, the courage, and the will to win."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

Her perfume costs $90 an ounce.
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“I can't guarantee
it, but if my boyfriend and I
break up, you just
might find me under your tree.”

PET FORUM

YEAR-ROUND JOY

Dear Renée Colbert,
You are beautiful! I have only one complaint about your pictorial "Christmas Cheer" [December 1985, photographs by J. Stephen Hicks]—it isn't long enough. Nothing less than an entire magazine devoted to you would be sufficient. I get goose bumps just thinking about you! If you're not still seeing your boyfriend at Christmas time *this* year, maybe you can come and wait under my tree. That would certainly be spreading cheer for me!—*Name and address withheld*

I just love your spirit! Santa loves guys like you. And what would you like to see me wrapped in? Perhaps just one tiny, little bow? That's something for you to think about in case your wish comes true.

Renée

I can't guarantee anything, but if my boyfriend and I break up soon, you just might find me under your tree. Ho, ho, ho!—Renée

Rebecca

REBECCA'S WORKOUTS

Dear Rebecca Hill,
I was checking out your pictorial as Pet of the Month in January 1985 ["On the Road," photographs by Earl Miller], and I keep going back through it over and over again. I'm only 20 years old and haven't done too much working out with weights or other gym equipment, but your photos were an inspiration. I'd like to start exercising, and I'd love to have you as my instructor. What do you say?—*Greg Zachary, French Camp, Calif.*

Dear Greg,
You are very sweet, but I don't take on beginners. Just join a gym and do some real body work. Then, when you're at peak condition, we could have a pose-down. Here's a hint: I like my bodybuilders big.—Rebecca

Dear Rebecca,
I saw you in the January 1985 issue of *Penthouse,* and I can't get you out of my mind. I've figured out a way for you to save me from my restless nights. Please send me the headband you wore during the shooting.
I'd love to have it, and I'm willing to do anything in exchange for it. How does this sound to you?—*R. F., Bay City, Mich.*

Dear R. F.,
I am so sorry, but I no longer have the headband. Would you settle for a personal and sexy thought of mine that is just for you? Please accept it. I know you would definitely enjoy what I'm thinking.—Rebecca

IRREPLACEABLE WONDER

Dear Carolyn Bosanko,
I know it's been a while since your pictorial, "Scotch on the Rocks," appeared in the March 1985 issue of *Penthouse.* But, since Hank Londoner captured your beauty in those photographs, I have not seen another woman who can replace you in my mind. It's no wonder you won so many beauty contests—*you* are the wonder! I look forward to the day when you grace the pages of *Penthouse* once again.—*Name and address withheld*

TEMPTED TEMPTRESS

Dear Sharon Axley,
Thank you very much for the grace, humor, and intelligence you provided me through your pictorial "Strike Force" [photographs by Michel Moreau]. Unfortunately for me, since that pictorial in March 1982 I haven't seen hide nor hair of you. Have I missed something, or are you keeping out of sight for a reason? I wish you good health and success.—*Jon Belin, Hollywood, Fla.*

Dear Jon,
Thank you for the lovely memory of a loyal reader. My ambition is not where it should be, and I let a little temptation go a long way. As the saying goes, "The only way to rid yourself of temptation is to give in to it." Soon I will be out of temptations, and I can get back to work.—Sharon

In PET FORUM, our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Pet Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Sharon

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“In Kennesaw, people will answer a knock on their doors, and most will not even shoot through it first.”

PENTHOUSE **FEEDBACK**

GUN TOWN

With regard to your article on Kennesaw, Georgia's gun law in the December 1985 issue ["Gun Town," by Nick Tosches, photographs by Rob Nelson], I was disappointed, but not too surprised, that much of the article centered around Mr. Dent Myers. Myers is certainly one of Kennesaw's more colorful characters and a bona fide authority on Civil War history, but he hardly speaks for all the residents of Kennesaw. Many of the citizens do not possess firearms or share in the somewhat narrow philosophies expounded in the article.

In spite of his comment concerning "foreigners and Yankees 'bout to overrun us," Mr. Myers apparently neglected (or forgot) to mention that he himself is a Yankee "transplant," who gained an interest in the Civil War only after moving to Georgia several years ago from up North.

The reference to Saturday night specials is inappropriate and overused, especially when mentioned in the same paragraph with the very fine firearms training sponsored by the Kennesaw Police Department. The term is synonymous with "cheap," and such weapons do not last long on the practice range, where they are scorned by instructors and serious shooters—not one of whom shoots a ".38 Magnum," whatever that is.

The law in Kennesaw was passed in response to the antigun law enacted in Morton Grove, Illinois. In fairness, one should not be mentioned without the other, perhaps with a comparison of the crime rate in both towns as well as interviews to determine the extent to which both laws are obeyed by the common citizens.

Be that as it may, Rob Nelson is wise to knock loudly in Kennesaw or anywhere else. In Kennesaw, unlike New York City and a few other places I can think of, people will answer a knock on their doors, and most will not even shoot through it first.—*Warren "Mac" McKinney, Kennesaw, Ga.*

GENDER WARS

I am writing in response to your article "Men's Rights," by Sidney Siller, in the November 1985 issue. Equal pay for equal work is a matter that warrants discussion, but the manner in which it was presented by Siller was sexist and irresponsible.

First of all, the idea that a working mother has a traumatic effect on the family is ridiculous. Substitute the word *parent* for *mother,* and it becomes logically obvious that the work of raising children should be shared equally. Also, it has been *proven* that women who work outside the home are happier, healthier, and more productive than women who don't. And *that* is what helps to maintain a healthy marriage.

Secondly, the reference to working women who are more successful than their husbands being the cause of marriage failure just goes to show the inadequacies of men. If they aren't able to handle their wives' successes, they won't be able to handle the success of anyone who surpasses them. If the wife climbs the ladder to a rung above her husband, she has obviously earned it, and therefore deserves every penny she gets.

Lastly, to "state unequivocally that she is expected to stay in the home" is a breach of human rights. That is the exact same thing as dictating to people that they are to become firemen, or plumbers, etc., against their own will. Freedom of choice is what America is all about, and that goes for women as well as for men.

It is time to start seeing women—single, married, or divorced—as *people,* people who have something to share with society, to make all our lives better, not just their own.—*Name and address withheld*

Sidney Siller replies:
I must congratulate you on your letter, wherein you feign a misunderstanding of my opposition to the political and economic purposes of comparable worth and to the bizarre priority it has on the feminist leaders' current agenda.

You intentionally fail to consider that during the last two decades of the feminist revolution there has been much uncertainty about the roles of wives and mothers. The feminist movement has not come to grips with the consequences of the social dynamics of "independence and choice" that it has encouraged.

Specifically, the feminist movement has provided far too many options to women, in the process often creating burdened, ambivalent overachievers. These women are confused about their own priorities, resulting in conflict between their careers and the development of their families. Families cannot do well without both *parents' involvement.*

My belief is that the feminist leaders of America are prejudiced against men.

It is unfortunate that you have succumbed to an ignoble, unworkable concept of social expectations between men and women.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

IMPORTANT

WOULD YOU AGREE TO PARTICIPATE IN A NATIONWIDE SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT IN MIND AND MOOD EXPANSION?

IN A SALUTE TO OLFACTION IN THE 21ST CENTURY, THE 3-M CORPORATION HAS AGREED TO ALLOW OMNI MAGAZINE TO BIND INTO ITS PAGES A PACKET OF POTENT, EMOTIONALLY CHARGED SCENTS ENCLOSED IN MICROCAPSULES. BY RELEASING THE SCENTS AND RECORDING THEIR INDIVIDUAL RESPONSES TO A FASCINATING QUESTIONNAIRE, THE MAGAZINE'S READERS WILL HELP UNIVERSITY RESEARCHERS EXPLORE SOME OF THE MOST POWERFUL AND ANCIENT COMPONENTS OF THE HUMAN BRAIN.

TODAY, SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH HAS RE-ESTABLISHED THE SENSE OF SMELL AS ONE OF THE PREEMINENT BIOLOGICAL DETERMINANTS OF MOOD AND EMOTION. BECAUSE OLFACTORY NERVES TRAVEL DIRECTLY FROM THE NOSE TO THE ANCIENT REPTILIAN BRAIN, THE SEAT OF LUST, MEMORY, ANGER, AND RAGE, SCIENTISTS MAINTAIN THEY CAN TAP OUR DEEPEST MOODS AND DRIVE US TO ECSTASY OR DESPAIR. TOMORROW, SCENTS MAY FUNCTION AS AROMATIC WONDER DRUGS REVOLUTIONIZING THE WAY WE LIVE.

TO BE PART OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY FIELD TEST AND TO COMPARE YOUR REACTIONS TO THOSE OF THOUSANDS OF OTHER AMERICANS, PICK UP A COPY OF OMNI MAGAZINE'S APRIL ISSUE, OR SEND FIVE DOLLARS (TO COVER POSTAGE, PACKAGING, AND HANDLING) TO: SCENTS—OMNI INTERNATIONAL, 1965 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10023-5965.

New developments in aging
prevention are being incorporated
into beauty products
backed by Dr. Christiaan Barnard.

FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.

I broke my arm in a car accident, and while I have the cast on, I won't be able to do my workout with weights. I used to be flabby, with no definition in my chest or shoulders. I like what the weights did for me and am now afraid the muscle will turn to fat. I heard that if you stop doing weights, you can end up worse than when you started. How much time do I have before I lose my hard-earned muscles?—Mark Dvorak, Columbus, Ohio

Muscle never turns to fat. When people stop exercising, they usually continue to eat at the same level. At the same time, their metabolism slows down, so fewer calories are burned every hour. The net result: A layer of fat grows over the top of the muscle. The Colgan Institute has measured gains of three pounds of fat for every week without exercise, with no change in food intake.

The muscles lose tone, too. That's why you may appear worse off than if you never trained, because all that muscle has become soft and sloppy under an overcoat of fat. If you were weight training for a year, you have about six weeks' grace before the muscular look disappears. That is, unless you work out on a stationary bike for 20–30 minutes daily until your arm recovers.

My wife is 30 years old and in excellent shape. I have seen a lot of ads on TV saying that women need calcium to prevent osteoporosis. My wife eats a lot of dairy products, but she doesn't take calcium supplements. I told her she should lay off the dairy, because it has fat, and start taking calcium pills. What do you think?—Andrew Reiter, Baltimore, Md.

Dairy foods are a reasonable calcium source, and modern low-fat products solve the dairy-fat problem. But every government nutrition survey, from the Hanes 1 in the early 1970s to the recent National Food Consumption Survey, has shown that American women don't get enough calcium, and the *Harvard Medical School Newsletter* has called osteoporosis a national epidemic. The major cause of this preventable, but insidious, disease is an inadequate intake of calcium. Deficiencies become detectable at about age 30, for men as well as women.

It is very difficult to prevent calcium deficiencies with food alone. Many physicians and other health professionals seem unaware that only 25 percent of the calcium in milk is bio-available—absorbable by the body. The amount absorbed is even less if the milk is taken with foods high in oxalic acid, such as chocolate. Oxalic acid binds with the calcium to form insoluble salts in the intestine, which are then excreted. Drinking copious amounts of chocolate milk to get your calcium is like swallowing nuts with their shells on.

My advice is to include calcium as part of a sensible daily multivitamin-mineral supplement. Avoid bone-meal and dolomite supplements, as the FDA has recently found high levels of lead in several brands that use these sources of calcium. Also avoid calcium gluconate, calcium lactate, and calcium citrate; they are even less bio-available than the calcium in milk. You don't need any of the fancy, expensive new sources either, such as calcium orotate. Two leading experts on osteoporosis recommend simple, cheap calcium carbonate, which is up to 40 percent bio-available. My institute has tested many calcium supplements, and we have yet to find one that will beat 1,000 milligrams of calcium carbonate.

I have ridges in my fingernails. They run parallel with the way the nails grow. They aren't terribly noticeable, but I'd like to know why they form and how to get rid of them. One doctor said it was stress, another said it was vitamin deficiencies. Do you have any ideas?—T. Choy, Annapolis, Md.

Ridges along the length of the nail are often part of the whole skin-, hair-, and nail-drying syndrome that inevitably accompanies aging. They can become cracks. Once the cracks form, they are irreversible. Just as you use moisturizer for your skin, or should if you are over 18, so should you moisturize nails.

There are two effective ways to make the skin-nail complex retain moisture. One is to use a hydrophilic agent—a substance which attracts and holds water. Collagen, for example, is the major water-holding agent in young skin; collagen moisturizers work well for both skin and nails. Then there are hydrophobic agents, such as lanolin, that repel water. They work on skin and nails by forming a barrier to seal water in.

The big mistake many women make is to put moisturizers on dry skin. Hydrophilic moisturizers will dry the skin further by drawing water from it; hydrophobic moisturizers will seal the dry skin and prevent it from taking up moisture. Always use these agents on thoroughly wetted skin and nails. By the time one liberal application is used up (about six hours in an air-conditioned office), your nails and hands should have retained enough moisture to keep them sweet 16 and rosy for another day.

There are new developments in the prevention of aging of skin, hair, and nails that provide more effective treatment, but these are not yet available in commercial products. Some of them, however, are being incorporated into a series of beauty products backed by the famous heart-transplant surgeon, Dr. Christiaan Barnard.

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An authoritative new book says that children often feel closer to their father than to their mother.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER

In the course of representing literally scores of fathers in divorce cases during the past 25 years, I have found that their overriding concern is their children—contrary to the myths shared by their spouses and the courts. This concern is usually strong enough to lead the father into an unending series of guilt complexes and self-incrimination. And the strong bond is reciprocated by children toward their father.

With this in mind, I have been impressed by a new book, *Solomon's Children,* authored by Glynnis Walker and published by Arbor House, that sheds new light on the children of divorce. I wish to alert you to the book so that you can share Walker's icon-shattering ideas, in the hope that all fathers—and mothers—will gain more insight into their children.

When it comes to divorce, neither parent really knows what the children are thinking. "Because of this breakdown in communication," Walker writes, "a lot of people are blaming themselves for the pain and suffering in their children's lives, when in fact their children are sighing in relief that their parents finally 'did it.' "

Quoting the Duke of Windsor ("The thing that impresses me most about America is the way parents obey their children"), Walker draws some very sharp conclusions. She believes we have elevated our children to an importance far beyond what nature intended. We have demanded that they give us joy and a reason for living. To truly love our children, we must act like the mother whose son Solomon ordered cut in half and think only of their interests. But the majority of those involved in divorces today are only too happy to sacrifice the children for the needs of the parents or the state, all the while saying that they are acting "in the best interests of the children."

If we agree with Walker in substance, then who should we blame for the problem—the father, the mother, the children, the courts, society, or all the parties involved? Whoever is to blame, it is a catch-22 situation for the father. He is asked to love his children, but not to make them "child-kings." He is expected to go along with the courts, who sacrifice his children for expediency's sake. He is told to take a backseat to the maternal instincts of the mother. He is required to play the role of financial wizard for his children and former spouse, to place his fate in the hands of the Almighty, and to pray for the best. Not many other options are available.

The cornerstone of *Solomon's Children* is an in-depth questionnaire completed by 368 children of divorce and consisting of 115 questions divided into four sections—"The Separation, The Divorce, Remarriage, and Later On." "Living in a society where Mom, America, and Apple Pie is the cultural trilogy of an era," Walker writes, "I was surprised that so many children of divorce were more than ready to move Mom out of the trilogy and replace her with Dad. . . . This indicates strongly that the divorce process and, perhaps, our perceptions of family life have been at odds with reality for too long."

For the following observations alone, I would welcome Glynnis Walker as the first female board member of the National Organization for Men, which I founded:

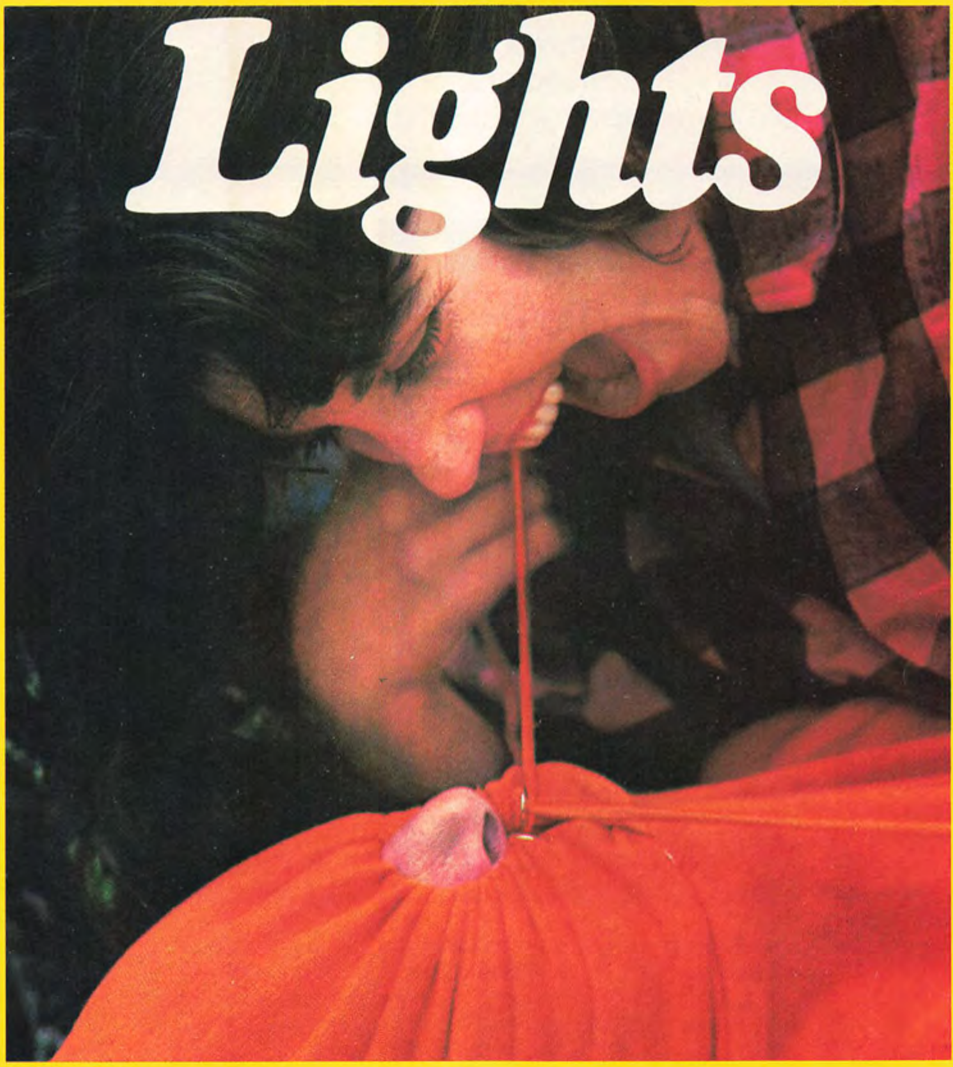
- "Only 1.9 percent of all children under 18 live in father-only households. Fathers are expected to stay on the outside looking in and leave the important task of raising their children to the women to whom they were once married. We take away a father's legal right to have anything to say about what happens to his offspring by awarding custody to the mother."
- "Over the years we have built up a perception of motherhood that is not only unreal but unfair. For every point we have given to mothers as parents we have subtracted one from fathers, until we have reached the point at which divorced mothers are seen as parents and divorced fathers are seen as little better than impregnators with no real interest in their progeny."
- "Mothers still get 90 percent of the custody. Common sense and the welfare of the individuals involved take backseats to habit. Family structures have been changing, but the approach to custody has remained more or less static."

Children's objectivity about divorce usually does not surface until adulthood, a process that is often hastened by the loss of one parent—in the majority of cases, the father. That, I feel, is the reason behind their eventual reevaluations of the mother's role in divorce. Children often feel a special closeness to their father, since both have been deprived of a mutual relationship and on-the-scene love.

"Momism" is nothing more than a mirage cloaked in peanut-butter sandwiches, station wagons, good-night songs, and Brownie meetings. Behind most children of divorce is a woman setting her sights on the greener pastures of her own independence and career, and the courts are her eager ally. The mother willingly permits the child to be cut in two, with the judiciary acting as executioner. In one fell swoop, two heads roll—the child's and the father's.

Solomon's Children should be required reading for all judges, as well as for all fathers who have suffered the pain and anguish of losing their own children. Although the damage has been done, they can gain some comfort from the knowledge that they are not alone. There are still many daddy's boys and girls out there.

Newport



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❛Before I could even get my hand down her shorts, her other hand dropped the magazine and undid the zipper.❜

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

My wife and I recently went on a house-hunting trip without the children. Not having been away for some time together alone, this was a trip we were both looking forward to. Our trip allowed us to experience new ideas and sexual enlightenments. Our nights in motel rooms were always filled with great, passionate sex.

The experience I wish to tell you about happened on our return trip home. Maggie had brought several magazines with her to read in the car. Since it was a long trip both ways, she had finished all of her women's magazines just after we started back home. While Maggie was in the rest room at one of the gas stations where we stopped, I slipped the latest copy of Penthouse *beside her seat. After we got back on the road, I mentioned to her that there was more reading material available. She began to read the letters in the "Forum" section. I had already read the magazine, so I knew some of the letters she was reading. After about ten minutes of reading, she reached over and started rubbing my crotch while she continued to read. It didn't take any time at all for me to develop a raging hard-on. She continued to read and rub my crotch as we cruised down the interstate. I reached over and started to run my hand over her big tits: 40Ds. I could feel her nipples were already as hard as erasers. Maggie's bra was getting in my way, so she unhooked it and dropped one of the straps so that I would have unrestricted access to her hard, sensitive nipples. She kept her blouse on so that other motorists would not see what was going on in our hot little car.*

I would have liked to take off her blouse and let whoever wanted to see get an eyeful of her large breasts, but I knew there was no way to talk Maggie into a little exhibitionism. Her breathing became more rapid and her nipples were responding to my touches. I moved my hand to her lap to rub her cunt through her shorts. I could tell her juices were flowing and that she would be climaxing soon. Before I could even get my hand down her shorts to her hot, dripping cunt, her other hand dropped the magazine and undid the snap and zipper of her shorts. She couldn't wait another minute and thrust her free hand into her pussy. Within seconds, she shrieked as her first orgasm shook her body with delight.

This made my dick even harder. I knew that she could climax several more times, as hot as she was, so my hand now went into action. I thrust it deep into her shorts and immediately began fingering her dripping cunt. I rubbed her clit and slipped my fingers in and out of her wet pussy, quickly bringing her off again and again. She screamed each time she climaxed, and if anyone was driving by us they would have certainly heard her screams of ecstasy. I moved my hand up under her blouse again, rubbing her nipples with my wet fingers. I fingered her again until she had achieved at least three orgasms and I could tell she was satisfied.

Once recovered, Maggie returned her attention to my crotch, where my hard dick needed some relief. I put on the cruise control and slid my seat all the way back. She opened the fly on my shorts and unzipped them so that my straining cock could get some attention. She pulled out my dick and began to stroke it. She kept looking behind us at the traffic, afraid of someone seeing us. Once the traffic cleared out a little, Maggie bent over and began to suck on my dick. I played with her tits while she continued to suck my cock. (Maggie is an expert in giving blowjobs.) At this point my concentration on driving was becoming difficult. She stopped sucking, but continued to pump my dick with her hand until I gushed all over my shirt and lap.

This really turned Maggie on. I reached down and thrust my hand down her wet panties again and made her climax once more. This was a great experience for both of us. My question is, how do I get Maggie to show off her 40Ds and become a little more extroverted? I know she has the desire, but how do I get her to become more open?—F. C.

Our Western culture has always suffered from a great preoccupation with what other people think. There is a story

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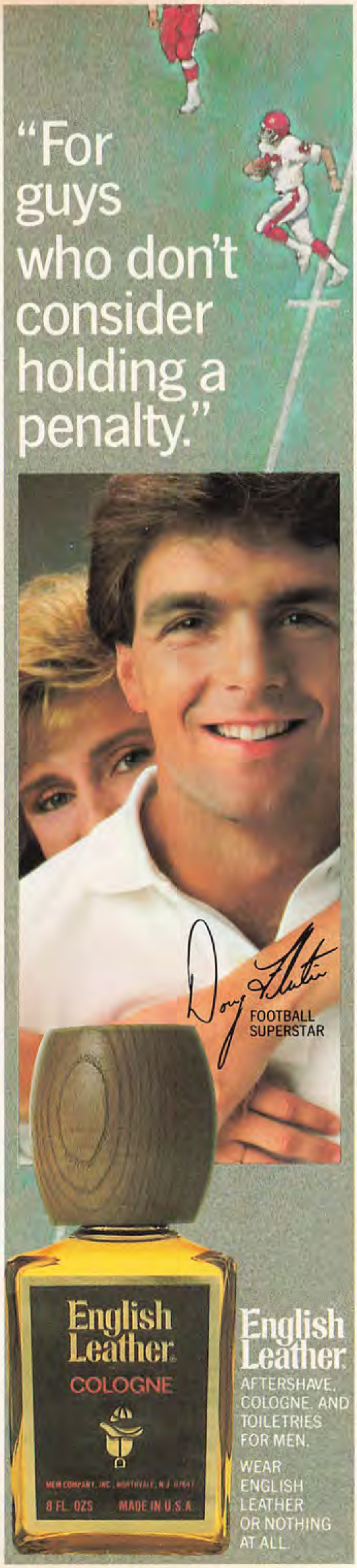
All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send yours to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse* Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

LORENZO LAMAS, MOTORCYCLIST & ACTOR.

"Things can get pretty hot and tense on a movie set. That's why I cool off and unwind by riding off-road motorcycles when I have some time off. Nothing relaxes me more than the beauty and the quiet of nature. I ride only on designated trails and use the right mufflers. That way, more people can relax the same way I do."

RIDE AWARE. SHOW YOU CARE.

MOTORCYCLE INDUSTRY COUNCIL, INC. MIC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WEAR ENGLISH LEATHER OR NOTHING AT ALL.

of a woman in Paris who decided to commit suicide. As she left her house on her way to drown herself in the river, she ripped her skirt on a nail in the door. She didn't want her neighbors to see her in a torn dress, so she went back upstairs and changed her clothes before jumping into the river.

I once took two very straight, supermacho boyfriends with me to a nudist beach in France. Although each of them had been very happy to strip naked and make love to me in the privacy of my bedroom, they both suffered from acute embarrassment from having to walk around naked in public—particularly in front of each other. I am a natural exhibitionist, and I get a thrill out of flashing my tits or, indeed, any other part of my body wherever possible. (This is not always appreciated by my male escorts.) Nowadays, almost everyone in Europe goes topless on the beach. One way of overcoming your wife's reluctance to display her magnificent boobs would be to take her to a topless beach, which, despite the Moral Majority's determination to drag us back into the Dark Ages, still exist.

Faced with the fact of being the odd woman out, I suspect that her social conscience would compel her to give her 40Ds their freedom. However, your wife should have a say in the matter. If she finds the idea of public nudity unacceptable, it isn't really ruining your sex life.

As far as high-speed sex is concerned, although I have had my fair share, I am not really in favor of it. If one does two different things at the same time, it is difficult to do both of them well. As an advocate of all kinds of freedom (civil as well as sexual), I am more than a little pissed off if I get stuck behind some idiot doing 40 miles per hour in the fast lane of a three-lane highway. If screwing in cars really turns you on, try it in a crowded parking lot. You can let yourself go sexually, without the risk of an accident. You will almost certainly have an enthusiastic audience, and there is the added thrill—call it the element of danger—that you stand a good chance of an exciting interview with a nosy cop.

DRESSED-UP FANTASIES

My problem is not an uncommon one—and whether or not it is really a problem, I have not yet decided. I am like the average, sexually active woman with a list of fantasies a mile long. I am also a family woman and am not able to flaunt my sexuality or indulge in such erotica as I did before. Recently I had a baby and now am able to resume having sex, but I feel unattractive, as the pregnancy has left me with stretch marks and some fat, which, though, can be worked off.

My face, however, is attractive and has a nice effect on men. But it's not other men that I want. I want my husband—only in strange and unusual ways. I want to fuck a doctor, a lawyer, a banker, a mailman, and, yes, a cop. Often I'd like to be a pickup in a bar, a high-class call girl, or the girlfriend of a gangster. Since my shyness and modesty prevail, I cannot allow myself to live out such fantasies. I would like, however, for my husband to dress up as the characters I've mentioned. He's very attractive and would look delicious in a policeman's uniform.

I love my husband dearly and do not want to cheat on him. We have had many wonderful sexual encounters which are too hot to mention, but to actually ask him to dress up as someone else is, well, out of the question. I don't know how he would take it. When I told him that one of my wildest fantasies is to go to a restaurant where the tables are covered with long white linens and get under the table and suck his cock as an appetizer, he was shocked. I have stripped naked in the car in broad daylight, and rubbed his crotch in theaters, but these were mild incidents. I feel as though I'm getting out of hand. I don't want him to think I'm a nympho, although I could fuck every night.

How can I get my husband to participate in such activities? Also, where can I find the uniforms I need to fulfill my fantasies? I live in a small town and don't know where to look. Please help.—M. K.

Men frequently fantasize fucking a nun, a nurse, or, indeed, a policewoman, and when I had my house in New York, I had regular johns who would ask for girls in these various disguises. In order to get past the house detectives in some of the fancy New York hotels, I used to disguise myself as a schoolgirl, braiding my hair in pigtails, wearing glasses, sneakers, and bobby socks, with a satchel of books under my arm. My clients loved it—in particular, when I undid my hair, removed my glasses, and slowly but surely became the seductress they had asked for.

I do not consider your fantasies to be excessive or out of hand. Properly managed, it should not be hard to get your husband to play along. There are many firms that rent theatrical costumes, even in small towns, and a quick glance through the Yellow Pages should help you locate the one nearest you.

I then suggest that you arrange a fancy costume party. It doesn't have to be Halloween—any excuse will do—and you can try on your outfits the day before. Having dressed your husband as a railway porter, or the head of the Spanish Inquisition, you then appear before him in the provocative attire of a French maid or a drum majorette. If that does not get him moving, you might as well look for a real cop, a judge, or a local fireman with a 12-inch hose to satisfy your needs.

On this subject: People tend to be secretive about their unspoken desires, but I would be very interested to hear from other readers what your fantasies are, and how many of you, if any, have succeeded in realizing them. In the latter case I wonder if materializing a dream is as satisfactory as the fantasy itself.

I.C.L. PROCESS BECOMES A REAL GROWTH INDUSTRY

Patient (left) before I.C.L. Process; center, the patient, Juan Andujar undergoes the procedure at International Cosmetic Labs, performed by Dr. Max Mollick and a female assistant.

BALD HAIRDRESSER'S DREAM COMES TRUE

By LEN LEAR

We've all seen the ads on tv, a man with a billiard ball for a head suddenly has a head full of thick wavy hair. He's swimming & playing tennis. Beautiful ladies mesmerized by his now wavy mane, and no matter how hard a disembodied hand yanks, it can't upset a hair on his head, or his rosy disposition.

As a man who has tried everything on my own thinning locks except the sweat of a moose, I was always skeptical of all hair replacement ads, as Menachem Begin is of President Reagan's claim that AWACS planes in Saudi Arabian hands would be "good for Israel."

With this in mind, I recently visited International Cosmetic Labs, 209 Professional Building, Rt. 130, Cinnaminson, N.J. 08077, after calling (609) 829-4300 which has performed thousands of medical procedures during it's long existence.

NOT A TRANSPLANT

"This is not the same thing as a hair transplant or a hair piece, or medical implants", explained a medical assistant. "It is designed for people who still have some hair. We take a hair sample from the customer and then make the new preparation to blend perfectly with it. The new preparation is made of a combination of human and synthetic hair."

While I waited for a nearly bald customer to go through the procedure, a handsome young man walked into the International waiting room with a head of thick, wavy hair.

A RECENT EXAMPLE

"This was done here last week," explained Dr. Jack Rydell, a 25-year-old chiropractor from central Jersey who showed himself (before the procedure) with a balding pate.

"I started losing my hair when I was 19. Some men don't care about this, but I do. I looked into hair transplants, but they're too messy, and they cannot thicken hair which I wanted to do. They can never give you a natural look. Now my hair looks just like it did when I was 18.

Dr. Rydell said he is completely satisfied with his "new hair", which may cost anywhere from $1200 to $3800. I ran my own fingers through his hair, which looked and felt exactly like thick hair. I yanked, but it did not come off.

SEVERAL RETAINERS

Losing my skepticism quickly, I watched as Juan Andujar, a 28-year-old hairdresser from New Jersey who was largely bald on top, underwent the I.C.L. Process. Dr. Max Mollick, a staff physician of International Cosmetic Labs applied fine hairlike retainers throughout Andujar's dome. Technicians then started attaching hair filaments, creating a full head of hair. A hair stylist then styled it, the whole process taking about 3 hours. Andujar was obviously pleased with the results.

Dr. Max Mollick is a radiologist who has performed thousands of surgical procedures. When asked about the possibilities of infection, "We've seen cases of minor infections but they've been very rare, certainly no greater than in any other type of surgery. There is also a lifetime warranty with this procedure. Also, the I.C.L. Process is totally reversable for those who worry about that sort of thing.

The retainer material used in THE I.C.L. PROCESS has been used extensively in many parts of the world in major heart surgery, for those of you who care about such things, it is an isotactic crystalline stereoisomer of a linear hydrocarbon polymer containing a little or no unsaturation. Such retainer material is not absorbable nor is it subject to degradation or weakening by the action of tissue enzymes. It is resistant to involvement in infections. There are no known contraindications ...and for you doctors with your medical Baedeckers handy, for further data you may refer to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, March 10, 1962, Vol. 179, pp. 780-782; BRITISH JOURNAL OF SURGERY, Vol. 52, No. 5, August 1967 or write International Cosmetic Labs.

GONE ON GRANNY

I am a 20-year-old male, and I've been reading Penthouse *consistently for three years now. Something happened to me that is amazing, and it happened quite suddenly. I was with one of my friends at his grandma's house on a Saturday afternoon, just relaxing. Nothing much was happening, when the woman asked if her grandson or I would help her change a light bulb in her bedroom. I volunteered, because her grandson was half asleep in front of the TV. I had no idea how much one light bulb would change my life!*

I proceeded to the bedroom to take out the old light bulb while my friend's grandmother went to find a good one. She came and handed me the bulb, and I climbed up on a chair to put it in the light socket when I suddenly lost my balance. But good ol' grandma was there to save me. Boy, did she ever! When she caught me she accidentally grabbed my crotch. She grabbed it so hard, though, that it instantly sprang to life. I was, of course, quite embarrassed, but seeing this she said to me, "Don't worry, hon, I used to have that effect on quite a few young men in my time."

I couldn't believe how calm she was about it. Then she kissed me, and it was French all the way! I didn't really have time to say no to her. I guess she was just trying to prove to me she was still hot after 57 years. Before I knew it, she was stroking my now-throbbing sausage. I couldn't resist her; she was still a becoming woman. So she proceeded to strip me of my T-shirt and blue jeans and dropped to her knees. I could not contain myself!

Before I knew it, I was letting a white-hot load of jism fly in her face. I was limp for what seemed to be about two seconds, and then she had me fully erect to five inches of steaming manhood once again. She asked me to strip her and by this time I was willing to do anything for this sex-starved nympho. I removed her sweater, and to my astonishment, she was wearing a supersexy black-lace bra (with black-lace panties to match, as I soon found out).

I stood admiring this goddess a moment. Her breasts were not the largest I had seen, but truly the loveliest. Her hardened nipples protuded from her bosom. Her panties were so tight that her delightful snatch bulged, begging to have love made to it. She allowed me to admire her for a time and then said, "I want you inside me, love!" I covered her beautiful body with mine and entered her loving snatch. We made love for about an hour until we heard a noise from the living room. We both hurriedly got dressed and went to the front room where her grandson had just awakened.

Later, when he had left for a while, we discussed what had happened between us and decided to take it easy for a while so we would not get caught.

The problem is that I love this 57-year-old lady. How do I tell her grandson? If you could print this and she saw it, maybe she would know that my love for her is real.—J. K.

In the Western World, which, despite the efforts of suffragettes, feminists, and women's liberation movements, is still male-oriented, it is regarded as perfectly acceptable for a man in his fifties to have a girlfriend in her twenties. But when it is the other way around, it is another story altogether. People look very strangely at even a 40-year-old woman with a 20-year-old man, and comments like "cradle snatcher" are muttered in the background. If the woman is attractive, or famous like a Joan Collins, this is, of course, just sour grapes, as older men don't see why a mere boy should enjoy something that they may be finding increasingly hard to get hold of. But whatever the particular reason, this is why your sexy granny is reluctant to make a public announcement about your relationship, and, therefore, to save her feelings you would do well to keep your mouth shut. This does not mean that you have to give her up, but I think it would be tactful not to mention it to her grandson.

Nowadays, a 57-year-old woman can still be regarded as a sex kitten, but it is easier if no one is quite sure how old she is. If she has a beefy 20-year-old grandson lumbering around, it makes it difficult not to notice her age. It's easy for a young man to fall in love with a good-looking woman who is an experienced lover and horny, as well. I find this to be true especially in your case, where I suspect, from the way you write, that your sexual expertise is somewhat limited. But beware of declaring your undying passion for her. At your age and level of experience, you are not qualified to tell the difference between love and infatuation, so you must be careful not to hurt her. However, if you are cool about it, there is no reason why you should not have a lot of fun, and also get a good grounding in sexual education. A lover of mine told me of the advice his dad gave to him: "Son, if you *must* screw around, pick 'em over 50. They don't yell, they don't swell, and they're eternally grateful!"

THE BIG MYTH

My boyfriend and I have been living together for seven years. He's 28 and I'm 33. We have both had our share of the opposite sex. Our sex life is great. We're both very liberal and kinky. We're willing to do just about everything to please each other. The question I have for you is this: Do men have orgasms like us women do?

My boyfriend always comes satisfactorily, and he is tuckered out afterward. But he feels cheated, because he's never had the "big one."

We plan on getting married in a couple

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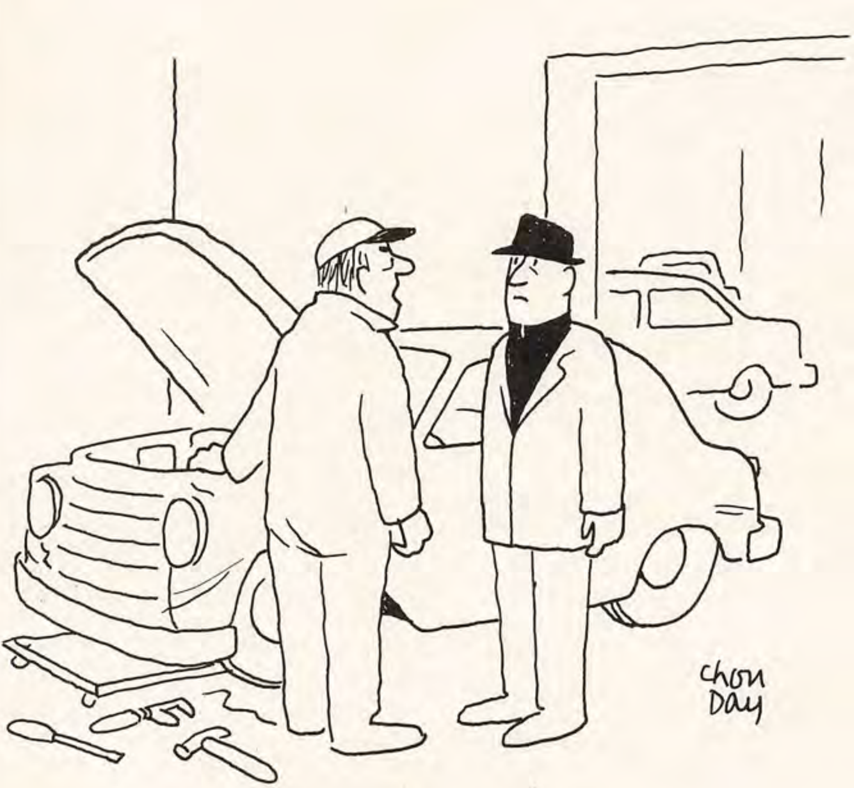

"If it's any help, Reverend, the guy who sold you this car will wind up in hell."

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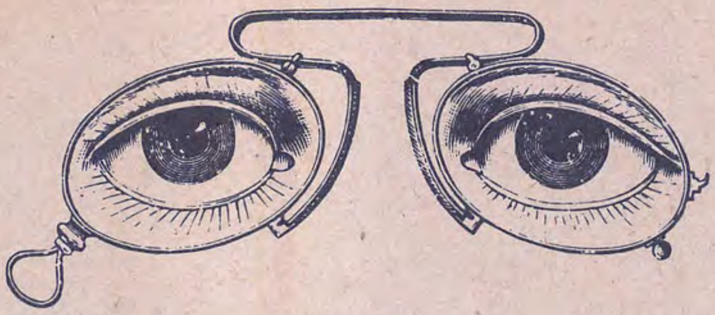


VIEW FROM THE TOP

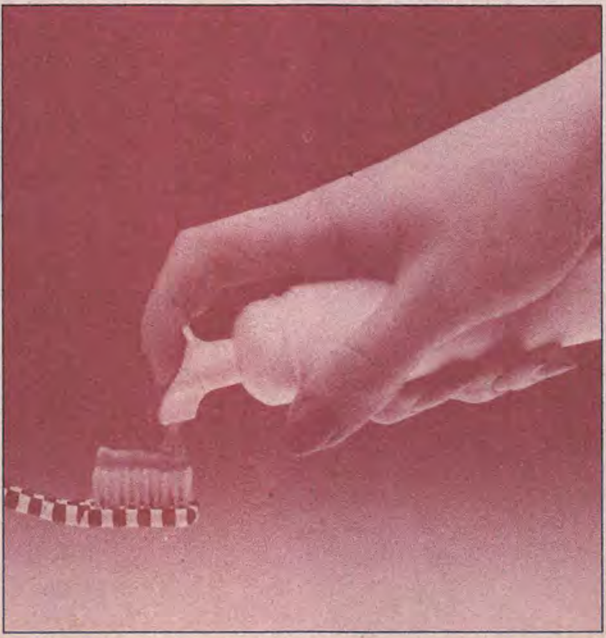
NEW NATIONAL BRAINSTORMS

BY EMILY PRAGER

Every few years, deep in the think tanks of corporate America, a planner comes up with an idea so brilliant that it is destined to change the character of American life forever. One such idea was New Coke. But there are other brainstorms, equally astute but unpublicized, that suddenly make their appearance in our workaday world and so dominate it that one can only wonder at the depth of the intelligence required to create them:

1. *Plastic Soda Bottles*. Kudos to the man who invented the plastic soda bottle! And a powerful man he is, too: One day every soda bottle in my supermarket was glass, now every soda bottle is plastic. At first, I admit, I was resentful that somewhere a corporate decision was made that all the soda water I drink will, from now on, be stored in plastic. Ordinarily, I wouldn't buy any foodstuff in a plastic bottle if a hostage's life depended on it. I feel the closer your food is to plastic, the closer your liver is to cancer.

But what makes me extremely cranky is that only every fifth plastic bottle actually keeps carbonation. So, if you buy one of those big bottles, chances are swell that after the first drink, the rest is flat in about an hour and good only for cleaning the dog's teeth. But, of course, I realize that the important brainstorm is that plastic bottles don't break. So all those times you hurled your pop bottle against the fridge to make a point and it shattered into fragments—no longer a problem. Or the times your boyfriend smashed a pop bottle against the sink and tried to get you in a bottle fight—gone forever. With one swift stamp of the plastic mold, the bottling corporations of America have changed your lives forever.



2. *Dark-Tinted Windows in Autos, Buses, and Apartment Buildings*. Could anything be more brilliant than antilight glass in moving vehicles and living quarters? Never mind that you can't tell what the weather is and that the outside world looks perpetually gray. It's an excuse for a daily family game of "guess the weather," and it brings togetherness, albeit cheerless.

Never mind the fact that you can't read street signs at night through dark glass and that very often you miss your bus stop or street. It makes life so much more adventurous if you don't always know where you are or when to get off, and it's 2 A.M. and you're alone.

Never mind that in the summer dark-tinted glass actually attracts the heat and makes everything inside much hotter, requiring the use of air-conditioning and costing a fortune. Dark-tinted glass is sexy. It's Hollywood and it's the perfect thing if you're a vampire, an albino, or have Kaposi's sarcoma. Thanks, corporate America, for shutting out the sunlight on our behalf, and without asking. Who says man needs sunlight? There have been children who survived for years in cramped basements devoid of light with only a little body stunting and some eye trouble.

3. *The Pump*. Though it's only just beginning to proliferate, in a very few months every product that now comes in a tube will only be available in a pump. The pump is clearly the wave of the future. It's the way America needs to go and, frankly, should go: no more squeezing, only pumping. It's more direct. It's more powerful and it's precise. No more deciding how much toothpaste you wish to put on the brush—the pump measures out exactly how much you *should* use. You decide nothing. You just pump. I love it. It's like a silent valet or a new parent. A pump is much more caring than a tube. After all, it's the pump that decides when you should buy more product. No end-of-tube-strangulation-squeezes with a pump, no miraculously appearing last-paste-squiggles. It's computerized, programmed.

At the end of every two-week period, the pump will be empty. It measures out as much product as is necessary for the manufacturer to make the biggest profit in the least amount of time. Brilliant. I can hardly wait for more. The anchovy pump. The Preparation H pump. . . .

VIEW FROM THE TOP

LAW

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

Should lawyers think of themselves as "hired guns," or should they consider themselves to be their clients' keepers and thus only represent people whose opinions are similar to their own?

This question has divided lawyers and law students for years. During the McCarthy era in the early 1950s, few lawyers would take on suspected Communists as clients. In the early 1960s, when blacks were being arrested for sitting in at segregated lunch counters, many had difficulty securing Southern, white attorneys. A few barristers had the courage to swim against the tide and represent unpopular clients, but they generally had to pay a high price—both financial and emotional.

Now, the political shoe seems to be on the left foot instead of the right. Some liberal lawyers and law students are pressuring major law firms to disassociate themselves from unpopular clients such as South Africa, the Philippines, and corporations which pollute the environment. Recently, one of the nation's largest and most distinguished firms—Covington & Burling of Washington, D.C.—dropped South African Airways from its list of clients. The firm denied that there was any connection between their decision and a protest by law students who boycotted the firm's recruiters. The students celebrated the ditching of SAA as a great moral victory, but was the decision moral? And was it a victory for the universal right to counsel?

When I was a law student, our dean compared lawyers to cab drivers: "A lawyer should stand ready to pick up any fare and take them wherever they want to go, as long as it's legal." But today's lawyers and law students don't want to think of themselves as mere hirelings. They insist on seeing themselves—in the words of the student boycotters—as "moral actors in a political universe."

But everyone's definition of morality varies with the shape of their political universe, and most lawyers keep their own "hit list" of clients they would not represent. At a Harvard Law School symposium on this issue, William Kunstler, the radical attorney who represented the Chicago Seven and other leftist causes, boasted that he would represent only those people he loved or whose politics he supported. Roy Cohn, whose career began as a lawyer for Senator Joseph McCarthy's investigating committee, said he would represent anyone but a Communist. And James St. Clair, whom President Nixon selected as his lawyer during Watergate, has said that he has a policy against representing members of organized crime. I would, at least in principle, represent anyone. But I must admit that when the Nazi doctor Joseph Mengele was alive, I had a recurring nightmare in which he would call and ask me to represent him; I would wake up in a cold sweat after telling him to come to my office, unsure whether I would turn him in, represent him, or kill him.

Kunstler: friend for a client.

In a recent op-ed piece in *The New York Times,* attorney Charles Morgan, Jr.—one of the great heroes of the civil rights movement—chastised Covington & Burling for capitulating to the demands of the student boycotters: "I believe lawyers should take cases whether their clients are black or white, guilty or innocent, popular or unpopular or named Botha or Mandela. Whatever the rest of the world thinks about your client doesn't matter. You stick with them and do everything but lie, cheat or steal to defend them." Morgan ended his article with a criticism not only of the student boycotters, but of their teachers as well: "They ought to teach that in Ivy League law schools. Then the lawyers of the future might understand what it really takes to be a 'moral actor' in a political world." Well, some of us do teach that in law school. But we draw distinctions as well, distinctions that advocates on both sides of the debate often seem to forget.

There is an enormous difference between representing a client whose liberty is at stake, and a client who is simply trying to make more money. I would never turn down a client accused of a serious crime on the basis of his or her political beliefs.

Lawyers are and should be "moral actors," but the universe in which they have chosen to work is one of *advocacy.* And their primary responsibility is to represent unpopular clients against the power of governments and other large institutions.

The danger inherent in Covington & Burling's capitulation to the student boycott is that the precedent established in the context of commercial representation of South African Airways can easily carry over to individuals who happen to be out of favor with tomorrow's popular minority.

SCENES

BY GARY HANAUER

In San Francisco Bay, there's an island for sale for $1.5 million. The owner, who lives in Bangkok, thinks it would be a splendid site for a casino—if gambling's ever legalized in California.

The Fiji island used for the film *Blue Lagoon* is up for grabs for $10 million. With it, you get 12 secluded beaches and enough leftover movie sets to make a sequel.

All around the world there are islands for sale. A few cost less than some cars, while others go for as much as $20 million.

"A fairly priced island is as good a real estate investment as anyone could ever make," says William Hamilton, 42, one of the few people who specialize in selling keys,

Island shopping: Secret hideaways lure the rich and famous.

cays, isles, and islets. One buyer offered $1 million for an island Hamilton had sold in 1979 for $362,000.

But investing is only one of the reasons people buy islands. Aristocrats, entertainers, and entrepreneurs hang on to theirs for those occasions when they feel a need to "escape." Companies buy islands to use as corporate retreats.

The Rockefellers, the Onassis family, and Shirley MacLaine all have owned islands. "I wanted a place where my family and I could be self-sufficient," Marlon Brando said after he bought a Tahitian island. The late John Lennon purchased an island and gave it to a group who used it for an experiment in communal living. Romantically minded hotel magnate George Boldt bought one of the Thousand Islands, renamed it Heart Island, had it made heart-shaped, and presented it to his wife.

Selling islands, though, isn't all that easy. "There's a lot of travel," tells Hamilton, who operates out of a two-room office in Berkeley, California. "I work harder than the average successful real estate agent." Before Hamilton got into the "remote real estate business" in 1976, he was an insurance agent. Today he owns his own island, a "jewel" off Belize.

Hamilton is quick to point out that not all islands are worth buying. "The good stuff is hard to find," he adds, pouring over a photo of Fiji's 3,085-acre Kanacea Island ($4 million). Only 30 percent of the islands he sells come with some sort of living facilities. The rest don't have so much as a latrine, not to mention a house, running water, or electricity.

Then there's the continual problem of making sure your investment is watertight. Graham Island in the Mediterranean sank in 1831; Alaska's Johanna Bogoslava simply disappeared in 1907; and Krakatau was blasted to bits by a volcano in 1883.

But Hamilton is confident that today's hottest markets—the Caribbean, South Pacific, and both coasts of Canada—will continue to be secure investments. Australia, he predicts, will be the next area with big investment potential.

To contact him, write Remote Retreats, P.O. Box 7093, Berkeley, Calif., 94707. Other island specialists include Downeast Acreage, P.O. Box 270, Bangor, Maine, 04401, and Previews, Inc., 309 Royal Poinciana Plaza, Palm Beach, Fla., 33480. *The Wall Street Journal* also frequently lists islands for sale in its classified advertisements.

T.V.

BY PETER OCCHIOGROSSO

Since "SCTV" left the air two years ago, and "Saturday Night Live" has been turning over its player roster almost as quickly as the Reagan White House, a lot of gifted sketch comics have become available for duty elsewhere. The box-office stars these shows helped to create—Belushi, Aykroyd, Eddie Murphy, Bill Murray, John Candy—you know about. But most of the others have continued to perform with and cross-pollinate each other in dizzying permutations.

Life after "Saturday Night": Can they make it in prime time?

After two low-profile years on SCTV and one smash season at SNL, Martin Short is ready to play with the big boys. Now in his first film role, in the company of Steve Martin and Chevy Chase, he plays a 1920s silent-film star in the $27-million comedy *Three Amigos,* which will be produced by SNL originator Lorne Michaels and directed by John Landis (if he can stay out of court long enough). It opens in the fall.

SCTV's Rick Moranis has just finished the film version of the Off-Broadway hit musical *Little Shop of Horrors,* with Steve Martin, Christopher Guest, and John Candy. Meanwhile, Guest is busy writing "Blockbuster," a film he'll also direct about "a young kid who graduates from film school and goes to Hollywood." Its budget at Paramount, Chris guesstimates, will be "under $100 million." And he'll star with Billy Crystal in a movie about old-time baseball players, based on a sketch they created for SNL.

Harry Shearer, who co-starred with Guest in *This Is Spinal Tap* and left SNL in mid-season 1984 because of "creative differences—I was creative and they were different," is writing a film called "Shady Grove," which he'll direct. Shearer's also

VIEW FROM THE TOP

got a weekly radio show on KCRW-FM in Los Angeles and performs his Reagan impersonation in local clubs there.

Gilda Radner has made three films with husband Gene Wilder since their marriage two years ago. The latest is *Haunted Honeymoon,* due this summer from Orion. And Laraine Newman will be seen in horror-meister Tobe Hooper's forthcoming *Invaders From Mars.*

Joe Piscopo's SNL legacy may be the divorce his wife Nancy has filed for. To take his mind off it, Joe is working with Jerry Lewis on the sequel to *The Nutty Professor,* in which he'll play Jerry's kid.

Catherine O'Hara says that the two things she learned after leaving her round-the-clock job at SCTV were "how to audition and how to date again." She has since acted in Martin Scorsese's black comedy *After Hours* and Mike Nichols's *Heartburn,* due out in July.

"We all went through a baby boom after the show," adds SCTV head writer Dave Thomas, "at least the ones who were married." Thomas has concentrated on writing and producing "endless TV pilots," his own Showtime special this month, and more of those Pizza Hut commercials with co-hoser Rick Moranis.

After three years at the SNL grind, Tim Kazurinsky is happy to be back in Chicago, "where women have sense enough to boff football players instead of game-show hosts." He'll be featured in "Police Academy 3," in which, he says, he "gets beat up a lot"; between licks, he cowrote the screen adaptation of David Mamet's *Sexual Perversity in Chicago,* due out this summer.

Garrett Morris says he is mulling over several film offers between guest shots on "Love Boat" and "Twilight Zone," but refuses to confirm the rumor that he's given up singing opera. "I'm a musician now and forever," he insists. "I'm just not doing that now."

And if you haven't had enough yet, watch out for the ultimate SCTV reunion, Warner Brothers' Caribbean comedy *Club Paradise,* still another summer release. Cowritten and directed by SCTV charter member Harold Ramis, it features—along with Robin Williams and Peter O'Toole—Rick Moranis, Andrea Martin, Joe Flaherty, and Eugene Levy.

Finally, SNL's Rich ("Sniglets") Hall and SCTV's Martin and Flaherty all have cable specials coming this spring on either HBO or Showtime.

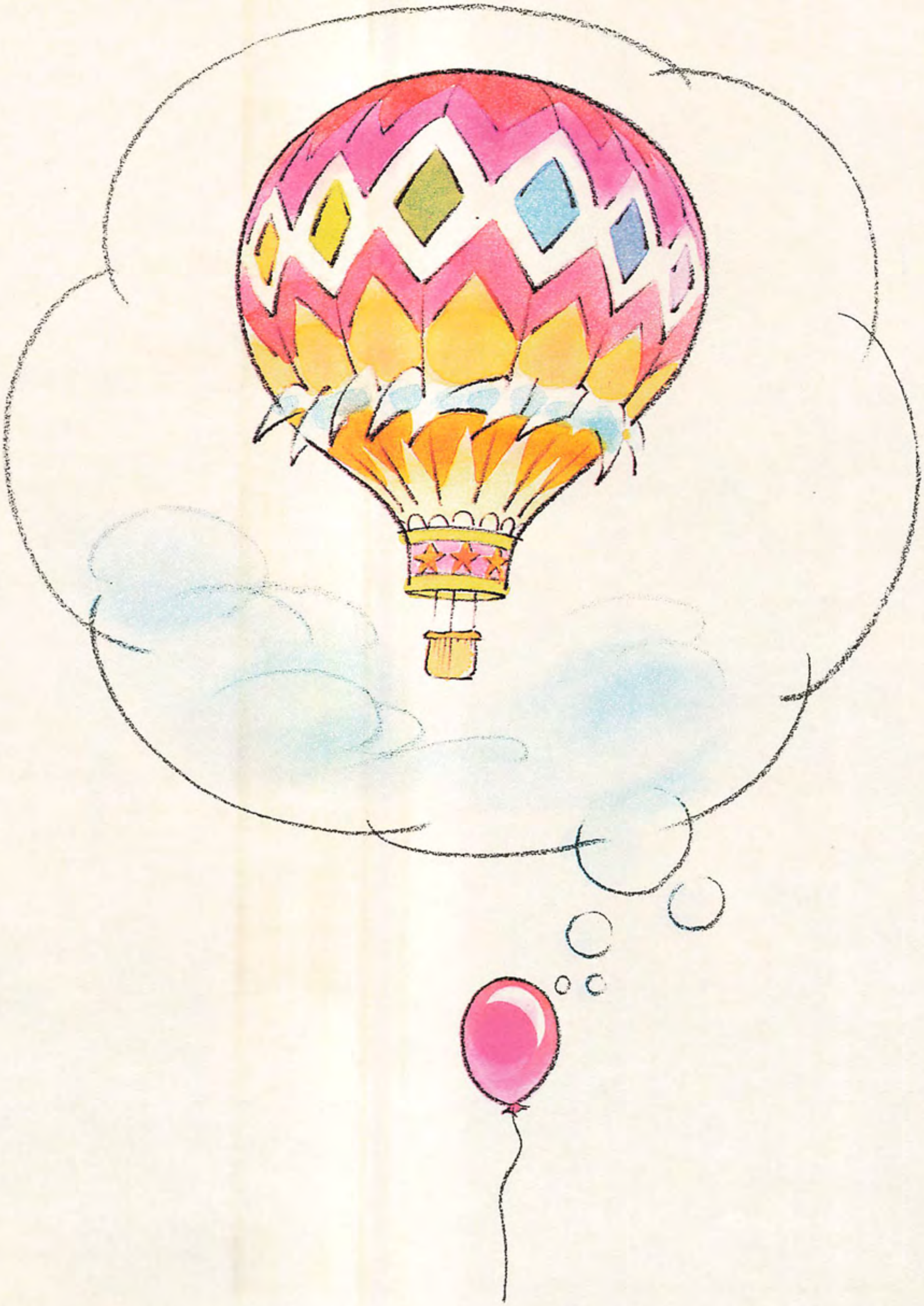
SEX NEWS

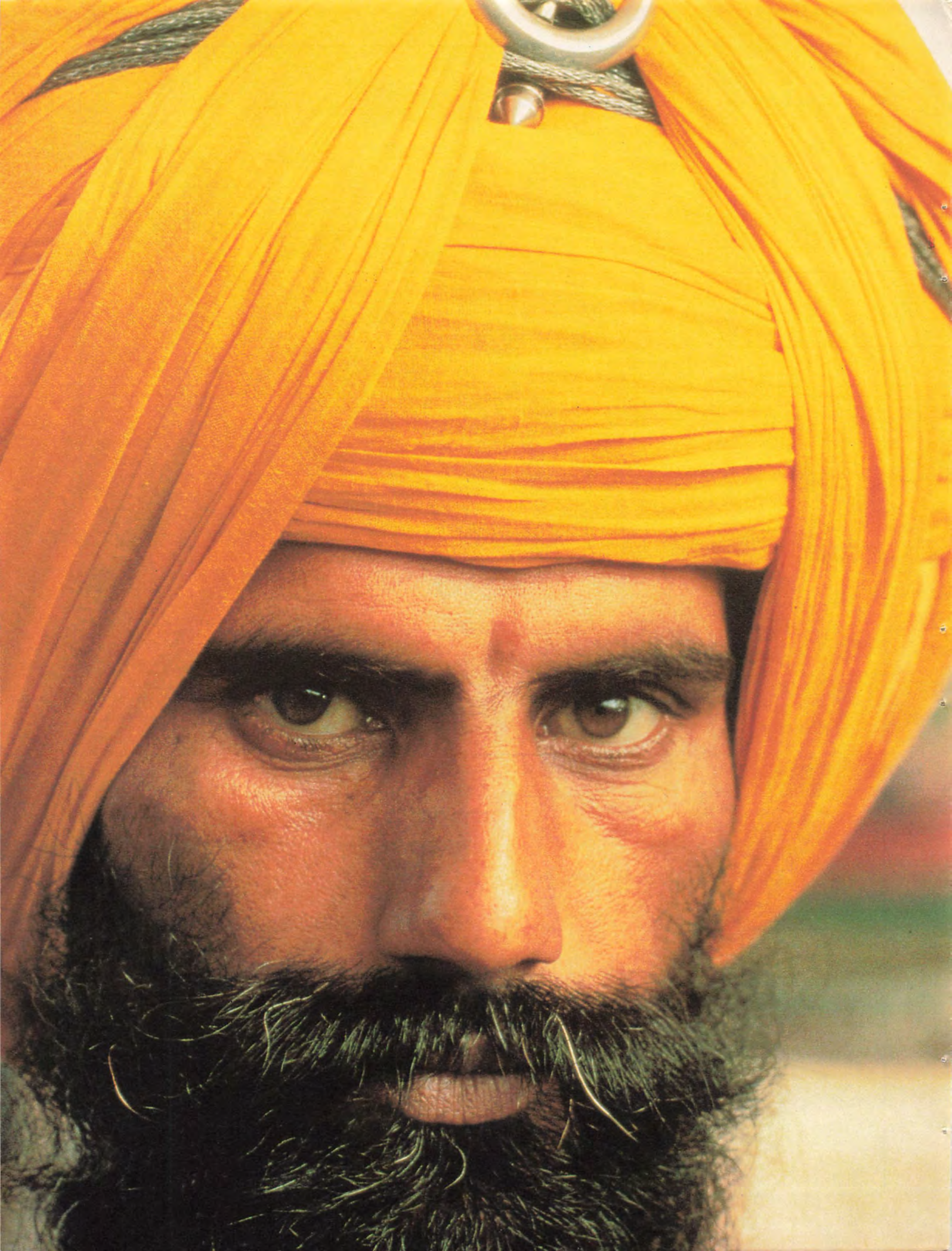
Macho Fems: a new threat.

Calling all codgers: The Kinsey Institute is embarking on an update of its groundbreaking studies, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female.* The institute will be contacting the surviving participants of the classic 1940s research surveys that shocked the nation with the news that, yes, people were actually sticking it in once in a while. Given the fact that most of the original survey participants will be over 80 by now, there is some question as to whether the new reports will pack the same punch as the originals. . . . Macho men matched with aggressive women make for an explosive combination, according to a new study published in *Family Relations* magazine. Relationships in which wife-beating was most likely to occur involved men who reject the "feminine" traits of tenderness and compassion in themselves, paired with women who exhibit traits traditionally considered masculine, i.e., self-sufficiency, assertiveness, and competitiveness. The authors of the study concluded: "One explanation for these results may be that women who are not sex-typed feminine may threaten the male who is sex-typed masculine by occasionally displaying qualities that he perceives as traditionally having been the rightful prerogative of the male." . . . New help for the social misfit: the Insta-Date Kit, which is to dating what paint-by-numbers is to Rembrandt. Offered by a pair of entrepreneurs from Stanford University, and so far available only in the San Francisco area, Insta-Date takes the messy guesswork out of those dicey social situations. It guides a couple through five stages of a typical date, from drinks to denouement, by allowing them to choose from eight numbered topics, destinations, or activities at each stage. Decision-making is thus reduced from a thicket of complicated social niceties to simply choosing a number from one to eight. How about 69? . . . In the Maybe We Don't Want to Know Department: Doctors are fooling around with something called an "erection pacemaker," a device which triggers a hard-on via electronic stimulus. An electrode is implanted in the nerves at the base of a chronically limp penis and hooked up to a Walkman-size triggering device. A low-level electric shock is then sent through it, initiating an erection. The device was tested on a dozen monkeys, with ten successful attempts and two procedural errors. . . . Although it isn't stigmatized as "living in sin" anymore, the number of couples living together without the benefit of clergy may have finally leveled off. According to a report from the Census Bureau, the number of unmarried couples living together nearly tripled from 1970 to 1980, but dropped slightly from 1980 to 1984. According to Cheryl Russell, editor of *American Demographics* magazine, the leveling-off was most likely attributable to the "aging of that group that's most likely to live in that way."

Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS





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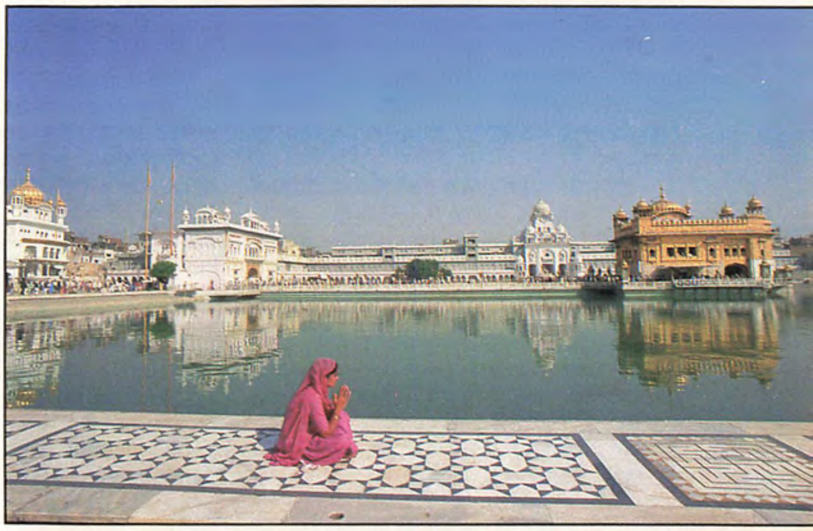

THE SIKH TERROR PLOT

In the Golden Temple of Amritsar, hundreds of religious fanatics were slaughtered by the Indian Army. Half a world away, an American mercenary trainer is drawn into their plans for vengeance.

BY FRANK CAMPER

In June 1984, the Indian Army attacked the Golden Temple, center of the 500-year-old Sikh faith.

The operation, known as "Bluestar," was a siege designed to put down a growing rebellion by Sikh religious militants who wanted to separate the Punjab from India and establish an independent state, to be called Khalistan.

Amritsar in the Punjab is the location of the Golden Temple, most holy of the Sikh shrines. The Golden Temple was fortified and being used as a sanctuary by the Sikh militant leaders.

Prime Minister Indira Gandhi ordered Operation Bluestar to clean out the Golden Temple and arrest the militants. At least 800 Sikhs died in the attack by the Indian Army against the temple. Another 1,500 were arrested.

In retaliation for the attack, Prime Minister Gandhi was murdered by her own Sikh bodyguards, on October 31, 1984. Her son, Rajiv Gandhi, was elected prime minister.

Grief-crazed Hindus rioted throughout India, murdering Sikhs in the streets, often mutilating and burning the corpses where they lay.

Leaders of the Sikh movement fled from India, hunted by the police and military. Some settled in the United States, England, and Canada, and began to plot the independence of Khalistan—and the destruction of the government of India.

Frank Camper, the author of this article, who runs the Mercenary Association, a private paramilitary training camp some 30 miles from Birmingham, Alabama, was drawn into this story of foreign plotting and intrigue. In the pages of Penthouse, *he details for the first time the complete history of the Sikh terror plot—and of his involvement with the plotters and the U.S. authorities who were determined to stop them. The story began with a phone call to Camper's "Bunker," a small building that he uses as a staging area for the association.*

NOVEMBER 8, 1984

The last qualification course of the Mercenary Association for the year was just over a week away, and the phone at the Bunker's front desk was frequently busy, as veteran members of the association called to announce their arrival times and new students called with questions.

One call wasn't immediately noteworthy. It was a man asking if he could use a Visa card to pay a membership deposit for four men. He had an accent like an Indian or a Pakistani, but calls from foreigners were not unusual for us. We made reservations for his four people, billed the Visa account, and went back to work.

On November 16, new association members were reporting in, cluttering the offices and rear bay of the Bunker with their luggage and military equipment. I was busy getting some of them organized in the bay, when one of the team leaders came to me and asked for my attention.

"Frank, you better come up front and look at this," he said. I gave him the task of getting the new men bedded down and walked to the offices.

Standing in a group beside the front desk were four dark men wearing business suits and turbans. My wife, Mavis, was showing them how to complete our in-processing paperwork. I recognized them instantly as Sikhs, but anyone could have. One of them wore a metal button on his lapel that read, "Sikhs Seek Justice." I introduced myself and extended my hand. So this was our four-man group. I remembered the battle of the Golden Temple, and the recent assassination of Indira Gandhi. I knew why they had come to Merc School.

"I am Balraj Singh," said the eldest of the group, and he gestured toward the others. "This is Sukhvinder Singh, Avraj Singh, and Lal Singh. You see, we are all named Singh," he laughed.

Balraj was short and muscular, with a full beard and long hair. I had read that Sikhs don't shave or cut their hair, but the younger men had short beards and short hair.

"Singh means lion," Balraj said. "We are Sikhs."

On Saturday morning, November 17, our instructor, Paul Johnson, drove the Sikh group to the Military Supply Depot, a privately owned military-surplus shop near the Birmingham airport, and Balraj bought almost $300 worth of boots, fatigues, and other field equipment for his men. He had also paid cash for the balance of the membership fee. To allow for dietary differences, Balraj bought most of the food his men would eat in the field.

When Balraj met Alex Ethridge, our field photographer, he asked that photographs of his men not be taken during the training session. Alex informed me of Balraj's request, and it confirmed my sense that I had potential problems on my hands.

The Sikhs were thrown into the combat training at Merc School along with everyone else, but all of them were assigned to one team. It was on the second day of the course that Balraj approached me. I thought at first he was going to quit because the training was too rough for him or his men. "I want to talk to you about the training," Balraj said. I only nodded, and walked off with him to the side, away from the other students.

"What specifically do you need in the way of training?" I asked.

"We are fighting for our independence in India," Balraj said. "We Sikhs are a religious minority. Do you know of the Punjab?"

"Yes," I said, and actually did, because of the news reports that had been coming out of India about the battles, riots, and murders that plagued the area. It was at the northern tip of India, touching Pakistan on the west and China on the east.

"We need training in special tech-

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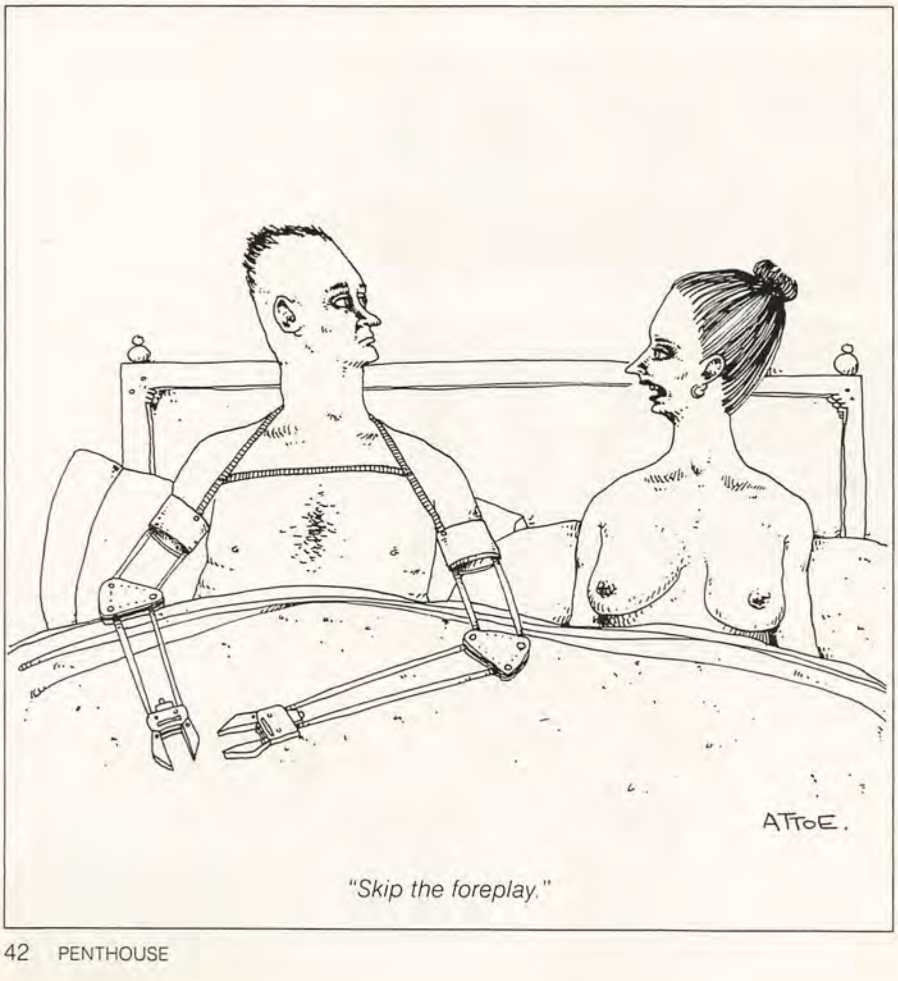

"Skip the foreplay."

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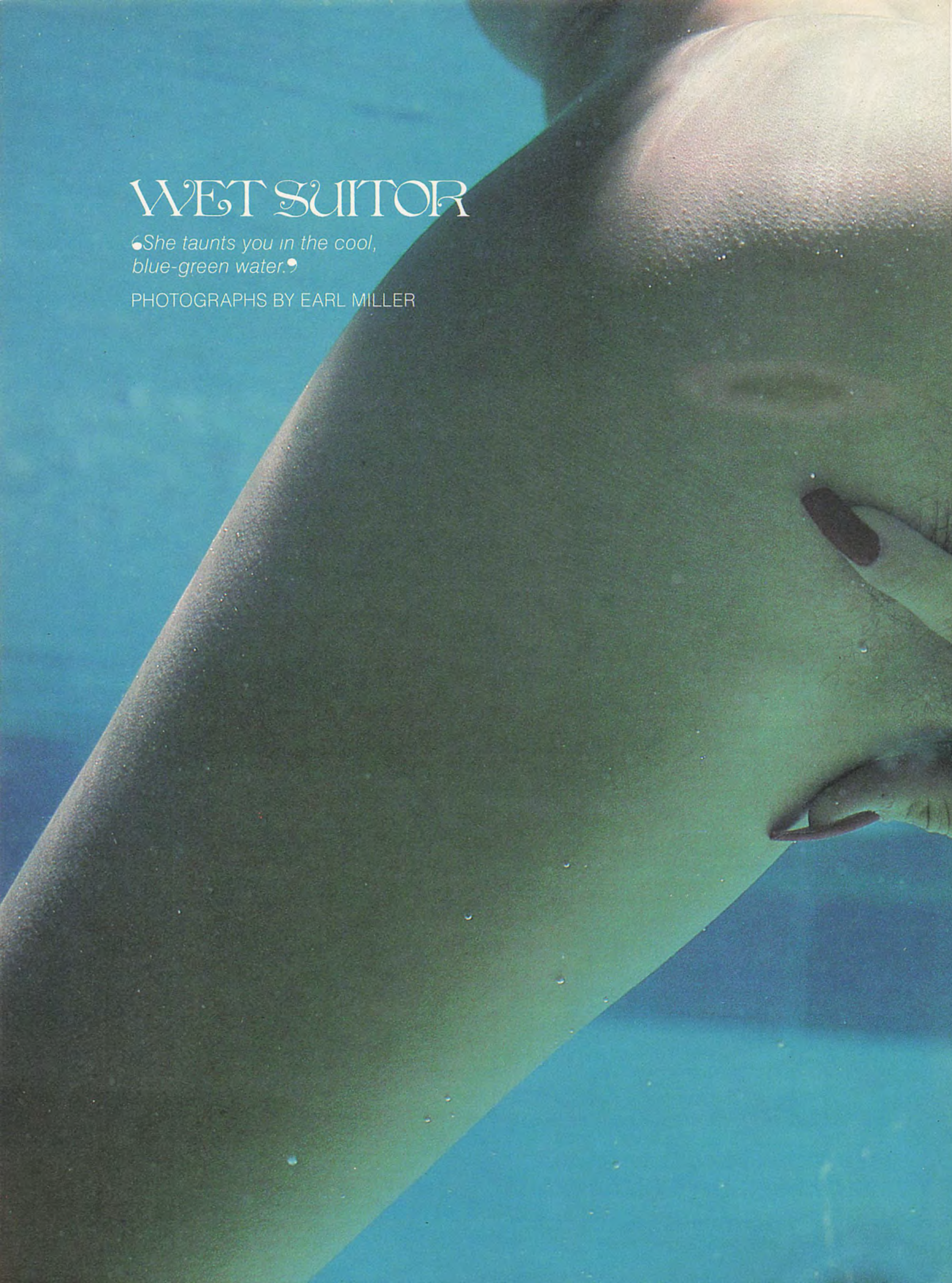
16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85

WET SUITOR

‘She taunts you in the cool, blue-green water.’

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



It's an exercise in fluidity. She's hot, unaccompanied, and active, slipping sensuously through imaginary hoops. She taunts you in the cool, blue-green water. Weightless and swift, you crave what you cannot have as she teases and eludes you.

Her own desire is evident as she swims
free, just out of reach. You know how this will end.
Suddenly you *will* catch her—you will slip
your arms around her waist—and plunge deeply
to the inner sea.

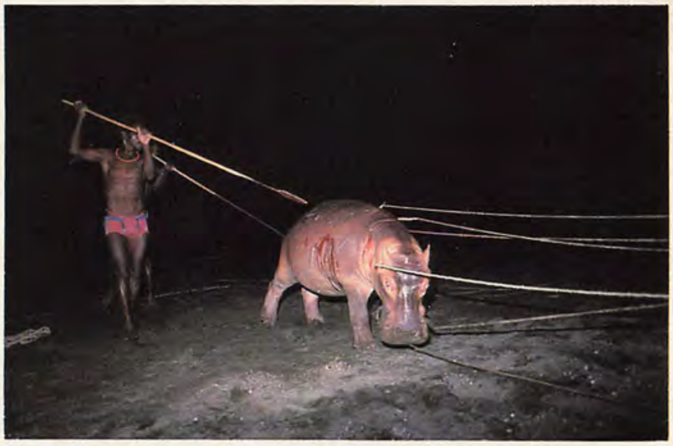
A vanishing warrior tribe performs an outlawed religious ceremony to preserve its dwindling numbers.

HIPPO HUNTING

In August 1984, I traveled to a far corner of Africa to photograph and report on a dwindling tribe known as the El Molo. At last count, 37 pure-blooded El Molo existed, living in a village on the shores of Lake Turkana, also called Lake Rudolf, in Kenya. Through an interpreter, I received

PHOTOGRAPHED AND
REPORTED BY
JEFFREY L. ROTMAN

THE HUNTERS ATTACK ONLY AT NIGHT, USING SEVEN-FOOT SPEARS CARVED FROM ACACIA ROOT.



permission from the tribal council of elders to photograph a hippopotamus hunt, a ceremony that is at the heart of the El Molo tribal beliefs. Although hunting hippos is outlawed in Kenya, officials seldom patrol the isolated shores of Lake Turkana. The El Molo have no other source of red meat (besides crocodile), and only kill three to four hippos per year, using the entire animal—organs, bones, and fat.

I spent a few weeks living with the tribe, establishing a bond of trust before we went on the hunt. The hunting party consisted of eight men; six were elders and veterans of several hippo hunts, two were *morans* (young warriors). We spent the night before our departure packing food—mostly sugar, cornmeal, and tea—and also sharpening and strengthening our spears.

The next morning the eight tribesmen and I piled into my Land-Rover with the provisions and spears. We headed on a beaten-down trail toward the north, where a small group of hippos had been sighted. After five hours, one of the tribesmen suddenly motioned for me to stop. There, so far away it appeared no bigger than an ant, was a hippo. We set camp and, as evening approached, ate a meal of cornmeal and of fish we had caught in the lake. The tribesmen explained that hippos can be stalked only at night, because after sundown they emerge from their aquatic habitat to feed on the grasses along the banks of the lake. They seldom leave the lake during daylight.

But even at night, stalking hippos is no easy task. Their keen sense of smell and acute hearing enable them to detect danger easily. The El Molo tribesmen sometimes hide for hours in clumps of sage, waiting for the hippos to come out of the lake to feed. When a hippo is about 30 feet away, the tribesmen charge with seven-foot spears carved from the root of the acacia tree.

At daybreak, we speared an eight-foot crocodile to ensure fresh meat for the next few days. I was told that the tail was the best part. Although it didn't look appetizing, I didn't want to insult the tribesmen, so I devoured the piece given to me. It actually was quite edible.

Around seven that evening, we all took our positions behind the sage bushes. Waiting with the tribesmen, I learned about the seemingly endless patience of the El Molo. We spotted four hippos at 2 A.M., but they were too far from our hiding site to attack. By 5 A.M. they had disappeared without getting any closer, and so we returned to camp to wait for our next opportunity that evening. In the late afternoon we ate our second meal of crocodile and, when the sun set, resumed our hiding positions. By midnight, the same four hippos had returned to graze. But again, they were too far away and, staying close to the lake, were an impossible target. I was told to be patient.

The next night, at about 4

(Top) Once the spears are embedded in the hippo, the spearheads disengage from the shafts, leaving taut spear lines firmly in the hands of the warriors. (Above) The El Molo inspect the hippo before butchering it. (Right) One of the tribesmen in face paint, wearing ceremonial earrings carved from the hippo's shoulder bone.

A.M., that patience paid off. An immature adult hippo acted disturbed; it smelled danger. But the El Molo were already sprinting toward the beast with their spears raised. Bernard, a 35-year-old tribesman, was the first to throw. Simultaneously, five spears followed and sank into the thick layer of blubber.

Holding on desperately to their spear lines, the tribesmen engaged in a tug-of-war with the hippo. At first, the animal moved the men a few meters, but when he stopped to rest, the men easily regained their lost ground. A half hour passed, and the hippo began to show signs of fatigue. Blood trickled down from where the spearheads were centered. Bernard cautiously approached with another spear held high. With both hands he drove the spear deep into the top-front side of the hippo. With a thundering groan the hippo collapsed onto the sand.

The tribesmen crowded around the lifeless beast and began chanting. They believe that the fish, crocodiles, and hippos that live in Lake Turkana once lived on the land, and that they bear a direct relationship to the El Molo. The chanting continued for 15 minutes. Then they tied ropes around the feet of the hippo and dragged it back to the camp.

Bernard, whose spear was the first to enter the hippo, was the hero of the dawning day. He grabbed a handful of mud from the lake and placed it on the underside of the hippo's chin. He then mounted the hippo and sat squarely on its belly, chanting. The other hunters joined in the chant, and each dipped his hand into the mud on the hippo's chin. They then streaked the mud on Bernard, anointing him.

By now it was 7 A.M., and the men began butchering the enormous cow. Over the next eight hours the hippo was systematically stripped; the intestines and other choice pieces of meat were hung to dry in the sun. As the men worked, they ate. A large pot of boiling water continuously served up hippo meat. The kidneys and liver were cooked over burning coals and, with some seasoning, were tasty and enjoyable.

That night, all slept well. It is not unusual for El Molo tribesmen to go out hippo hunting for as long as one month and still return empty-handed. The next morning, we packed up and headed for the village. Every man had a package of hippo meat for his family. Bernard's share was distinguished by the ears and tail of the hippo—since he had been the first to spear the animal. This was Bernard's second hippo in 15 years.

That evening, Bernard's hut was the center of attention. He washed and painted his torso, adorning himself with earrings made from the shoulder bone of the hippo and an assortment of rings and necklaces. As the sun set, the El Molo tribe gathered about the hut, chanting their hippo songs, thankful that their tiny tribe would be preserved for at least the next few months.

THE EL MOLO KILL THREE OR FOUR HIPPOS EACH YEAR AND MUST UTILIZE EVERY PART OF THE SLAUGHTERED ANIMAL.

(Left) When day breaks, the hippo is systematically butchered and carried back to the village. (Top) Bernard has been awarded the ears and tail of the hippo, since he was the first warrior to courageously spear the beast. (Above) Dawn breaking over Lake Turkana after the hunt.

The Album arrived a
month after the top-secret commando
team was supposed to liberate
the bloodiest dictatorship in
Europe. The writing was in Albanian, but
to Blackford Oakes the
message was unmistakable.

HIGH JINX

FICTION BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Six hours a day were given over to physical exercise, and Blackford Oakes decided he might just as well take the training along with the "Special Platoon," the name they were given to designate the commando group Blackford had been instructed to help train.

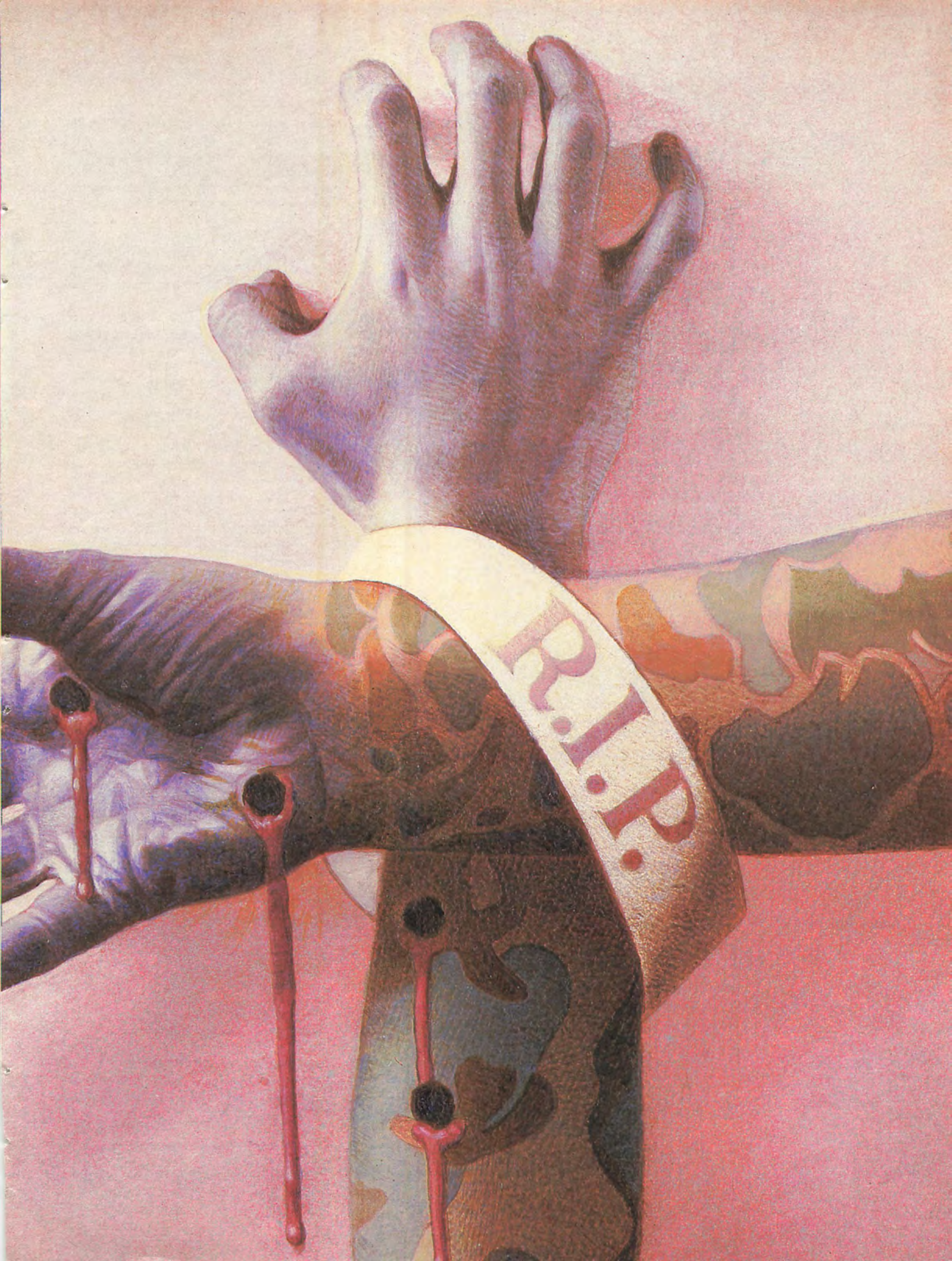
The commandos were a cheerful lot, and the groaning they indulged in when suddenly awakened in the middle of the night to be given emergency drills in the chill and wet air of late winter in England was all ritual. They were, however young, all experienced, all veterans of combat, either in the late days of the war or subsequently in Korea.

The men did not know what their mission was, only that it would be dangerous (they were volunteers), but they knew from the intensity of their exercises that it would take place soon.

The afternoons were devoted to specialized, nonphysical training. Six men, one each from the six squads, went to Demolition. Six men, again one each from the six squads, to Radio Communications. Six to Medical First Aid. Six to Special Weapons. The balance—the officers—went with their leader, known to them only as "Henry," into a single-chambered room within the heavily guarded compound.

From the outside the shed looked like an abandoned theater. And, indeed, inside the shed the two dozen chairs were arranged in theatrical dimension, forming a circle: the stage in the center. The diameter of the arena was 24 feet, and they stared, every day, under relentless instruction, at a dollhouse version of the city of Tirana, the capital of the little country squatting below Yugoslavia and west of Greece, a million and a half wretched people so Stalinized by now "as to make Stalin and Mao Tse-tung" (as the first lecturer on that first day put it) "weep in jealousy." Operation Tirana intended, no less, to liberate Albania, the little Communist enclave in the Adriatic which, providentially, abutted no other Com-

PAINTING BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO


R.I.P.

munist country, now that Tito had declared the independence of Yugoslavia.

One evening at the officers' club, Henry sat down with Blackford Oakes, who was known at Camp Cromwell as "Ernie," at a table by the little bar sequestered for use by the Special Platoon.

"I am aware, Ernie, that I am not to ask you anything about your background, and you are not to ask me anything about my background. Shall we practice?"

"Yes," Blackford responded. "I don't suppose I should even tell you that I am practiced in deception?"

"You may. But you must remember that I am not to take for granted *anything* that is told me here, unless it is told me by Colonel Mac or Joe Louis." Henry's voice was Public School English with a light varnish of Humphrey Bogart, as becomes the accent of a professional commando. "Colonel Mac" was how the company addressed the Ulsterman in charge of the Special Platoon while at Camp Cromwell. Joe Louis, the second in command, was a huge black West Indian major who was supposed to be addressed as "Major Joe," but cheerfully yielded to just plain Joe Louis when the similarity in appearance between him and the American champion was remarked on, the first day, by Henry.

Blackford and Henry spent a leisurely hour talking about this and that, with that odd sense of total relaxation engendered by knowledge of great tension directly ahead.

And so, during those briskly cold weeks in February and March, Blackford and Henry became friends. They followed the formal rules closely enough so that, under hypothetical torture, neither could reveal anything comprehensively identifying about the other. They experienced each other as professionals with a common cultural background. Henry, Blackford guessed, might have served in a prewar cavalry unit—certainly he had spent time on horseback. He was, oddly, an addict of American baseball who knew and loved more things about the New York Giants than interested Blackford. And he had a clear strategic sense of the importance of the forthcoming enterprise. He was diligently—on occasion, brutally—insistent on quality performance in his men.

Henry was in charge of 40 men, each of whom would know exactly what was expected of him. The objective was plain. Within three hours of their landing they would control the communications ganglia of Tirana, "execute" (would "assassinate" have been the more correct word? Blackford wondered. Nice distinction, he thought, good for a post–cold war seminar some day) a half-dozen top officials of the government, most importantly Enver Hoxha, the bloody Stalinist dictator, declaring Hysni Shtylla, the exiled leader of the patriotic, liberal National Front, prime minister. All of this to be followed in rapid succession by recognition of the new government by the allied powers and, a month or two later, a genuinely democratic election.

Henry and Blackford permitted themselves to fondle the subject of Operation Tirana, on which they were receiving briefings every day. Neither of them needed to be indiscreet, after all: Certain aspects of the operation weren't discussed, for obvious reasons. Blackford was surprised when Henry asked him: "Do you know when in fact we are due to take off?" Blackford could answer truthfully, "Hell no. I've never seen tighter security than on this one. I doubt Eisenhower has been told."

That night Blackford woke. He looked at the luminous dial of his watch. It was just after four. He couldn't go back to sleep, so he put on shoes, pants, and an overcoat, and stepped across the hall of the Bachelor Officers' Quarters to the door, and walked out into the cold. It had been stipulated that not even the administrative staff would leave the ten-acre compound save on business, and only when accompanied by another member of the staff, so he confined his stroll to the area.

He noticed, in the radio shed directly across from BOQ, a sliver of light from the window and wondered who else would be up that early.

He approached the window and attempted to look in, but the little tear in the screen, though letting a shaft of light escape from it, was too narrow to see through. But in the stillness he could hear, faintly but distinctly, the telltale *di di dah dah dah* of the telegrapher, and he wondered what on earth Sergeant Esperanto, the radio specialist for the Special Platoon, was doing at that hour. He even permitted himself to wonder whether his curiosity should be official, as well as personal and transient.

He would think about that; and so he resumed his walk, wandering distractedly past the commandos' barracks, past the playing field and the refectory, past the armory.

It was windy, and the gray British cold reached his neck, so he fastened the top button of his coat and thrust his hands in his pockets and asked himself—for the first time, oddly—whether he was glad or sorry that he had not been asked to participate in Operation Tirana.

Would he, if asked, have volunteered? He could not give himself an absolutely reliable answer.

He was back now by the radio shed, and looked over at the window. The light he had seen was off. He approached the

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window. No sound. The telegrapher's roll had stopped. Well. Probably something Sergeant Esperanto had forgotten to do the night before and was catching up on.

Like what?

Something. Who knows?

But the question remained on his mind when, back in bed, he finally drifted off to sleep.

The following day, at breakfast, Henry and his squad leaders were informed by Colonel Mac that today was D Day.

It was just after dark when the three gray buses arrived for the 41 men and their equipment. They were ready, in camouflage gear, their faces and wrists blackened.

They had all mounted the buses except for Henry, who stood for a few moments alongside the lead vehicle, talking with Colonel Mac and Joe Louis. Henry signaled to Blackford to join them. Henry was at once calm and discernibly excited: Blackford knew the feeling. It had come to him on all three of his missions in France ten years ago, before mounting his fighter plane on the way to what could always prove the terminal engagement.

The colonel and the major now extended their hands, and Henry took them, his cigarette between his lips, his beret tilted saucily over his abundant black hair. He reached out then for Blackford's hand and gripped it tightly, his brown, squinty eyes alive with excitement. He turned and got into the bus. The caravan moved out of the gate slowly, as to a funeral, and headed the 30 miles to the military airfield where the C-54 transport was waiting for them.

It had previously been disclosed to the 18-man training staff at Cromwell that no one would be permitted to leave the compound until the all-clear signal was given. Of the cadre, all but the two cooks and four orderlies knew the nature of the mission for which they had been training the Special Platoon.

"Figure twenty-four hours if the news is overwhelmingly good. No news in forty-eight hours, the mission has failed. It's that simple," Colonel Mac had said as the buses pulled out.

If the plan had worked with optimal success, the triumphant radio declaration would have flashed out of Tirana at 1200 local time, 1100 British (GMT) time.

Sergeant Esperanto stood by the shortwave set in the radio shed. But at the officers' club there was also a good strong radio. "If they beam out of Tirana, BBC will pick it up in ten seconds," Colonel Mac had said, twiddling with the dial to get the best signal. "We'll get it right here."

And that had been the longest afternoon.

At five Blackford could stand it no longer, and went out for a solitary walk, again passing the radio shed where, through the glass panel door at the entrance, he could see into the room where the light had come from two nights earlier. Sergeant Esperanto was sitting at his desk, the shortwave receiver on—Blackford could hear muffled voices and even the sound of static. He resumed his walk.

That night at the officers' mess, and later at their club, conversation was forced, and mostly the men were silent, playing cards and drinking beer. At one point Joe Louis spoke.

"Remember, they *could* be regrouping, any number of things could, actually, have just slowed them down." No one commented. If Colonel Mac had been correct in his projections, then the mission had failed.

The following morning, after breakfast, the physical training director, Master Sergeant "Newt," announced in an imperious voice that there would be a handball game at 1100 for "all" the enlisted men; a game at 1400 for "all" the officers; and the winning enlisted team would play the winning officers' team at a Grand Encounter at 1600. The losers would stand the winners drinks after dinner, "all they bloody well can drink!" It was a welcome diversion.

"Figure twenty-four hours if the news is overwhelmingly good. No news in forty-eight hours, the mission has failed. It's that simple," Colonel Mac said as the buses pulled out.

Blackford didn't know when the idea had come to him, but without hesitation—after observing from his window in his quarters Sergeant Esperanto lope off to the court at five minutes before 11—he walked out and across the yard to the radio shed.

He entered it, and went to the room where the light had shone.

Instinctively he opened the drawers of the sergeant's desk, finding nothing to catch his attention. He knew something of radios, and discovered nothing in the logs of the past few days to arouse his attention. But he did note that although the exact time of all transmissions was carefully noted there was no entry in the log book for the early morning hours of two days ago. Or indeed—he flipped the pages back—any record of any transmission at any time later than ten at night, or earlier than eight in the morning.

He spotted the sergeant's jacket, hanging on a hook on the door, and reached into its pockets. From one he drew out a small, cardboard-bound telephone directory. He flipped through it; there were perhaps 30 numbers. He studied them alphabetically. "Adams, J . . . POR 4377." He looked at each entry, noting nothing more than that most of them were London numbers. His eyes paused over "Claus, R . . . KEN 21881."

Why five digits?

He examined the other numbers, all of them the conventional British three letters, followed by four digits.

He took a leaf from the scratch pad on the desk and wrote down, "Claus, R KEN 21881," put the paper in his pocket, and walked out.

Three days later Colonel Mac left a handwritten notice on the bulletin board.

"The gates of the compound will be open at 0700. The staff is at liberty. Make the usual arrangements." He scrawled out his name. And then he added, at the bottom of the page, "R.I.P."

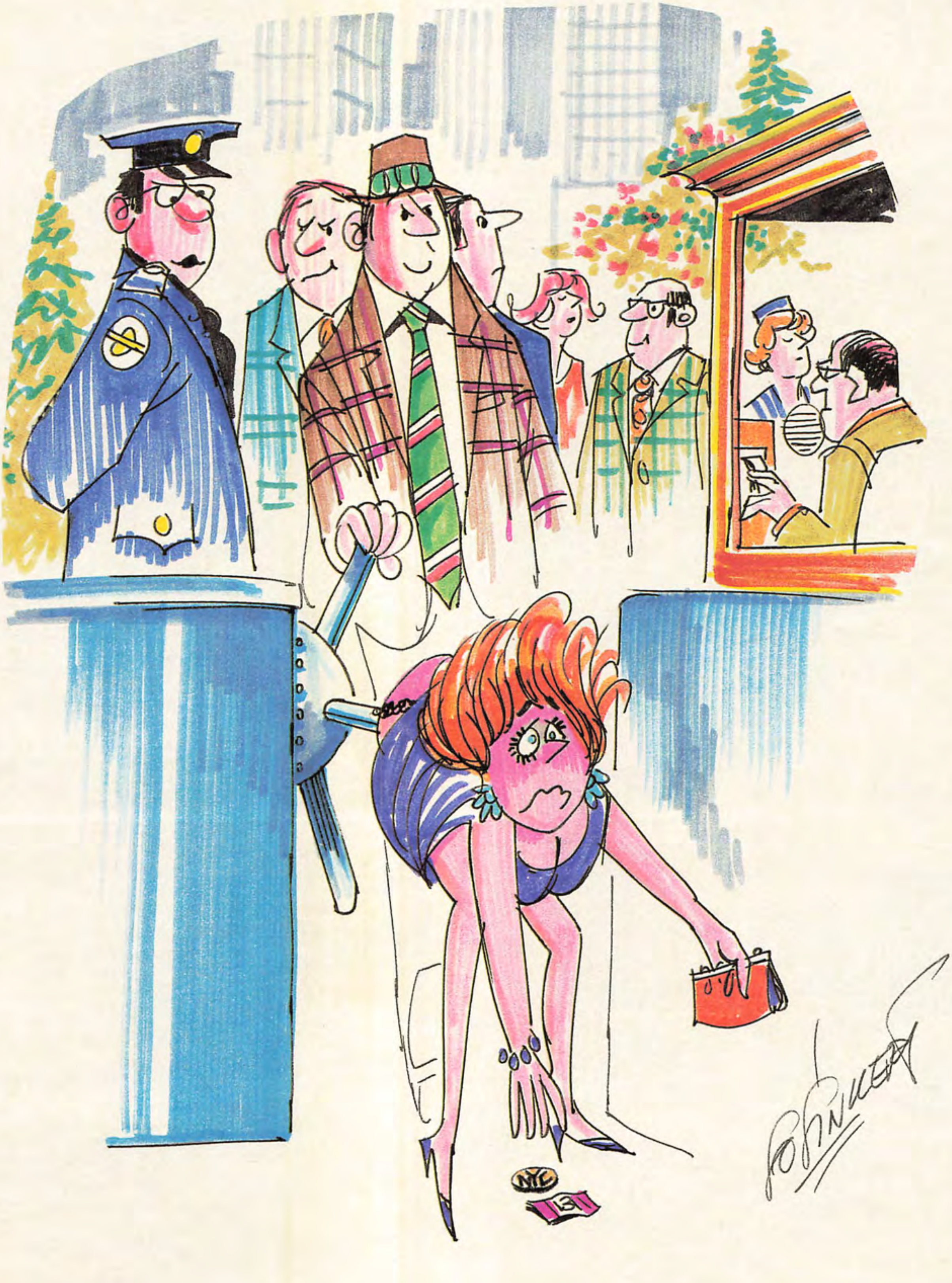
The Agency had only just begun its postmortem. It would take months and months—these investigations *always* took months and months—to assemble all the data. And, under the circumstances surrounding Operation Tirana, some of the data would never be assembled. What was now—ahead of any such investigation—gruesomely plain was this: There were five different sites where the British-American-Albanian team landed. At every one of those sites, "they" had been there. Ready and waiting. Not only that, they had evidently known at which of the five sites Agent One had been scheduled to land. Because Agent One, unlike the others, hadn't been executed right away. The deadly cool Albanian military, no doubt under specific supervision of the KGB, had taken their time in dealing with Agent One. Perhaps a week, or even two—it was a full month before the Album, as they now uniformly referred to it, had come in ("one of the best examples of exhibitionistic sadism *I've* ever seen," the Director had muttered on closing its gory covers). The second-to-last photograph in that album had shown Agent One seated on a chair, an Albanian newspaper in his hands, the glaring, eight-column headlines clearly visible. His upper body and head showed bruises and lacerations. His chest was bound by a strap to the back of the chair, but his arms were obviously under his own control as he held up the newspaper, dated March 20, 1954.

That was the first of the two final photographs in the Album.

The second picture, the final picture, showed a small hole through the newspaper, which had dipped down from eye level toward the floor. Agent One was slumped forward, a large bullet wound on his forehead. It had been the moment of his execution.

The balance of the Album was devoted to full-face photographs of 40 men. Thirty of them were hanging from a gibbet. The others had been shot, some in the head,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138


NYC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

niques, such as the making of bombs, like time bombs, and how to assassinate or capture government officials."

I kept a straight face. Balraj had just asked for a lot.

"We need to know how to make grenades, silencers for firearms, and how to sabotage factories," he continued.

Good grief, I thought, *I've got some hot ones*. "Okay," I told him. "Let me think about that. Just stay in the training."

Balraj gave me as stoic an expression as one wearing wet, cold underwear can manage. "Yes, we will," he said.

NOVEMBER 21, 1984

The training operation was ready. A small group of students, the Sikhs among them, advanced toward a few paper grocery sacks of food. They had not eaten in a day. If they wanted the food, they would have to take it.

But the students could not see the hidden snipers with pellet rifles and smoke grenades.

The students charged. A smoke grenade rolled onto the trail near the food and began to hiss thick, cloying smoke into the air. Shadowlike figures of hungry students charged into the smoke screen, running for the grocery sacks. The pellet rifles opened fire, and the zip of high-velocity pellets followed by the fleshy whack of their impact on human bodies began. The ambushed students were shouting in pain and confusion.

The first student reached the sacks and grabbed for them.

Booby-trapped, the food exploded, the blast knocking the student down. Cans and packages flew into the air. The smoke screen now entirely blanketed the area.

"We've got a man down!" someone shouted. I stood up from my position, propped my pellet rifle against a tree, and began to walk toward the group of men kneeling over Balraj.

A British Army veteran was applying a bandage to Balraj's face. I stopped him and examined the wound. The white of the eye, just under the cornea and pupil, was cut open, and fluid was running out of the eyeball. The pupil itself was partially exposed, trying to slip out of the rip. There was some bleeding from the flesh wound on the bridge of his nose, but it was minor.

"Bandage him," I said, "and I'll get him out of the field to a hospital." Balraj's wound would keep him out of the rest of the training, and allow me to work on him separately from his men.

I gave instructions to Paul Johnson to continue with the classes and allowed Suki, Avraj, and Lal to speak to their injured leader briefly. Then I walked down the dirt road to commandeer a civilian truck from the local ranchers who had property a few miles away.

EYE FOUNDATION HOSPITAL
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

Balraj was upstairs with the doctors, and I was sitting in the hospital coffee shop with an FBI agent, still wearing my dirty combat fatigues. Since I can't reveal the agent's name, I'll call him "Fox." He was with a special counterintelligence unit. I did not know him personally, but I had worked with his section before. Fox was tall and athletic, with a dramatic face. He reminded me of the actor Tom Selleck, who plays the lead character on the television series "Magnum, P. I."

We were discussing the Sikhs.

"We knew these guys were coming down," Fox said. "The RCMP [Royal Canadian Mounted Police] had been watching some of them in Canada. We believe they're in this country illegally."

"What do you want me to do with them?"

"Just try to find out what they want. We feel they're going to make you an offer of some sort. By the way, how's his eye?"

"He'll be okay. I just talked to the doctor a few minutes ago. They have to stitch up the cut in his eyeball and keep him for a few days," I said.

"Frank, I guess I don't have to tell you these guys are serious. They're assassinating Indian politicians and soldiers damn near every day in India. They've already killed Indira Gandhi, and it looks like they're getting ready to export their revolution over here. We can't have that."

"Balraj says he wants to know how to make time bombs and train for street hits," I said.

"Okay. Make me a report as soon as possible. You'll do that, right?" Fox asked.

I had only just met Fox, but I liked him and made the decision to go ahead. "Let me see how the situation is going to develop," I said. "I'll be visiting Balraj and softening him up here in the hospital. Johnson is working on his guys in the field. We should have some sort of break soon."

The next morning, back in the field, I gathered the three Sikhs. Lal had taken charge of the group. "I want you to know Balraj is going to be all right," I said. "He knew you would be concerned and said I could bring one of you to visit him in the hospital if you like." It was a lie, but I didn't want them to worry.

"No," Lal said. "We will stay here and finish our training."

On my next visit to check on Balraj, I found him awake and uncomfortable, but willing to talk. I made a display of sympathy for him, congratulating him on bearing the pain of the eye injury well, and brought him details of how his men were doing in the field.

Balraj began to talk politics and religion with me after a while, and I sat beside his bed on a chair and listened. He called the slain Indira Gandhi a "bloody bitch," and said her son, Rajiv, would be

"I didn't get here by being Mr. Nice Guy, Dolores. . . ."

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KING OF THE WILD FRONTIER

killed as soon as possible. We talked of the events that led to the siege and battle at the Golden Temple in Amritsar, and he told how the Sikhs who had defended the Golden Temple had died rather than betray their faith.

I made comments and responses that appeared to express agreement with minority groups like the Sikhs, who simply wanted to worship the way they believed, and I professed antagonism for India because of its relationship with the Soviet Union.

I let Balraj know, with as much finesse as I could, that I would consider helping with the Sikh cause. We talked at length, him detailing injustices I didn't doubt were true, and me listening, nodding, keeping him company in the lonely hospital room.

I made a decision to enter into an operation to stop the Sikhs in the United States who were planning violent acts. It was the old story: Innocent people were in the line of fire, and the combatants were going to shoot anyway.

The three Sikhs left in the field to continue with their training were satisfied to hear my progress reports about Balraj and his treatment. The Eye Foundation doctors performed two separate operations on Balraj's eye, keeping him in a medicated stupor between trips to surgery.

I removed the students from the field after escape-and-evasion training on November 28, and arranged for Balraj's release from the Eye Foundation Hospital that afternoon so I could reunite him with his men. Balraj was feeling better, but still wore a padded bandage over his injured eye. He was glad to be back with his men, and they were proud they had finished the training course.

In the time between classes, Balraj and I talked about what the Sikh movement needed in the way of military training, what weapons they had an interest in, and what their basic plans were. Balraj said he was responsible for reporting back to his superiors in New York about the quality of the training I gave, and that he thought the training was good. He said his superiors would be interested in Ingram M10 submachine guns with sound suppressors, because of the favorable impression that using the M10 had made on Lal and the other Sikh trainees. They saw the covert-action application of the small, high-rate-of-fire weapon: It was perfect for raids, assassinations, or hijackings.

Balraj said Communist China and Pakistan were aiding the Sikh cause, providing both money and weapons, as well as safe areas inside their own borders for training or hiding. I asked Balraj if the Sikhs would try to attack Hindu or Indian targets within the United States. He simply told me his people would fight "wherever they have to."

Finally, as the time approached for Balraj and his men to leave, he extended to me an invitation to visit him in New York and meet his superiors. He gave me a note with telephone numbers on it for himself and Lal Singh, with a written warning not to mention anything on the phone. The telephone number he gave me for himself differed from the one he had written on his application.

"Balraj," I said, as he was preparing to get in the car with his men and be driven to the airport, "training and weapons are expensive. Do you have the money for this?"

"Yes," Balraj said. "Money is no problem."

Not long after the car drove away, I sat down to finish my report to Fox about the Sikhs while the details were still fresh in my mind.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1984, SHERATON CENTRE HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY
I waited for the phone to ring. Lal Singh had told me he would call from the lobby when he arrived. I was anxious for the meeting, since I knew some of the leadership in the Sikh organization would be present. If it was fruitful—meaning if I met someone important, and if they offered me work—the FBI and I would have a deal.

The room phone rang. I answered it after a short pause. There was no sense in letting my eagerness show.

"Frank?" Lal Singh asked.

"Yes, Lal. I'll be right down. Are you at the house phones?"

"Yes, we are," Lal said. "You should have no trouble. Just look for the turbans." At least he was lighthearted.

I slipped on my jacket and checked to make sure my Ingram submachine gun was tucked out of sight in the desk drawer, the short 16-round magazine in it. I wanted it there when I came back to the room. I would sit on the bed near the drawer as I talked to the Sikhs.

On the way down to the lobby on the elevator, I decided to take Lal and his friends across the street to one of the coffee shops to begin our discussions.

Just out of the elevator, I saw the turbans through the sea of faces in the busy lobby. Lal had not been joking. I assumed a casual grin, and walked toward Lal, who had a blue turban on his head. With him were two men, both obviously Sikhs. One was in his middle thirties, with a full black beard and head of hair, and stood about five foot six. He wore no turban. The other Sikh was shorter, perhaps 60, with a trimmed white beard and handlebar mustache. He wore a white turban, and stood with military dignity.

No names were given. I ignored that fact, still smiling, and glanced toward the door. "Let's go get something to drink," I suggested. "There's a hotel strike on right now, and we can't get room service."

"We don't need anything," said the turbanless bearded Sikh. "We really need to talk business."

I was glad to hear that.

BY GOD, WE'VE UNCOVERED THE FIRST GREAT PERIOD OF EGYPT
Bill Lee

We left the street and were soon inside my room. I sat on the bed, near the drawer with the Ingram in it. Lal took a respectful position almost all the way across the room from me. The two unintroduced Sikhs took chairs and pulled them around to face me.

"My name is John, you may call me John," said the man without the turban. There was still no name offered for the elder. He sat there watching me, examining me.

I did not know it at the time, but "John" was Gurpartap Birk Singh. He was upper-middle management in the Sikh movement. The elder had a heavier position. He was one of the top Sikh leaders, and Indian intelligence agencies believed him to be the master strategist of Sikh terrorism outside India. He was now living in Washington, D.C.

Gurpartap Birk Singh was not a common terrorist himself. He was employed as a computer engineer in New York and made over $50,000 a year. He lived in Brooklyn, and had come to New York three years earlier after obtaining a doctorate in engineering in London. Birk held a British passport, and his wife and children still lived in London.

My room wasn't wired. I could say or do anything I pleased. "Okay, John," I began. "Balraj and Lal have given me a little information about what you might need. I can arrange for weapons, even antitank rockets like RPG-7s. Give me an idea of what you want."

"Oh, weapons are not really my main concern," John said. "We have plenty of weapons of the sort we need. We get them from the Indian Army, but I understand you can provide some special weapons."

"Like the Ingram, with the silencer," said Lal.

"Sure," I said. "I brought one to show you." I opened the desk drawer and lifted out the M10, deliberately removing the magazine from it before I handed it to John. "I also have the silencers, like Lal says." From the back of the drawer I produced the sound suppressor for the Ingram, wrapped in its heat shield.

John looked the Ingram over carefully, peering through the center of the sound suppressor. The elder gazed at it with some interest, but kept his arms folded, saying nothing.

"This is very good," John said. "I believe this is the sort of thing we can use."

The elder spoke to John in his own language, then looked at me. "The silencer, how does it work?" he asked in English.

I was being tested. I slipped the nomex cover off the suppressor and began to unscrew the front tube from the rear tube, explaining the principles of expanding and cooling gasses. It was almost the same class I gave about sound suppressors at Merc School.

The elder watched me carefully as I tapped out the baffles from inside the suppressor tube, and laid out the parts for everyone to see. The elder did not look at the pieces. He kept his eyes on me. He spoke again in his own language to John. My test was over. John smiled, and I reassembled the suppressor.

"Thank you, that was very interesting," John said.

"I can get the nine-millimeter or the .380 versions for you," I said, putting the Ingram back into the drawer, still playing the arms dealer. "A silencer should be included with every weapon. If you'll tell me how many you want, I'll give you a price."

The purchase of any firearms would make a case. The purchase of machine guns would be better. I waited for John to take the bait. He didn't.

"We will have to discuss that later," he said. "As you know, we Sikhs are involved in a war with India. We realize we cannot do everything ourselves. We have to have some professionals to help us. How do you feel about that?"

"That's what I'm here for," I said. "Tell me what you need, in training or in weapons. We can agree on a price."

"India is a very large country, and in many ways it is a very backwards country," John said. "It is more dependent on its railways and farms than a country like the United States, because in India we don't have alternative means of transport, or food to spare."

I sat back and relaxed. John was warming to his subject. Perhaps he had mentally rehearsed what he was going to say to me in much the same way I had rehearsed how I would respond to this very situation.

"We need to train men in how to break oil pipelines, how to sabotage steel mills, how to spoil and contaminate food and water."

"Contaminate?" I asked.

"The Punjab is a very fertile area," John said. "We grow much of the country's food there. If we poison it, then the bastards have nothing to eat."

"And the movie theaters," said the elder. "Don't forget them."

"Yes," John said. "In India, the movie theaters are filled with thousands of people, not like here, where there are only a few people attending. If one were to set off a panic—"

"Such as a smoke bomb," said the elder.

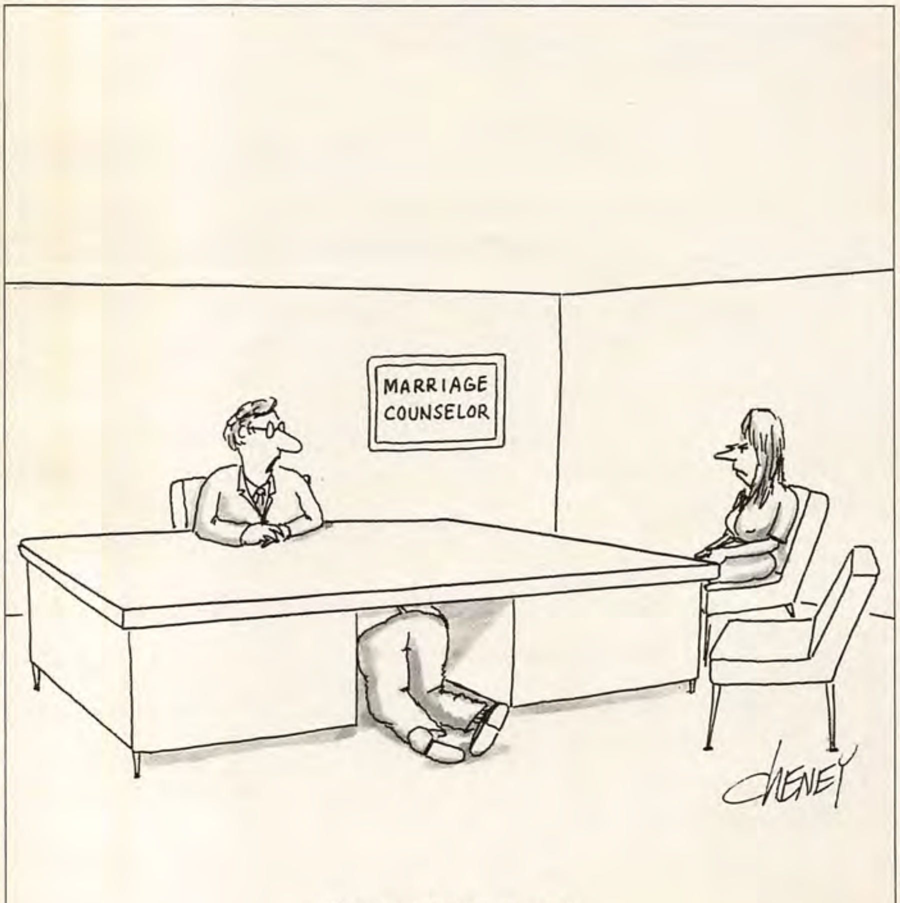
"Correct. A smoke bomb would do. They will stampede and kill each other."

I reached for my notebook on the desk. "Let me take notes," I said, "so I'll know what we need to plan for in the training program."

"There is coal mining in India. We should manage a way to stop that," John said. I wrote as he talked, scribbling hurriedly.

"The hydroelectric dams are important targets," the elder said.

"And the nuclear-power stations," John added.



"I see what you mean."

"Nuclear power?" I asked. "How many plants like that in India?"

"We have three," John said. "We want to blow them up."

"If we could create another Bhopal, it would be perfect," said the elder.

"Did you have anything to do with the Union Carbide plant at Bhopal?" I asked.

"No, that was an accident, but a bloody good one. That's what we need, another Bhopal. There are other chemical plants in India," John said.

It was like Balraj had told me back at the Bunker after Merc School: All they wanted to do was kill Indians. "What kind of foods do you grow—what are we talking about contaminating?" I asked.

"Oh, we have dairy farms, we have wheat, we have sugar," John said. "We want to poison it as it leaves the Punjab, so it will be going to Indians, where our people won't get it."

"And the water," said the elder. "If we could only poison the water in Bombay. They would die by the thousands. Is this possible?"

"Well," I said slowly, "if you put some sort of water contaminant in the water system for an entire city, I think it might kill some, but it would make a lot of people sick."

"The water system in Bombay, oh, you should see it," John said, "it is terrible. There are uncapped pipes everywhere. It leaks badly. There is usually no pressure. It is a terrible system."

"What about just cutting off the water altogether?" I asked.

"Yes, that is possible, too," John said. "The water comes from very far away. It is a terrible system."

"So far, I can see you need chemicals and acids, but what about explosives?" I asked.

"We have no trouble with explosives. We have a man with the Indian Army. He gets all of that sort of thing that we need," John said.

"Even the heavy weapons? Balraj told me you needed the weapons to fight tanks in the streets. I can get Russian RPG-7s for you, and the Russian-designed Sagger missile. The weapons that I get are made in China."

"China?" John asked. "We get aid from China now. I believe we can get those things if we ask for them."

Balraj had mentioned Chinese aid to the Sikhs, but had not been specific. "Will China give you the weapons if you request them?" I asked.

"Some weapons, yes. They have already done that," John said. "Mostly equipment, and some money. They have donated some money. We have a camp in China."

I tried to mentally picture a map of India, and recall where the borders with China were. The Punjab did touch China—an almost perfect situation.

"Has Pakistan offered any help?" I asked.

"Of course," John said. "The Pakistanis hate the Indians. They do what they can. We have friends."

"I have a concern," I said. "What about your security? I can't afford to start working with you and have the Indian intelligence people know who I am."

"Our security is very good," John told me. "We have established our people into cells, and we have blinds and cutouts. No one will know your actual identity. Even the men don't always know who their leaders are. We have to be careful."

"Okay," I said, pretending to study my notes. They were hot to act, but they were not too careful. "On these railroads, what do you want to do about them?" I asked.

"We must cut all the railways," John said. "India depends heavily on movement by train. If you cut the railways, you have paralyzed the country. I can promise you that."

Balraj had told me he wanted to blow up trains. I decided to see how reasonable John could be. "John," I said, "I discussed a method of using hydraulic jacks and timbers to force apart railroad tracks. It is a silent way to do what you want, and inexpensive. Explosives cost money."

"Yes, I agree," John said. "My idea is to not only destroy the tracks, but to destroy the switches. The tracks are very easy to repair."

> "We need to know how to make grenades," Balraj told me. "Also silencers for firearms, and how to sabotage factories." "Okay," I replied. "Let me think about that."

So John was thinking. Lal was sitting in the background, amused at the quiet way to bend rails. He was grinning again, his Merc School experience showing.

"I believe we should have a team of saboteurs in each state, perhaps ten men in each team," John said. "There are approximately 20 states in India where we would need to have these men."

"That's 200 men," I said. "Where do we train them?"

"Would you be willing to go out of the country?" John asked.

"Sure," I said. "Where?"

"Some of the men we want to train here, in the United States," John said. "Some we will train in the U.K., and others in China, at our camp there."

I imagined myself at a remote Sikh terrorist camp inside Red China, a place with barren hills and cold weather. How would I get out if things went wrong? Where would I go?

"Do you have any objection about going to China?"

"No," I said, and, on consideration, I really didn't. What an opportunity!

"Do you know anything about nuclear-power stations?" John asked.

"As a matter of fact, I do," I answered.

"What do you suggest to destroy them?" John asked.

I considered for a moment. John might know a great deal more about nuclear plants than I did. I needed to come up with a very practical answer.

"The plants are built too strongly for us to blow up," I said. "They can withstand earthquakes. It would take an accurate air strike to blow one up." John was listening. So far, so good. "The weak point of any nuclear plant is its water supply."

"Are you suggesting that we attempt to cut off the water—"

"No," I said. "We have to contaminate the water with a powerful corrosive agent. Once the cooling water being pumped into the pipes in the plant spreads, the engineers will have to shut down the system. They will have no choice."

"Would there be any radiation leakage?" John asked.

"I don't think so, but the people would be afraid of it anyway," I said. I had the impression John wanted a good amount of radiation to leak out, but didn't say so.

"Can you train teams just for assassination duty?" John asked.

"Yes. Do you want street hits, or are you talking about time bombs, snipers—what?" I asked.

"We want it all," John said.

"That's no problem."

"We have a time frame of one year," said the elder. "I feel if the economic system of India is badly damaged, she cannot hold on to Punjab. I don't believe they can stand a year of it. Their economy is too fragile."

"John," I said, "let me write up a proposal and mail it to you. This covers a lot of areas. I have to do a cost study on it."

"All right," John said.

"Where do I mail it?" I asked.

"You may use the address Balraj gave to you. Do you have it? It is in Brooklyn." I nodded my head in agreement.

I did have the address. It was on the application form Balraj had signed at Merc School. It had been part of the kit I had turned over to the FBI.

"In the United States—here—where will we train your men? Do you want to keep sending them to Alabama?" I asked.

"No, that is too expensive," said John. "I am arranging for some property up here." I noticed that, again, he was avoiding being specific. He had also dodged my question about the Ingrams.

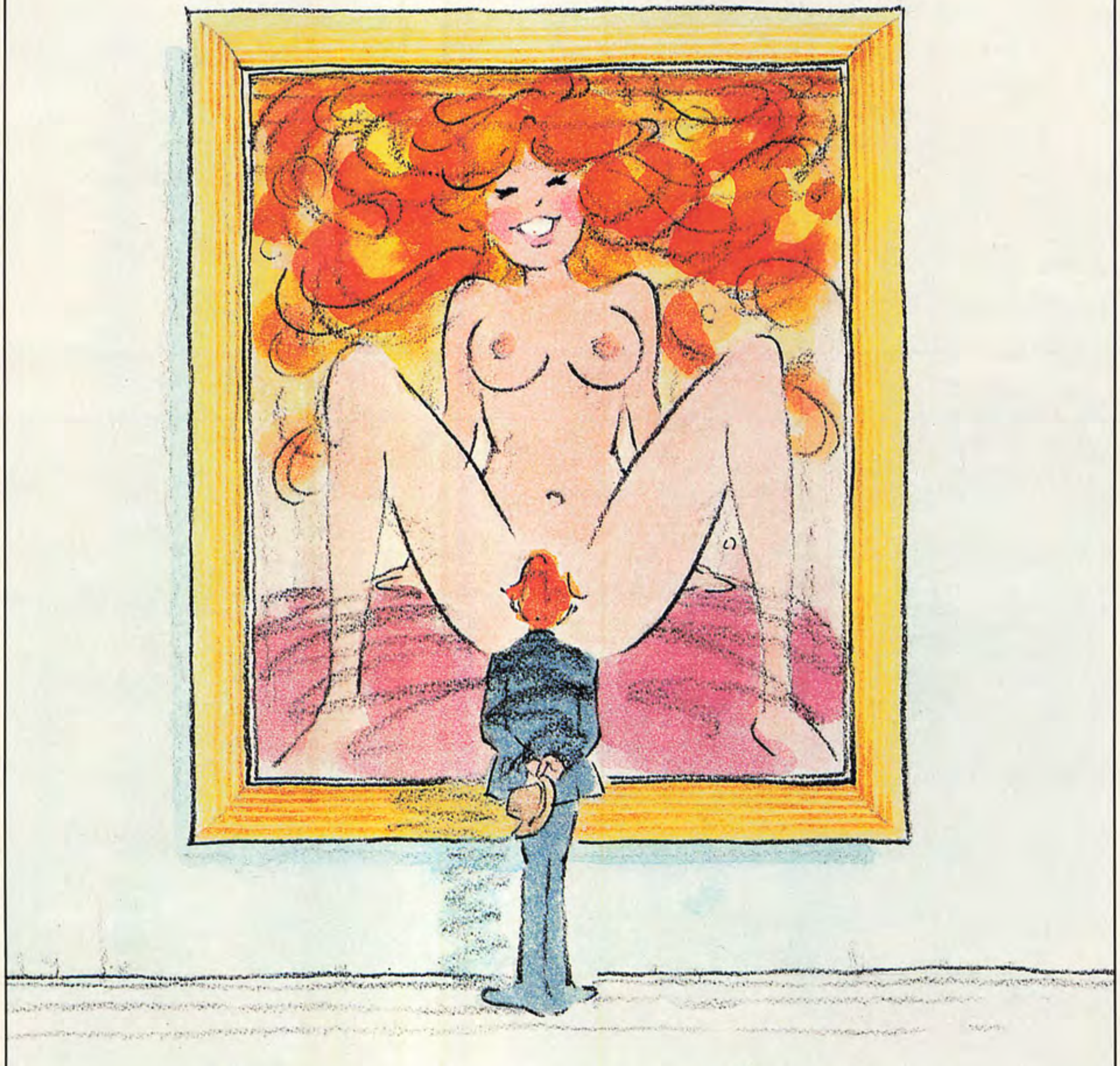
"When would you like to start?" I asked.

"As soon as we can put it all together," John said.

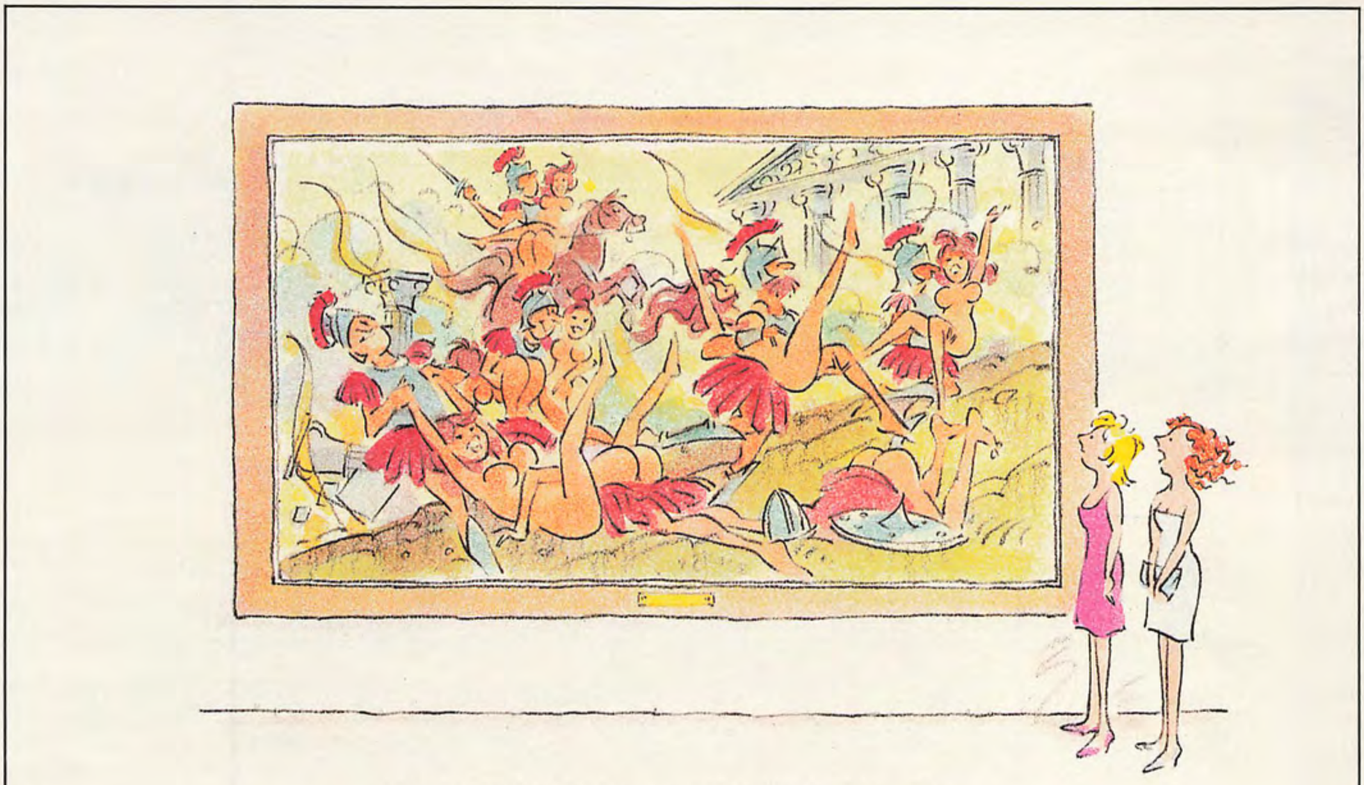
"Well, my next Merc School begins in March. I'll be busy after that."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 161

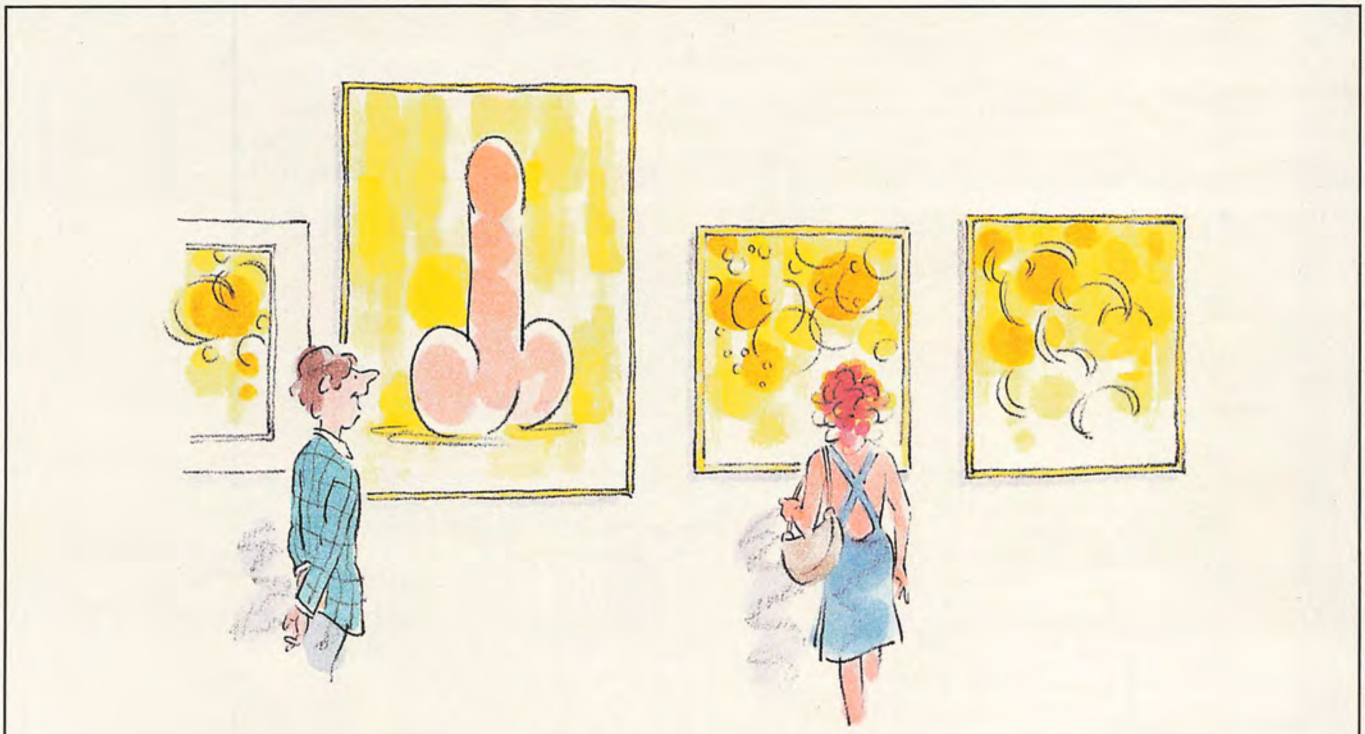
The GALLERY



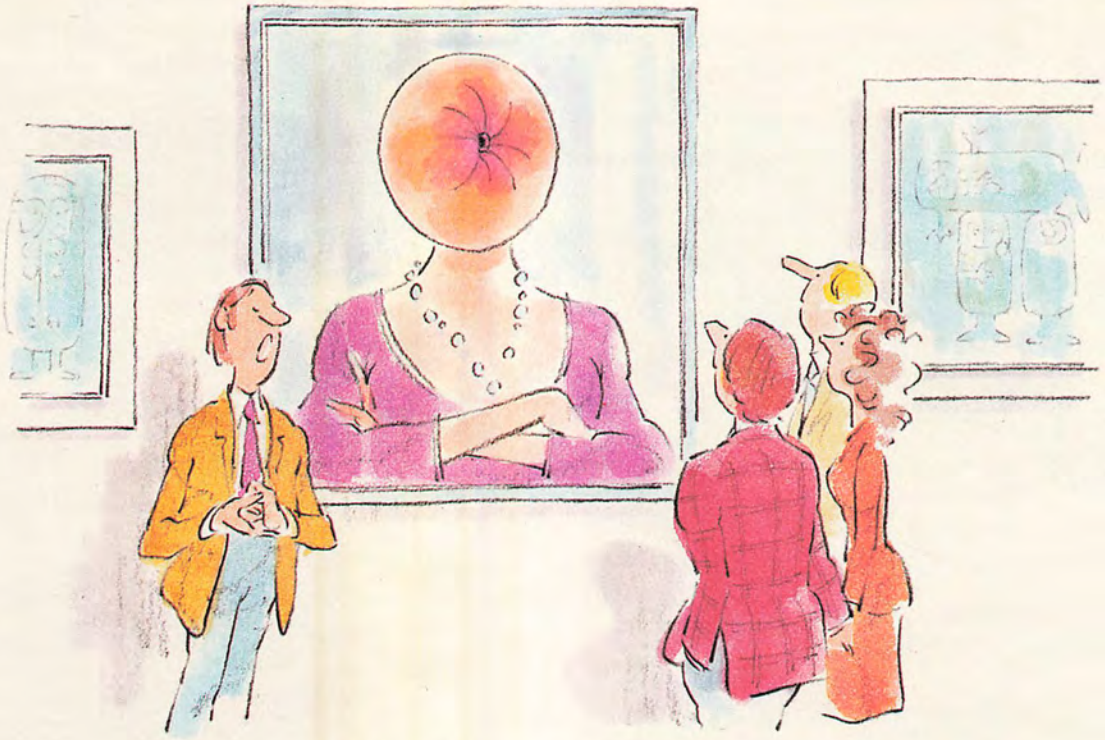
A cartoon feature by Cumings



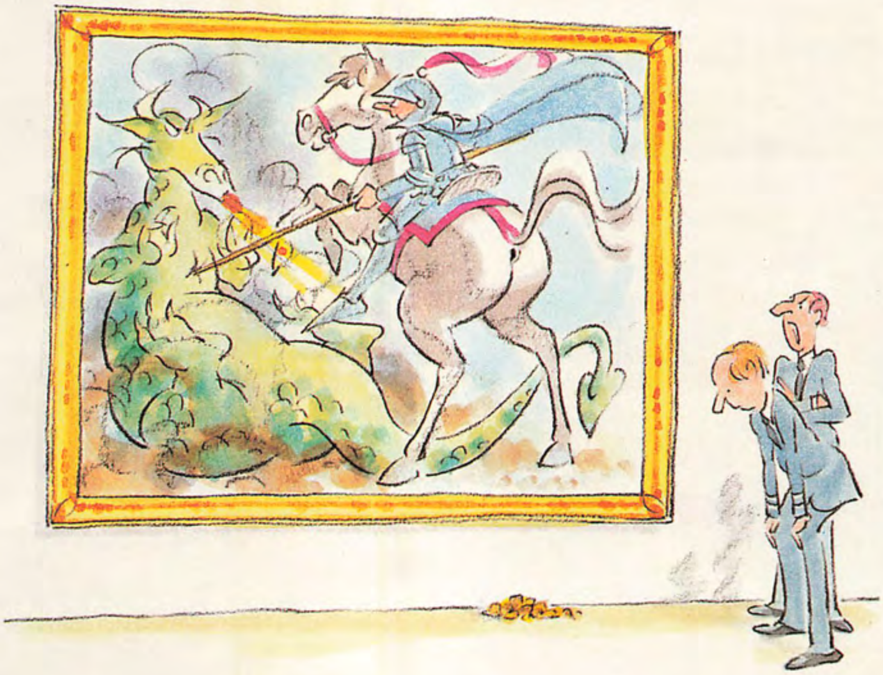
"Reminds me of the day we beat Washington Tech."



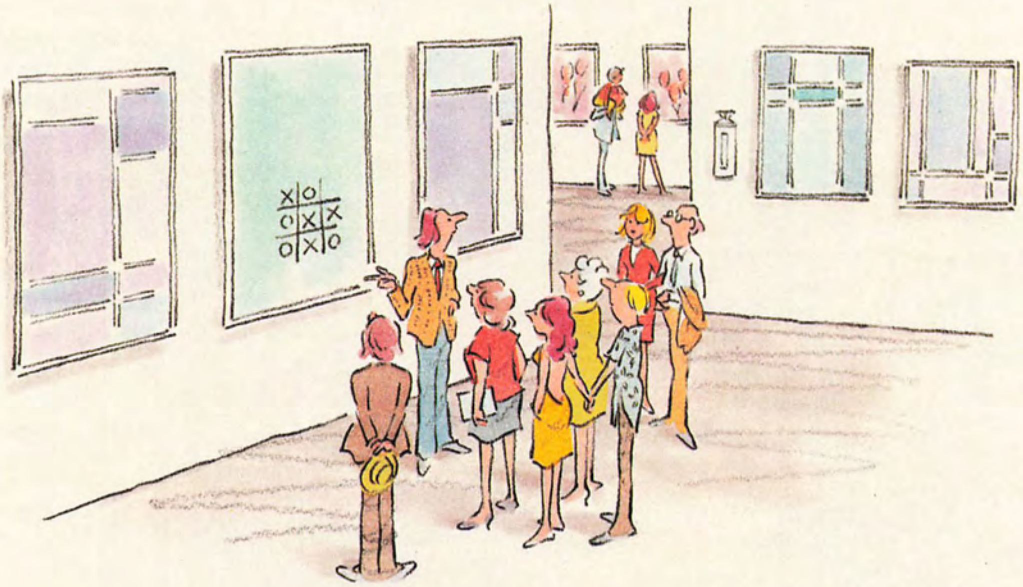
"Harriet—here's one you'll understand."



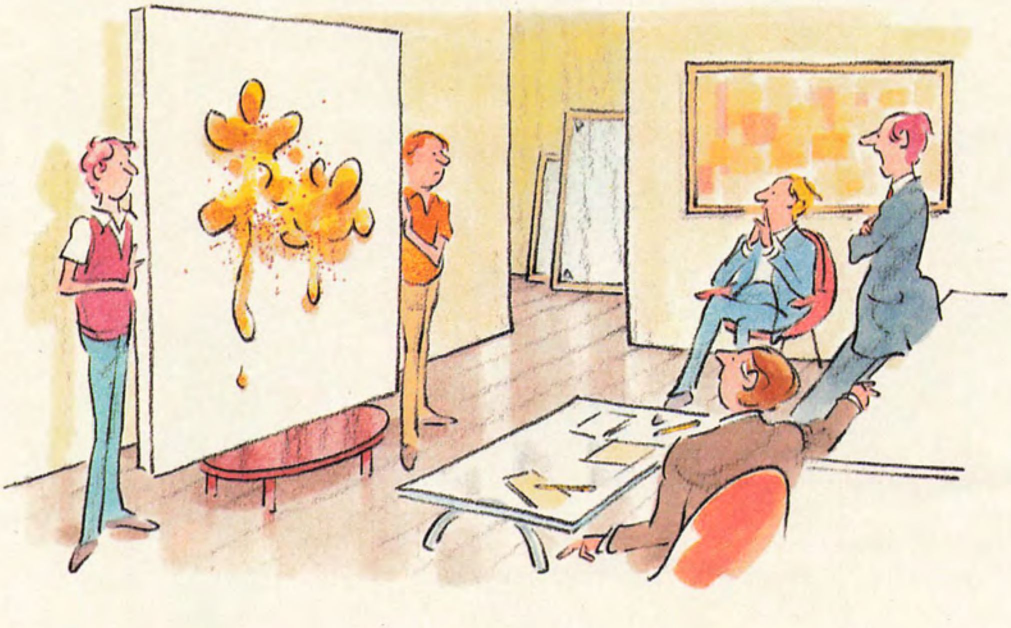
"He calls it simply . . . 'Mother.' "



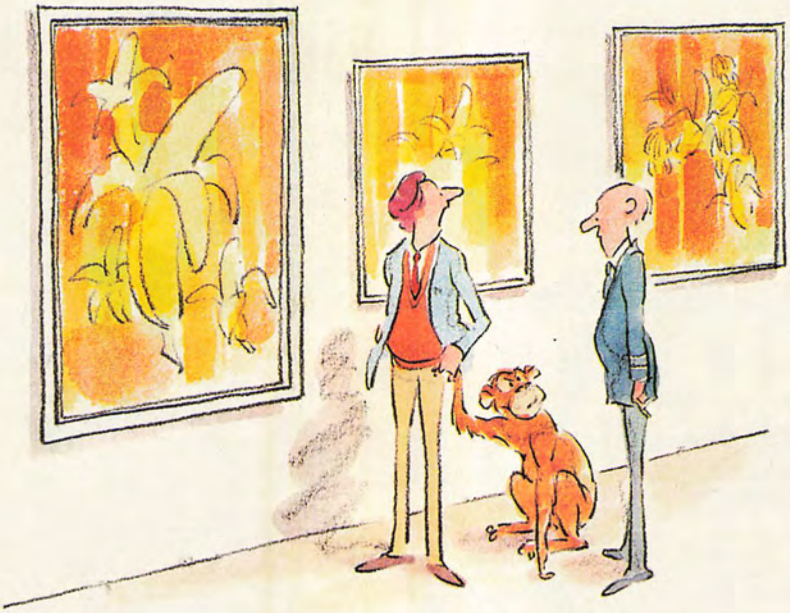
"Well, it sure smells like it."



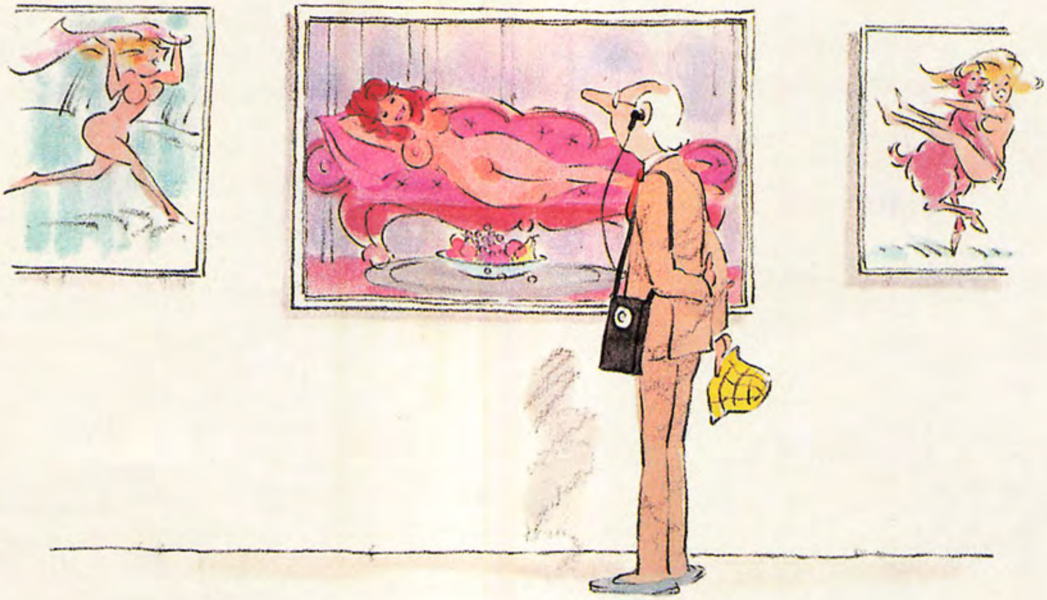
"Don't let its stark, simplistic, and trivial appearance fool you."



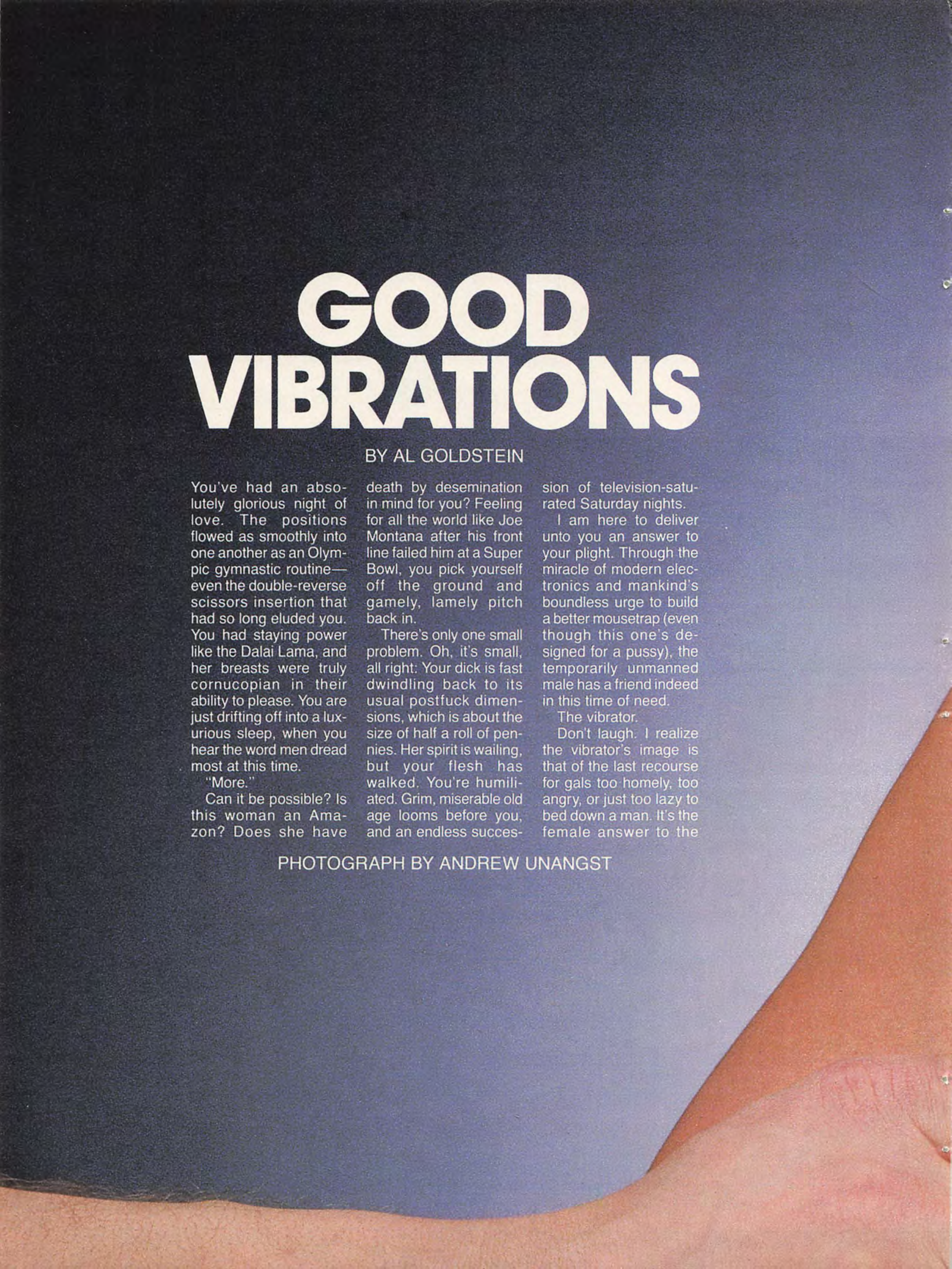
"It's real shit . . . it's different, and I like it!"



"What do you mean, he's not allowed in here—he's the artist!"



"Hi . . . my name is Sandy. . . . If you like what you see, call 1-800-555-8478."



GOOD VIBRATIONS

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

You've had an absolutely glorious night of love. The positions flowed as smoothly into one another as an Olympic gymnastic routine—even the double-reverse scissors insertion that had so long eluded you. You had staying power like the Dalai Lama, and her breasts were truly cornucopian in their ability to please. You are just drifting off into a luxurious sleep, when you hear the word men dread most at this time.

"More."

Can it be possible? Is this woman an Amazon? Does she have death by desemination in mind for you? Feeling for all the world like Joe Montana after his front line failed him at a Super Bowl, you pick yourself off the ground and gamely, lamely pitch back in.

There's only one small problem. Oh, it's small, all right: Your dick is fast dwindling back to its usual postfuck dimensions, which is about the size of half a roll of pennies. Her spirit is wailing, but your flesh has walked. You're humiliated. Grim, miserable old age looms before you, and an endless succession of television-saturated Saturday nights.

I am here to deliver unto you an answer to your plight. Through the miracle of modern electronics and mankind's boundless urge to build a better mousetrap (even though this one's designed for a pussy), the temporarily unmanned male has a friend indeed in this time of need.

The vibrator.

Don't laugh. I realize the vibrator's image is that of the last recourse for gals too homely, too angry, or just too lazy to bed down a man. It's the female answer to the

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW UNANGST

peep show, the separatist love machine, a bedside surrogate to save a girl the agony of the singles bar.

Yeah, you know that that saucy checkout girl, her tits bursting at the seams of her uniform but her nose resolutely in the air—you just know she has an Orgasmatron Special in a drawer an arm's reach away from her pillow. And that snooty secretary who's turned down the whole office—you know she prefers, instead, to be faithful to the 90-vibes-a-second buzz of her coy little joy toy.

But you? You don't suffer tools gladly. Use a vibrator on a chick? What do you think I am, some sort of fairy?

Once you get past the image, though, it's very difficult to pull yourself back from one thought: Why not? You told yourself in your last therapy session that you were going to be a more flexible, open-minded man, especially in bed. You sure aren't going to do her any good with your own equipment being in the state it's in. So why the hell not?

What follows is a short how-to, one of those guides you probably really don't need when all you have to do is bluster and fake it and experiment around, for Chrissakes. Come to think of it, though, you probably do need it—the American male being traditionally as skittish as hell toward any proposal to renovate his love life. Give me that old-time missionary position, it's good enough for me. An attitude that will win you endless kudos in the strength-of-your-convictions department, but will dry up your love life.

First off, you and your lover have to fight back the disinclination to bring anything extra at all into bed, be it the latest issue of *Penthouse,* an oven-warmed grapefruit (peeled and sectioned), or a collection of sex toys. There are a couple of reasons for an unwillingness to go beyond the basic essentials of two warm bodies. One is a macho, I'm-all-the-man-you-need attitude. Again, this is something that sounds awful quaint in the eighties. Another is an insane urge to dissolve into hysterical laughter whenever you break out the old nine-inch Wang-o-matic, battery with AC optional, tickler and musk-ox attachments included. Laughter is good for you. Get it over with, then get down to business.

Gentlemen, choose your weapons. Vibrators come in three main types: the phallic, the modular, and the tonsorial—fancy names you can throw around when you want to refer to, respectively, a battery-operated dildo, a vibrator with attachments, or a scalp massager.

The dildo vibrator is, of course, modeled after your Yours Truly, your Peterbilt, your Sperminator.

One major selling point for the dildo vibrator is that it's usually cordless. That means when your marriage counselor tells you to get your relationship out of the bedroom, and you want to comply by fucking in the kitchen, say, or on the front deck, you can be free to travel. You don't have to be afraid of getting the cord wrapped around your nuts or having your toupee lifted off by a random short circuit, either.

Stepping up the vibrating ladder a rung, we come to plug-in units with attachments. The most well-known of these is the Orgasmatron, the makers of which speciously promise a "guaranteed" orgasm.

Attachments for modular vibrators resemble odd pickings from the limb pile at an extraterrestrial leper colony. There are cones and concentric circles and stippled, evil-looking "tinglers" (for the masochist masturbator?), as well as less euphemistic dildo and French-tickler attachments. Variety being the spice of life, I guess you pays your money and you takes your poke.

The high end of the vibrator scale—the Cadillac of oscillation and my personal favorite device to send my personal favorite lady over the edge into bone-shivering ecstasy—is the scalp massager, a unit which straps onto the back of your hand and turns your fist, fingers, and palms into vibrating love tools. The best thing about it—aside from the fact that it features no insipid flesh coloring whatsoever—is that the vibrator is still you, your fingers, your hand. It's more personal that way; you don't feel as if you've handed your lovemaking over to a machine. Drawbacks are that nut-snaring cord again (they've yet to offer this unit in battery-powered form) and the fact that these machines can get a bit pricey.

> “That snooty secretary who's turned down the whole office—you know she prefers to be faithful to the 90-vibes-a-second buzz of her coy little joy toy.”

Okay, you've equipped yourself with one or another of the three vibrator models, you've got power, you hear that little beelike hum that resembles the flattened ring in your ears after a Grateful Dead concert, she's gotten over her hysterical laughter, and she's beginning to look mildly interested.

What do you do now? Four rules of thumb, one for each finger:

1. Remember *her.* Sometimes in my gadget mania I get too involved with what the gizmo itself can do, and pretty soon I'm alone in bed and the shower is running to cover the sound of her cursing my selfishness. One good way to start is to use the vibrator in the "nonsexual" way the clerk down at Walgreen's will swear it's meant for: Massage her whole body first, and then move to her central erogenous zones. By that time, you'll have her begging for mercy. I like to try a series of spirals or concentric circles, with her clitoris as the bull's-eye. I also like to use my tongue, alternating it with the vibrator, not only because I love to do it but because it keeps me involved. With the hand unit, I can keep one palm on her crotch while the other plays over her nipples, her mouth, and even her toes.

2. Proceed with caution. Throughout the long and distinguished history of Howard Johnson's there haven't been too many instances of death by Magic Fingers, but you have to figure it can happen. One thing you should know by now about the little man in the boat: Don't go overboard. Treat her clitoris the way you think Reagan should treat the Button: very gingerly. Vibrators represent the old in-and-out motion intensified to its excruciating extreme: Too much of a good thing can also send a girl to the showers. Don't, in your nervousness, jam the thing down her crotch with all the finesse of a Latin American prison guard.

3. Play up the kink. You have to remember that what you are doing, while not illegal, is probably held in pretty low regard by the pulpits of every major religion and most arbiters of morals and etiquette everywhere. It's not just the fact you aren't in the missionary position, it's that you've got this thing in bed with you, buzzing like a Trinitron on the fritz. Yow! It's hot, it's sexy, it's something that nine-tenths of the men leading lives of quiet desperation out there are too timid to try.

4. Cancel out the clinical. A gadget, any gadget, is likely to call up images of a dentist's or doctor's office, or even a machine shop. Overplay the romantic mood setting to negate this—some flute music, perhaps, or some ethereal jazz fusion—anything to mask the insane little buzz of the vibrator. The vibrator is like a new act you're trying to introduce into the variety show of your love life, and attention should be paid to nuance.

Remember, the medium is the massage, not the gadget. A woman I know can come only with a vibrator—but that's her problem, and it has something to do with discovering her parents' "scalp massager" too early, while she was still a teen. I don't think a gadget can ever replace good old-fashioned sex, but not to use one at all, out of some misguided sexual superstition, seems equally dumb.

You may come to the vibrator as a rescue unit of sorts, for use when your own equipment is out of sorts. But it has a way of undulating right into your sexual repertoire, of becoming not so much a replacement for your dick but a faithful friend to it, one that you can proudly designate as your second in any sexual duel.

DOMINIQUE

❛There I was, topless. . . . The air was cool and I guess my body reacted, and I don't mean just by blushing. My nipples got so hard, they ached!❜

SHE'S THE MAINE ATTRACTION

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

It's a long way from the tiny fishing hamlet of Oquossoc, Maine, to the bright lights of Hollywood, but Pet of the Month Dominique St. Croix has already taken the first step. She's landed a big fish indeed: a role in the movie *Recruits*, produced by Maurice Smith, due to open this spring. "It's been a pretty stunning year for me," Dominique admits. "First Pet of the Month, then a movie!"

A short two years ago, Dominique was merely the prettiest resident in her tiny hometown of 100 inhabitants. "It was a quiet childhood," she says reflectively. "I grew up without electricity in a town where time seemed to stand still."

But Dominique isn't dazzled by the bright lights. "I'm a traditional girl, and that's not going to change no matter what I do," she says with convincing earnestness. "An old-fashioned country type, and a one-man woman all the way. Still," she adds slyly, "none of my boyfriends ever thought I was a prude."

Melskin the clown courtesy Fanfare Entertainment

It was the glittering Hollywood dream machine that first beckoned and then seduced Dominique. "I was terrified at first," she says, about appearing before the camera. "But people were all so generous and warm, I just let myself go!"

Lingerie from Looking Too; pink sweater courtesy of Trocadero; makeup by Susan Freedman.

Throughout the film, only her one brief nude scene turned out to be a surprise—literally. "I play the governor's wife, and my shirt gets ripped off—only they didn't tell me anything about it because they wanted a look of astonishment on my face. There I was, topless in front of a crowd of spectators. The air was cool and I guess my body reacted, and I don't mean just by blushing. My nipples got so hard, they ached!"

"I like to break out," claims our magnificent 40-25-36 Dominique. "Like out of my hometown, into movies, into love, into life!" Our very nipples quiver at the thought of it.

MISS DOMINIQUE ST. CROIX/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

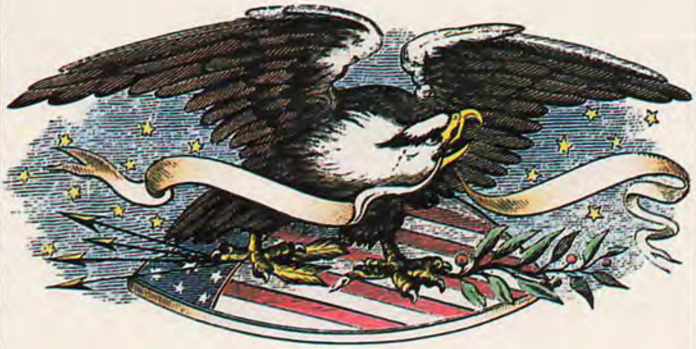
“Bickering among Vietnam veterans was partly to blame for Congress's unwillingness to address their real needs.”

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

For years we have despaired over the factionalism and oftentimes bitter acrimony that have prevented the creation of a truly national Vietnam veterans organization. At least part of the feuding and fussing could be attributed to the mixed emotions of the veterans themselves about the war and the meaning of their service therein.

The public and governmental indifference to the needs of Vietnam veterans in such areas as psychological readjustment, treatment for alcohol and drug abuse, job training, and education affected Vietnam veterans in different ways. For some, the indifference to their needs reinforced the notion that their wartime service was a public embarrassment rather than an honorable act. For others, the indifference provoked rage and hostility toward the system and those who run it. Taken together and mixed with some attempts at political activism, such as the angry march of veterans protesting the war, the result was a witches' brew that left the individual veteran odd man out.

Throughout this controversy, and the parallel ones which emerged in connection with the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, we advocated a moderate course—one which discouraged attacks on the motives, sincerity, and patriotism of those veterans with whom one faction or another disagreed. This bickering between and among Vietnam veterans was as much to blame for Congress's unwillingness to address their real needs as were the public's indifference and, sometimes, outright hostility.



Fortunately, in our opinion, these problems are behind the Vietnam veteran, and he can now move ahead to meet his individual needs. At the recent convention of the Vietnam Veterans of America (VVA), David Christian, the highly decorated founder of the 20,000-member United Vietnam Veterans Organization (UVVO), announced that his group was disbanding and urged each UVVO member to join one of the 200 chapters of the VVA. Christian said, "It's time for Vietnam veterans to get the politics out of it and to unite around the questions which are so important to us all."

The unification of these two groups has created the *only* national Vietnam veterans organization. Since their first national convention two years ago, VVA membership has doubled. A major influx of UVVO members is expected to double VVA membership again. Speaking to the more than 1,500 VVA members at their convention, newly reelected president Bobby Muller urged these veterans of the war in Southeast Asia to "come together and chart the agenda for the next two years. With UVVO joining us, we come together in an even larger sense. It now remains for us to get the job done of achieving justice not only for Vietnam's veterans but for disabled and all veterans."

Speaking personally, I can only applaud the wisdom and statesmanship of David Christian and Bobby Muller in burying the hatchet. The key factor in their reconciliation was the passage of a constitutional amendment precluding the VVA, at the national level, from dealing with any issues but veterans' affairs. (Local chapters and state VVA organizations remain autonomous, with the freedom to develop positions on any issue of concern.)

The depoliticization of the VVA at the national level removes it from the babel that surrounds national-security and social issues. These are important, to be sure, but they aren't the proper concern of the VVA at the national level. Its business is to act as a genuine service organization specifically oriented to meet the needs of the *individual* in receiving his just due from the Veterans Administration and related government agencies.

In one sense, the national VVA headquarters can be considered an action hotline from which the individual member can seek and receive direct help in his attempts to deal with the federal bureaucracy. This has been long overdue. Though the large, so-called national-service veterans groups have paid lip service to this approach, the needs of Vietnam veterans have largely been overlooked. For those thousands of Vietnam veterans who have become frustrated and angered by their treatment at the hands of federal bureaucrats, the VVA stands ready to work and fight on their behalf.

To carry out these tasks—which run the gamut from representing individuals before the Board of Veterans Appeals, to working with the Small Business Administration Office of Veterans Affairs, to helping veterans learn about franchising as a way to open and operate a small business—the VVA has now applied for a congressional charter with the backing of at least 54 senators. Today, the VVA has become *our* national organization, and it deserves the support of us all.

Without that support, we believe that the Reagan administration's proposed budget for fiscal year 1987 will result in a wholesale gutting of both veterans' health-care programs and the new services authorized last year by Congress. These are the challenges facing the VVA in the year ahead.

For membership information, write to:
Vietnam Veterans of America, P.O. Box 3499, Washington, D.C. 20010.—
William R. Corson

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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“This new law has caused video stores to remove from their rental offerings such films as *Splash, Animal House, A Clockwork Orange,* and *A Passage to India.*”

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY PROFESSOR THOMAS TEDFORD

The author is a professor of Communications and Theatre at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. His textbook and reference work, *Freedom of Speech in the United States,* was published last year by Random House.

NORTH CAROLINA'S WAR ON SEX

On October 1, 1985, North Carolina's new right-wing "Christian" censorship law went into effect. Officially called an "obscenity statute"—an imposing label inherited from the church courts of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Europe—such laws are essentially rules of religious doctrine written into a state's criminal code by pious but powerful politicians in order to punish "immoral" ideas.

The ideas in question represent a form of sexual dissent, for they are expressed by those who disagree with the prevailing view of sexual morality. Under North Carolina's new censorship law, when that dissent is communicated by means of frank visual images and verbal descriptions, the "crime"—formerly a misdemeanor—is a *felony.* Upon conviction, the dissenter can be sentenced to the state's horribly overcrowded prison system for up to three years.

The new law says that *local* community standards (as opposed to the *statewide* standard required in the law that was replaced) are to be used to decide what is allowed and what is not. The result has been a community-by-community reign of terror against freedom of expression by local vice-squad "morals police," county sheriffs, and district attorneys. The Federal Bureau of Investigation joined in the censorship pogrom by deploying 75 agents (federal "morals police") throughout eastern North Carolina in raids on video shops, adult bookstores, and magazine and videotape distributors.

Adult theaters and bookstores have closed following police harassment, and several clerks and managers have been arrested. Video shops have been warned not to rent or sell any X-rated tapes, and several have received anonymous phone calls threatening firebombing if adult tapes remained on the shelves. The adult Flamingo Drive-In in Winston-Salem burned to the ground under "mysterious" circumstances. In some communities, police actually patrolled video stores, warning customers to "be careful" about what they selected.

With the exception of a brief injunction from one state court (quickly lifted), no state or federal judge has been willing to stop this outrageous activity. Although several lawsuits have been filed and some type of judicial intervention remains a possibility, the prevailing opinion among lawyers with whom I talked is that the procensorship philosophy of most jurists in this Bible Belt area of the nation does not offer much hope.

North Carolina's censorship law was established in the name of "Christian decency," of course. Its cost is being borne by the taxpayers, including those who are its victims, on behalf of the powerful lobbyists of Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority, the North Carolina Christian Action League (a mainly Baptist political action group), and Pornography Awareness, a procensorship feminist organization.

The 1985 legislation replaces a law enacted by the General Assembly in 1973. Although both laws include the vague and confusing definition of obscenity required by the U.S.

Supreme Court (that sexual material can be found obscene if it lacks "serious value," and if it appeals to the "prurient interest" of the "average person" applying "community standards," etc.), the new law adds some frightening twists:

- Under the 1973 law, sexual materials that had a "serious educational value" could not be ruled obscene. The 1985 General Assembly deleted the phrase "serious educational value." This deletion has created an atmosphere of fear and intimidation in many classrooms. I have had to censor my course on the First Amendment; the illustrations that I have used for 15 years in my lecture on obscenity law are now illegal. Courses in film, drama, art, and sex education are also threatened by the new law. Libraries and librarians are also potential targets.
- Under the 1973 law, material had to be displayed in a public place before it could be censored. No longer. The term "public place" was taken out in 1985, thus making it possible for morals police to bring a felony charge against an adult who invites another adult into a private home to watch a sex film. In theory, the charge could be brought for letting someone outside the family view a love scene on HBO.
- Under the 1973 law, no arrests were permitted until a state judge in a civil (noncriminal) hearing first examined the material in question and decided whether or not it was illegal. If the judge, in a civil hearing, decided the material was obscene under the law, the person charged was given an opportunity to withdraw the material from sale, circulation, or classroom use. If the material remained available, an arrest and a criminal trial would ensue. This key procedural safeguard, which was carefully designed to protect teachers, librarians, theaters, and retailers, was deleted in 1985. Now we must guess what the law means and take our chances. No more "fair warning" in the land of the Moral Majority and the Christian Action League!
- The definition of "obscene sexual conduct" in the 1985 law includes *normal* sexual intercourse, even if simulated. The depiction of sexual intercourse between a man and woman, even in "soft-core" films, is a felony offense. You can show *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and not offend the law—but none of that tender lovemaking.
- Finally, the "protection of minors" section of the new law makes it a crime (punishable by up to six months in jail) to allow anyone under 18 years of age to see "uncovered, or less than opaquely covered, human genitals, pubic area, or buttocks; or the nipple or any portion of the areola of the human female breast; or covered human male genitals in a discernably turgid state." This is the part of the statute that caused numerous "family" video stores (those that handle no X-rated tapes) to remove from their rental offerings over 40 G-, GP-, and R-rated programs, including *Splash, Animal House, Revenge of the Nerds, A Clockwork Orange, Blame It on Rio, Victor/Victoria*, and *A Passage to India*. The law's intimidating effect is obvious. The decision of the managers of newsstands and video shops seems to be that it is "better to be safe than sorry."

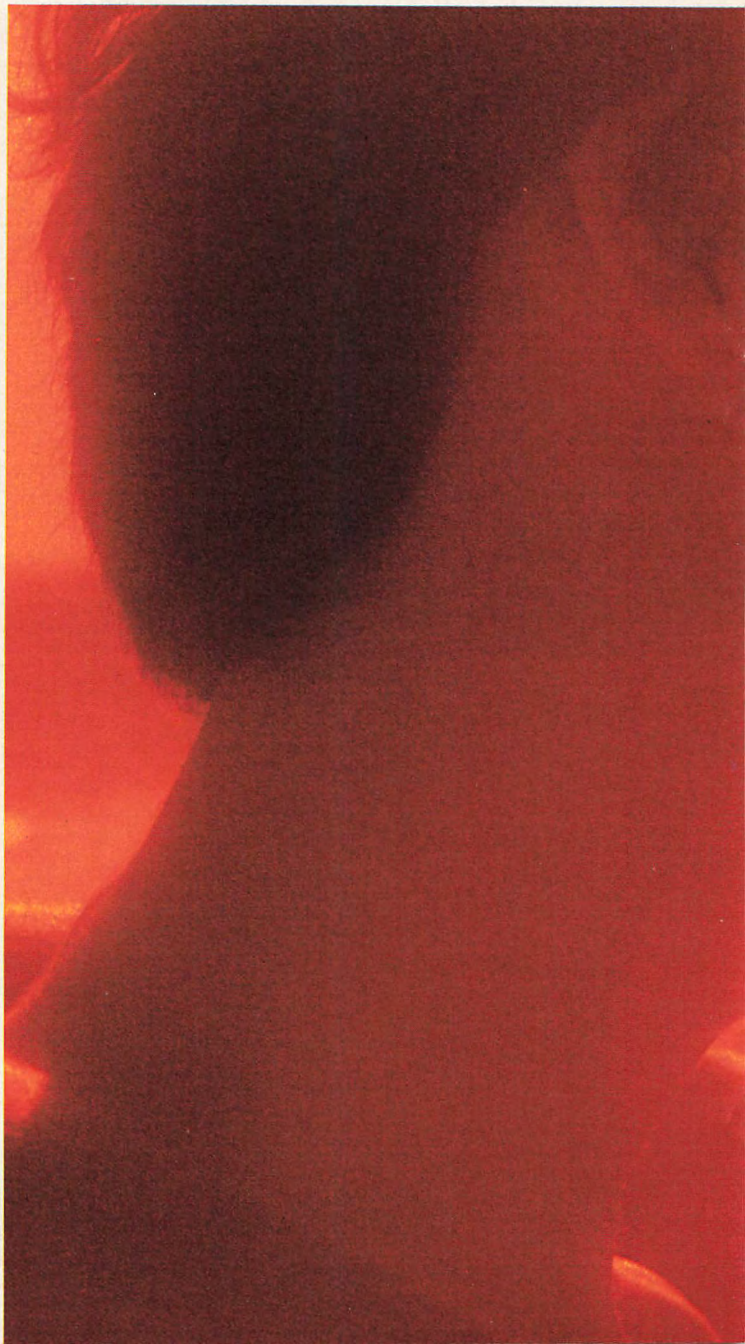
As I pointed out earlier, obscenity statutes are really religious rules against "immorality" written into the secular law. These laws originated in church courts, and were related to rules against crude language and doctrinal heresy. As Professor Louis Henkin of the Columbia University School of Law concluded in his study of the issue ("The Sin of Obscenity," *Columbia Law Review*, March 1963), "Laws against obscenity have appeared conjoined and cognate to laws against sacrilege and blasphemy, suggesting concern for the spiritual welfare of the person exposed to it. . . . Obscenity, at bottom, is not a crime. Obscenity is a sin."

That being the case, the North Carolina censorship statute, and others similar to it around the nation, violate the First Amendment's free speech and establishment of religion clauses. Assuming, as I do, that state and federal judges will permit their personal religious beliefs rather than any passionate commitment to the First Amendment to decide the issue in North Carolina, the regime of Big Brother will continue here for many years to come.

What lessons can Americans learn from and what can we do about our unfortunate situation? I can think of three.

1. If you are planning a move—whether as an individual or as a company, such as a film studio—look closely at the laws of the states you are considering. If you cherish your civil liberties, you will want to choose a locale where the citizens have a deep respect for liberty rather than a self-righteous, authoritarian outlook on life. Be especially careful about moving to the South—for the Falwellite forces are stronger here than in other parts of the country.
2. Begin organizing now against the possibility that "Reverend Big Brother" will try to take control of your state. Vote for representatives who cherish the Bill of Rights. Join with those groups who believe in and are willing to fight for their freedom of choice. Be prepared, for on the agenda of the reactionary right, you and your state are *next*.
3. Finally, when you vote for president of the United States in 1988, choose a candidate who believes in freedom of speech, separation of church and state, and the other civil liberties promised by the Bill of Rights. Remember that the president selects the federal judges, who, in our system of government, are the last line of defense against police-state control of our private lives.

In a democratic society, it is up to the citizens to stand up for liberty. We must be prepared to fight for it. As Thomas Paine reminded us, "Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom, must undergo the fatigue of supporting it." Your support is needed now as never before!

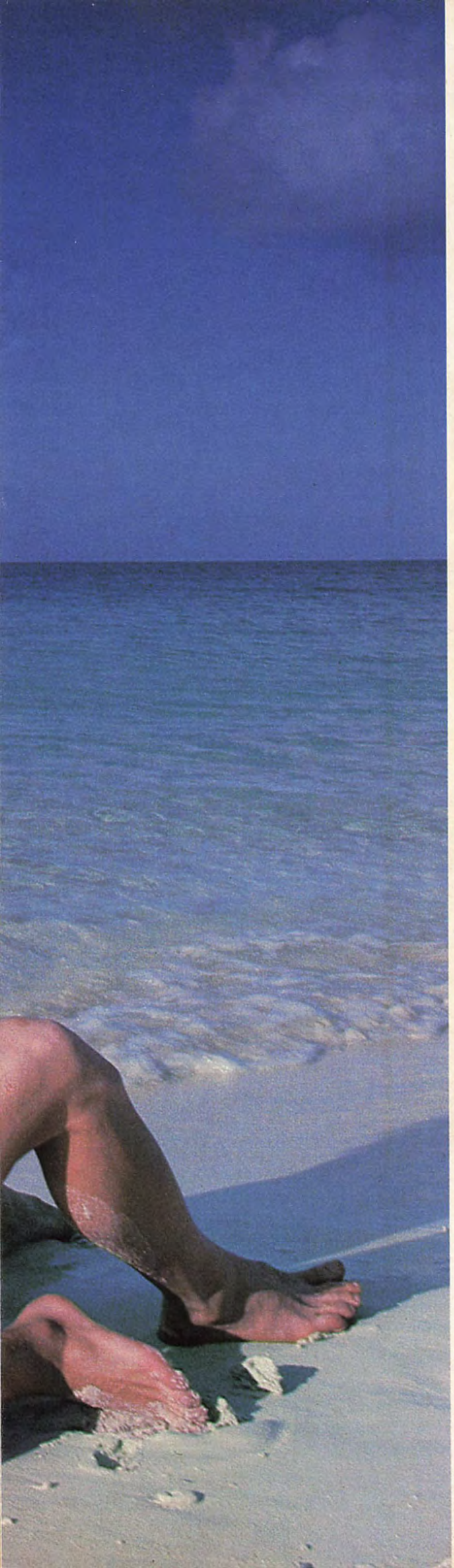


PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

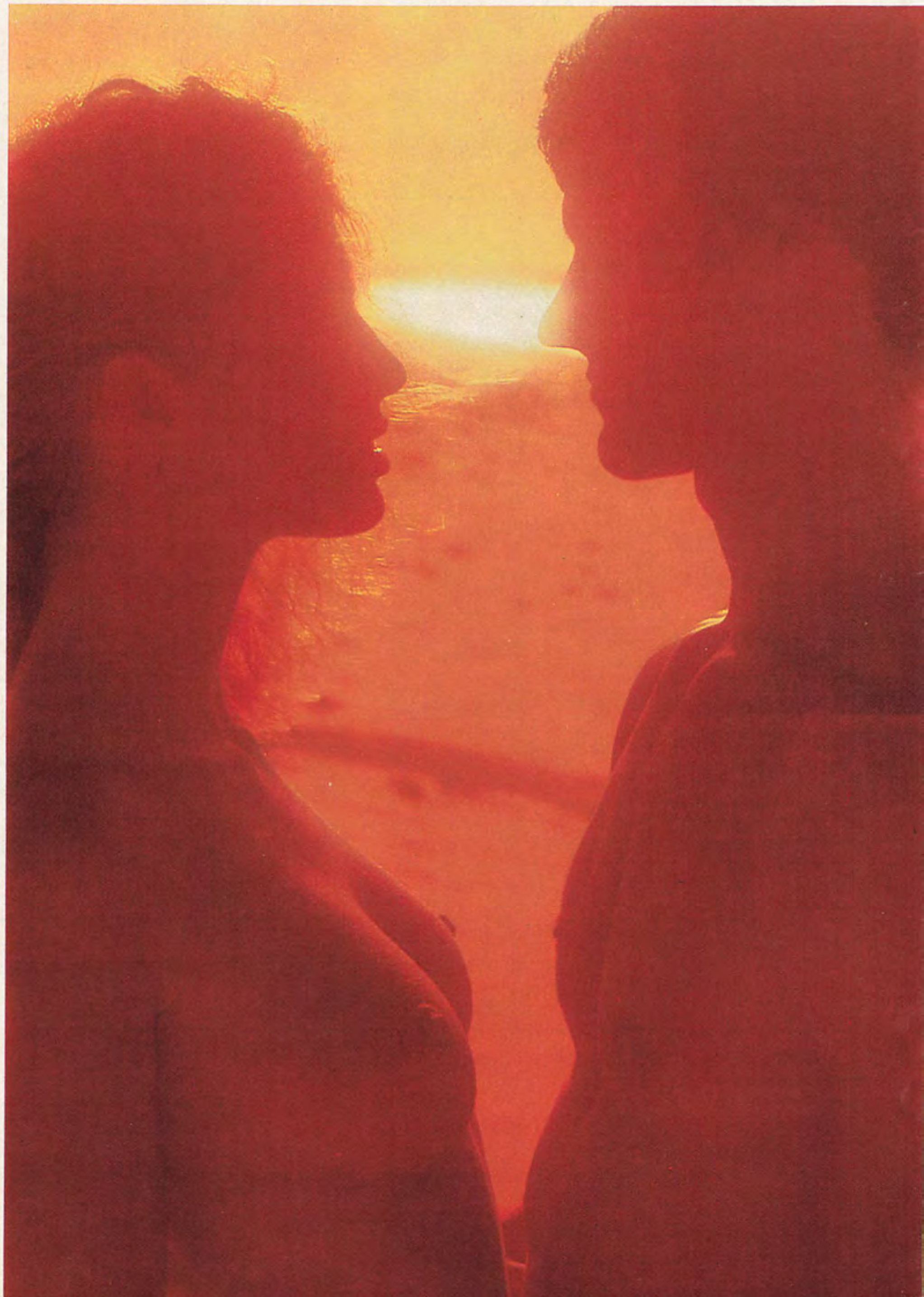
A REMEMBRANCE OF FLINGS PAST

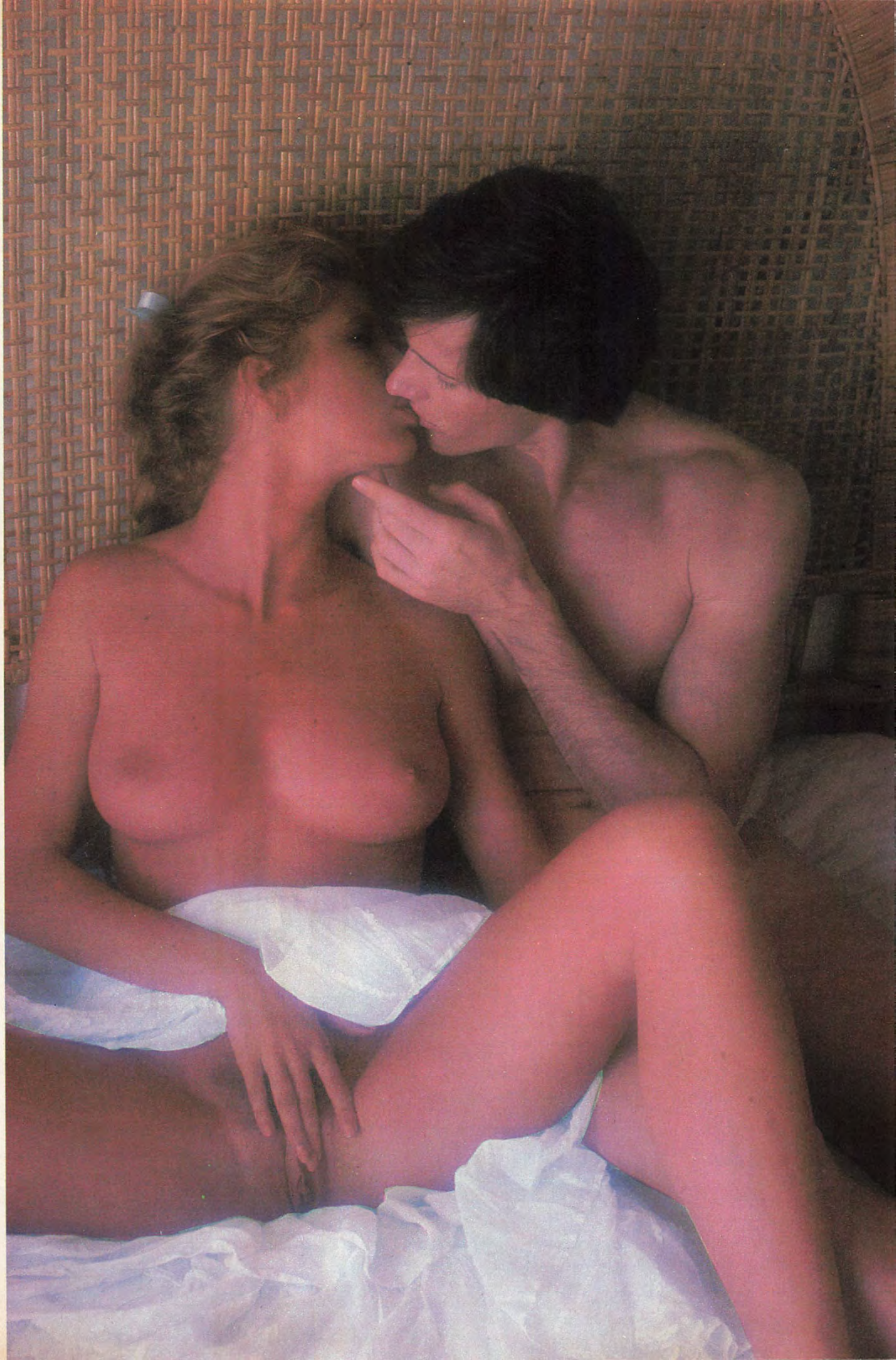
They are the most romantic of all creatures, "enduring lovers." Several times each year, for the past three years, they have taken the risky step of reliving their shared passion. "Jack" and "Diane" are their code names for each other, and they leave behind their everyday lives and lovers to embark on their occasional journey. It's a journey of constant rediscovery, breathing fresh oxygen onto old flames.

This year, he was the first to call. "It's Jack,' " he said into the phone. "Remember?" And, of course, she did. A flood of emotions coursed through her, brightening her cheeks and quickening her pulse. "Who was that on the phone?" her new lover asked.

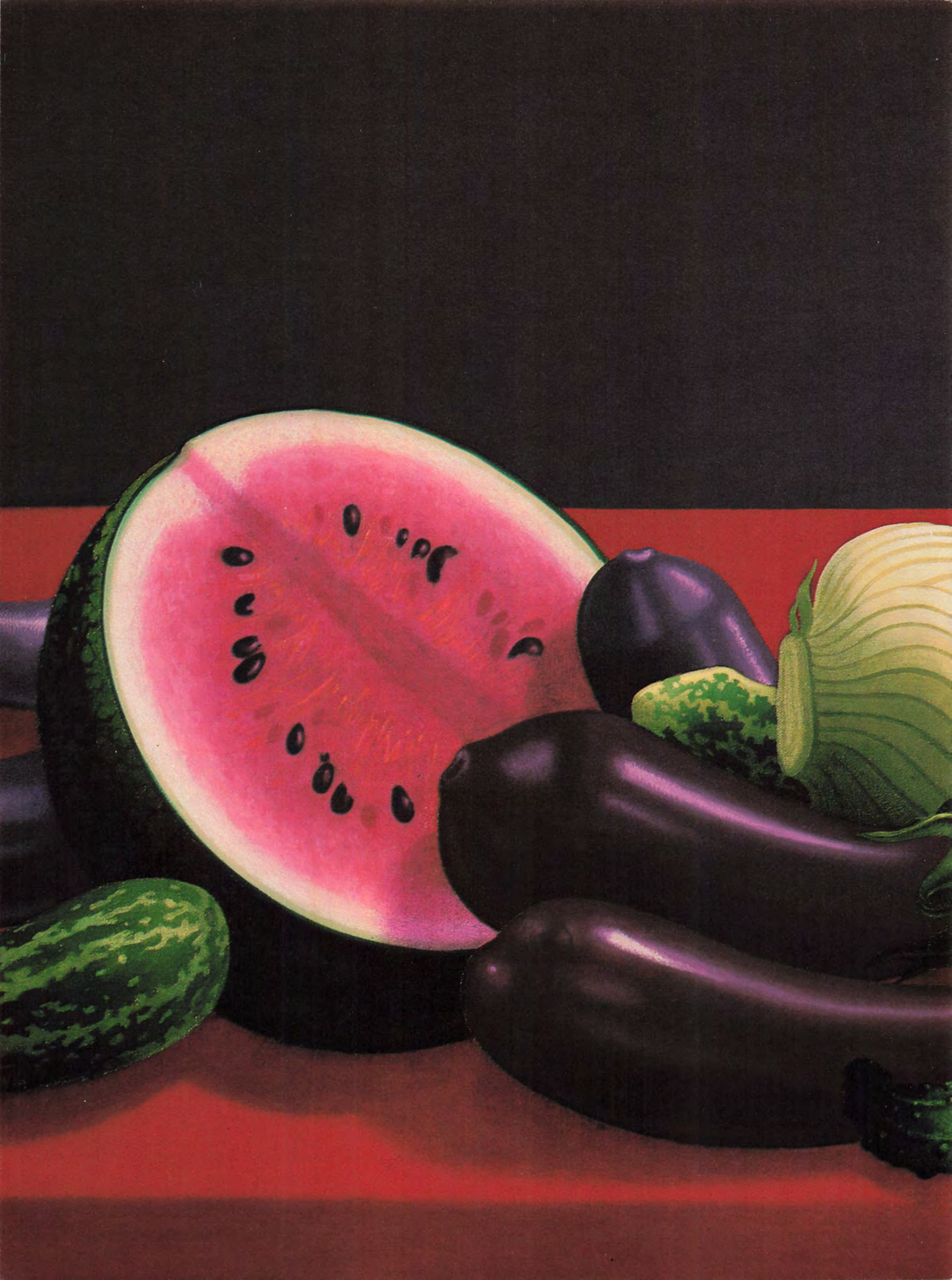


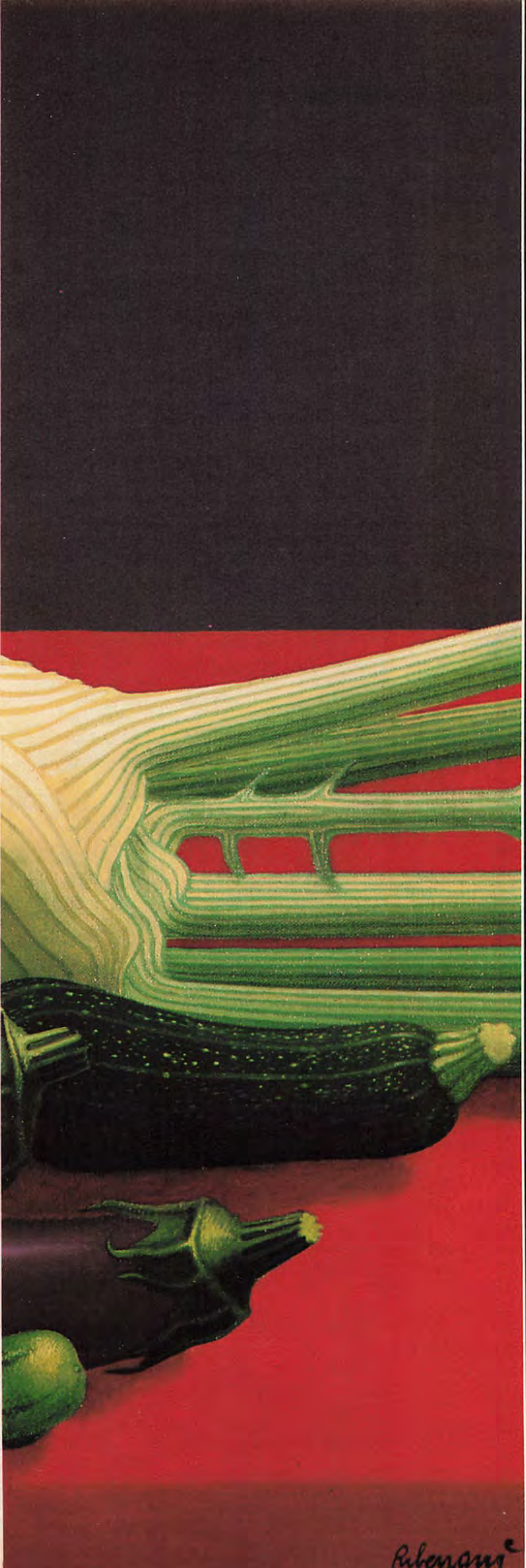
Schedules, frantic flights, a familiar island rendezvous arranged. They met, and the old fire flared. He pierced her; she enveloped him.





No more "Jack and Diane." No more ruses, not for one sweet, unforgettable week. In their incessant pleasure-taking they refused to think about the long, lonely periods in between. It was too consuming, too bold. Two lovers part, and something dies to live again . . . and again.





MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART EIGHT

Albert Schweitzer said
Dr. Max Gerson was "a medical genius."
Why, then, was he
destroyed by the medical community?

DIET: THE SECRET OF LIFE

BY GARY NULL
AND LEONARD STEINMAN

As one of the major scientific innovators of the twentieth century, Dr. Max Gerson was responsible for assembling much of the most useful information we have about the control of degenerative diseases, including cancer, by diet and nutrition. Dr. Gerson's unique approach to disease cured Dr. Albert Schweitzer's wife of tuberculosis. Schweitzer later called Gerson "a medical genius who walked among us . . . a man who was destined to be a fighter, who proved himself in this adverse fate."

By the time of his death in 1959, at the age of 78, Dr. Gerson had not wavered from his long-standing scientific and philosophical beliefs: that disease is the result of a human organism's being out of balance; that degenerative diseases can be prevented and cured by diet therapy; that in a patient's weakened state, drug therapy hastens and intensifies the symptoms of degenerative disease; and that treatment of symptoms alone does not conquer a disease. He dedicated his life and work to the unique problems and needs of the twentieth century—the effects of contemporary civilization on the human body. "Cancer must be prevented by preventing damage to the liver," said Gerson. "The basic measure of prevention is not to eat the damaged, dead, poisoned food which we bring into our bodies. Every day, day by day, we poison our bodies."

It is very difficult today, however, to find evidence of Dr. Gerson's ideas in sci-

PAINTING BY DANIEL RIBERZANI

entific literature. Dr. Gerson rediscovered the nutritional keystone in the treatment of such chronic and degenerative diseases as diabetes, arthritis, allergies, heart disease, lupus, kidney disease, emphysema, multiple sclerosis, tuberculosis, and cancer. His work was praised in private, yet he received no public honors, no prizes, no research grants. The medical community at large respected his dedication, his credentials, and his humanitarian interests, but they refused to grant him professional recognition. In fact, near the end of his life, after a long and illustrious medical career, Dr. Gerson was relieved of his privilege to practice in a New York hospital.

THE THERAPY

Diet and nutrition are finally gaining recognition as powerful weapons against disease. Eminent researchers are now finding positive clinical effects of vitamin supplementation on degenerative diseases, and are publishing their studies for others to read, review, and judge. Gradually, a solid theoretical basis for studying the life-giving forces in natural, raw foods is being established.

Dr. Gerson, in his landmark book *A Cancer Therapy: Results of Fifty Cases*, wrote: "I am more than ever convinced that biochemistry and metabolic science will be victorious in healing degenerative diseases, including cancer, if the *whole body* or the *whole metabolism* will be attacked and not the symptoms. . . . The treatment . . . has to penetrate deeply to correct all the vital processes. When the general metabolism is restored, we can again influence the functioning of all organs, tissues, and cells throughout it."

How can this be done? Throughout his years of clinical observation, Dr. Gerson developed an exacting yet comprehensive diet. The goal of the diet was to reestablish normal metabolism over a period of time. The diet was designed to allow the essential organs to regain their original detoxifying effectiveness, thus restoring the digestive system and the secretory functions of the body, including the hormonal and immunological systems.

The Gerson Therapy detoxifies the body with large amounts of freshly pressed fruit and vegetable juices, a special broth designed to cleanse the body through the kidneys, and daily coffee enemas, which enable the bile ducts to release toxic material safely.

The fruit and vegetable juices provide oxidizing enzymes, which facilitate rehabilitation of the liver. In the first six weeks, the diet also includes freshly cooked fruits and vegetables, green salads, and a soup made from special greens and herbs. During this period, all animal proteins are forbidden so that the body can break down proteins already present and, to some degree, consume the cancerous tissue. After the first six weeks, yogurt, unsalted and uncreamed pot cheese or cottage cheese, and natural buttermilk are added to the diet.

The Gerson Therapy rebuilds the liver with injections of crude liver extract, organic and inorganic iodine, and a large amount of potassium salts, as well as pancreatic enzymes and liver juice. The treatment dictates that sodium be excluded, and that the tissues be filled with as much potassium as possible. This discovery by Dr. Gerson was recently corroborated by a study at the Naval Air Development Center in Pennsylvania. It was shown there that Dr. Gerson had succeeded with low-sodium/high-potassium diets in the treatment of cancer because they reversed tissue damage. "High-potassium/low-sodium environments can partially return damaged cell proteins to their normal undamaged configuration," Dr. Gerson said.

The Gerson Therapy prohibits all canned, bottled, sulphured, frozen, smoked, salted, bleached, pickled, jarred, and refined foods. Most stimulants are excluded, as well as all butter and butterfats, oils, and fluoridated water. One of the main benefits from the Gerson Therapy, in an overwhelming number of cancer cases, is the relief of pain. In 1946, Dr. George Miley of the Gotham Hospital in New York testified before a congressional hearing on cancer research that, with use of the Gerson diet, "we have observed marked relief of pain in approximately 90 percent of the patients who entered the hospital with severe pain due to cancer." He pointed out that the only other way to abolish pain was through the use of narcotics, "which are deleterious to any patient's general health when administered over a long period of time."

> "The basic measure of prevention," said Dr. Gerson, "is not to eat the damaged, dead, poisoned food which we bring into our bodies. Every day, day by day, we poison our bodies."

Throughout the program, patients are encouraged to eat and drink as much as they wish so that a healthy metabolism is restored. They are also advised to use fruits and vegetables grown without the use of insecticides.

Dr. Gerson developed his diet therapy through years of highly controlled clinical work. Born in Wongrowitz, Germany, on October 18, 1881, Dr. Gerson studied medicine at the universities of Breslau, Wuerzburg, Berlin, and Freiburg. From 1909 until the beginning of World War I, he worked in internal medicine and physiological chemistry in Berlin at the hospital in Friedrichshain. In 1919, he settled in Westphalia and practiced as a specialist in internal and nervous diseases. He was called to the University of Munich because of the work he had done on tuberculosis. The German government arranged a special department for Dr. Gerson's new dietary treatment of tubercular diseases. In 1933, Dr. Gerson left Germany and continued his work in Vienna, where he wrote and published. In 1935, he was appointed chief of staff at a French sanatorium near Paris. In 1936, Dr. Gerson left Europe and came to the United States, receiving his license to practice medicine in New York State in 1938. Although hailed in Europe for his work, Dr. Gerson fought a constant battle in the United States over his treatment of cancer. Fortunately, his scientific evidence was sound and his resolve strong; otherwise, we might never have received the vital information he collected in his long, productive career.

THE DISCOVERY

Dr. Gerson's cancer therapy came out of his research into a cure for his own debilitating illness: hereditary migraines. While working in Germany, Dr. Gerson sought advice from his superiors, other internists, and finally neurologists, but to no avail. Time after time he was told, "Nothing can be done." Realizing that this really meant "Nothing *has* been done," Dr. Gerson knew that if he wanted to be cured of migraines, he would have to find the cure himself.

It occurred to him that to gain relief, it might be necessary to actually change his body chemistry. Dr. Gerson was already convinced that contamination of foods by artificial fertilizers and processing harmed the body chemistry. He posited that by restoring normal metabolism through diet, he might be able to improve his migraine condition.

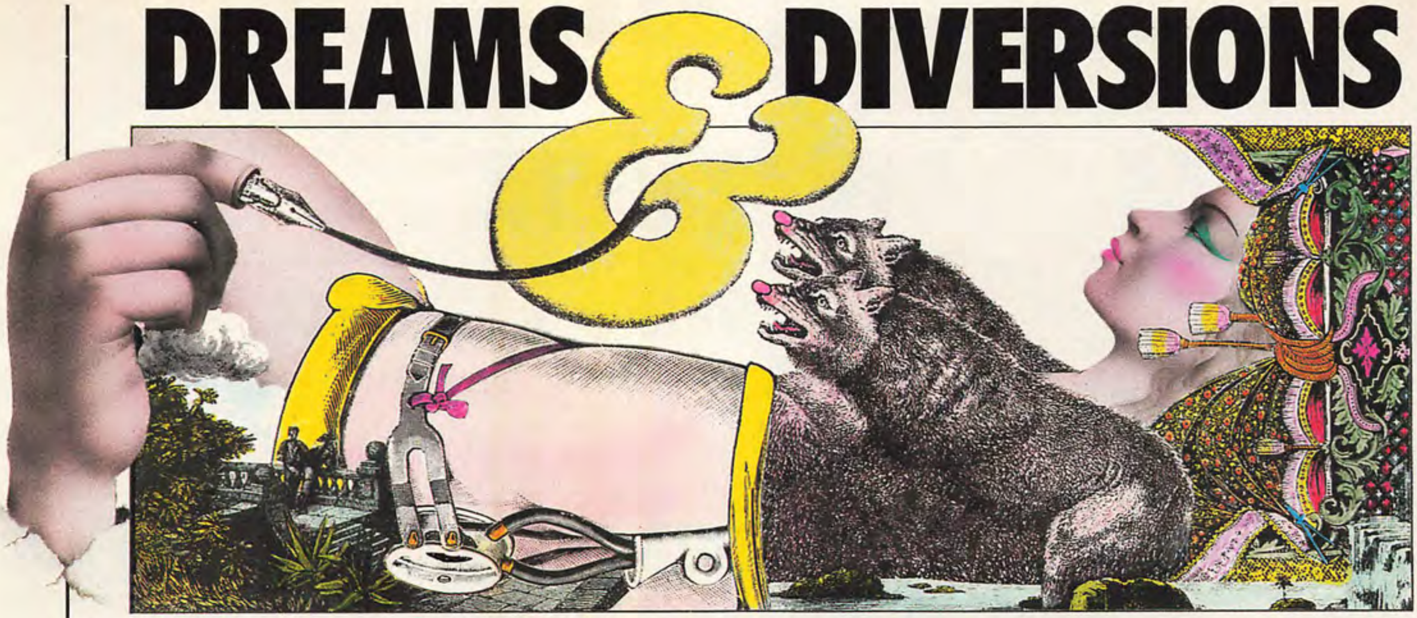
The first mammalian food is milk, and this was how Dr. Gerson began treating himself. He then decided to imitate adult animals and eat only raw foods. His migraines disappeared completely and, through experimentation and modification, he discovered a diet that controlled his headaches.

Gerson's diet worked on other migraine patients, and he published his results. Then he made another startling discovery.

One of his migraine patients, a man whose debilitating headaches were jeopardizing his job, also had a disease that was considered incurable. The disease was *lupus vulgaris*, sometimes known as tuberculosis of the skin. It attacks the face as well as other parts of the body. However, to this man, having his crippling migraines treated was far more crucial.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



LIFE AT THE TOP

Nicaraguan leader Daniel Ortega, during a visit to New York City, jogged around Central Park in a pair of custom-made silver sneakers and purchased a $3,500 pair of designer eyeglasses made of bulletproof glass.

KNOCK ON WOOD

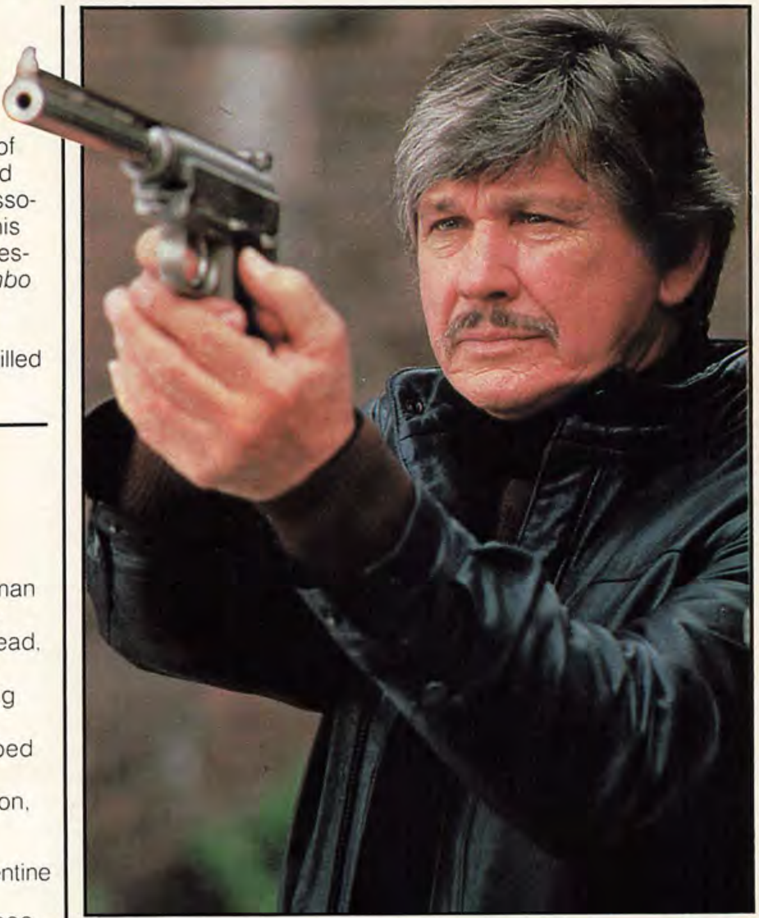
Michael Winner, director of *Death Wish 3*, complained that the Motion Picture Association of America gave his movie an X rating for excessive violence. "I saw *Rambo* four times," Winner said, "and counted 83 people killed. There are only 60 killed in *Death Wish 3*."

BAD KARMA

A Concord, California, man who placed a singles ad in a newspaper that read, "Totally insensitive man looking for totally uncaring woman for meaningless relationship," was swamped with replies from single women. (From C. A. Britton, Napa, Calif.)

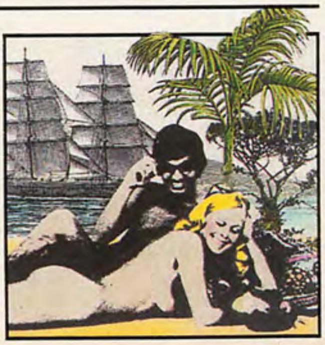
Virtually the entire Argentine Navy, routed by the Royal Navy during the 1982 Falklands War, has been offered for sale to the highest bidder.

The Italian Communist party, concerned that its young members are drifting away, appointed a man to invigorate the party's youth federation. The man, upon investigation, turned out to be a convicted pederast.



SPICE OF LIFE

Actor Gary Merrill, 69, has been seen strolling around his hometown wearing a skirt during the hot weather. Merrill said he would prefer to go nude, but "this is as close as you can get to it in public."



DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

WORST NEW PRODUCTS

A U.S. patent, No. 4,016,875, has been assigned to a "Penis Locking and Lacerating Vaginal Insert," a modern chastity belt that features a vaginal insert which seizes any penetrating penis, then lacerates it with sharp blades if withdrawal is attempted.

A major toymaker has produced a series of "Rambo Action Dolls," shirtless action figures in headbands that "stalk jungles" and "kill Communists."

HIGHS AND LOWS

Business soared at a Fort Lauderdale, Florida, doughnut shop after its owner hired several topless waitresses. City officials said they were powerless because city laws do not specifically ban topless doughnut shops. (From Gordon W. Chambers, Jr., Miami, Fla.)

MODERN AMERICA

Fifth-graders at a Hanover, Massachusetts, school participate in a course called "Stress Management," which includes lessons on how to breathe "in the nose and out the mouth" and have "happy thoughts."

DOG DAY AFTERNOON

A 23-month-old Los Angeles baby girl became the youngest person in California history to be charged with a felony, following her arrest on charges of stealing a man's wallet. The child had been trained by her parents to steal.

Attempted presidential assassin John Hinckley has become engaged to a 41-year-old woman who has been confined to a Washington, D.C., mental institution, following an incident in which she killed her seven-year-old daughter.

A Bellport, New York, man, chased by three police cars after he stole an automobile, sought to evade them by pulling into a parking lot. The lot turned out to be the site of a training course in which 40 police officers were being given instruction on how to recover stolen cars.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Sometimes he talks to me. Sometimes he doesn't. The difference is infinitesimal."
—critic John Simon
on Rex Reed

WRETCHED EXCESSES

A New York animal shelter held a sweepstakes contest for dogs in which the winner was given a cruise aboard the liner *Queen Elizabeth II*. Included as part of the prize were the services of an attendant to walk the winner around the promenade deck.

SIC TRANSIT

Playwright Julie Bovasso, angered over the staging of her play *Angelo's Wedding* by the Circle Repertory Company of Manhattan, went onstage during one performance and told the audience to go home. The lead actor in the play quit the next day, and the company canceled the production.

REEFER MADNESS

In a published reminiscence by the Rolling Stones' former tour manager, it was revealed that Princess Margaret saw two members of the group snorting cocaine during a surprise backstage visit. "Ah, cocaine, such an amusing drug, don't you think?" the Princess reportedly said.

FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES

From a report on a female student's complaint of a flasher outside her dormitory window, in the University of Florida's student newspaper, *The Independent Florida Alligator:* "As he stood before the window with his pants down, he held a red-tipped flashlight on his penis. . . . Police records show the woman could describe the man only as having an 'extra-large penis.' " (From Jarod Mendez, Gainesville, Fla.)

A 635-pound Los Angeles man filed suit against a health spa that canceled his life membership on the grounds that his presence inside the spa was "discouraging" to other serious members trying to lose weight.

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS

Chinese authorities announced the discovery of an apelike "wild man" in the mountains of Hunan Province. The creature was in fact a short-tailed monkey.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

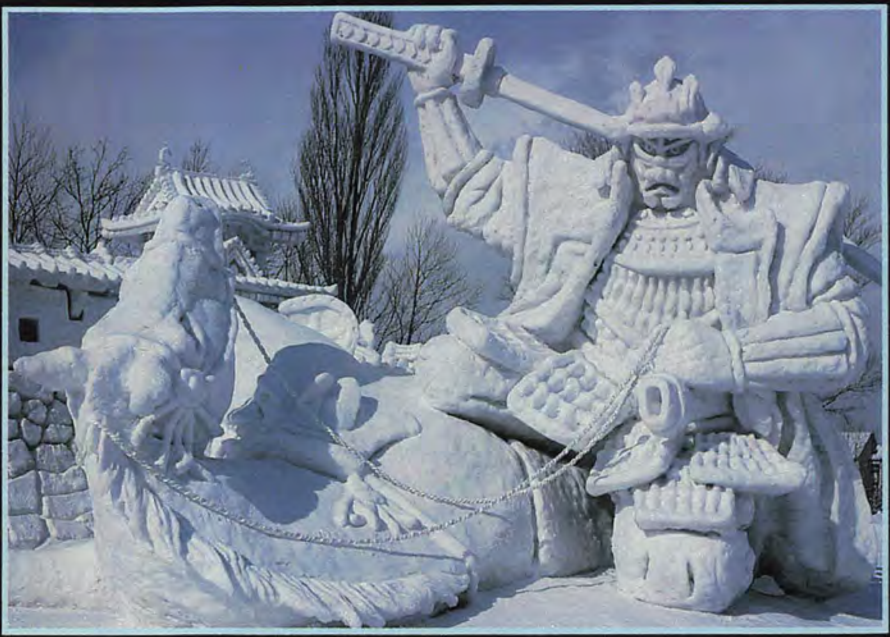
We welcome your contributions for future "Dreams & Diversions" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Dreams & Diversions, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

ICE CAPADES

TEXT BY LYNN KEARCHER

Every year in Sapporo, Japan, thousands of tons of snow are miraculously transformed into ancient warriors, crystal palaces, and cartoon statues for the momentary amusement of millions of spectators.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JEFFREY E. BLACKMAN



"Imagination is more important than knowledge," contended Albert Einstein. Indeed, it is imagination which spurs man to actualize his dreams and fantasies. Perhaps it was merely the recollection of some ancient mythological tale that fueled the imaginations of the Russian sculptors who designed the first ice sculpture in the eighteenth century. Or perhaps it was simply the artistic challenge, as early sculptors dared to expand the built-in limits of snow and ice to create this sophisticated, yet ephemeral, art form. At its best, ice sculpture intrigues artisans and amateurs alike. It spread from its Russian roots to Canada, the United States, and Japan, reaching its height of popularity about 30 years ago.

Today, the citizens of Sapporo, Japan, are the world's most ambitious ice sculptors. Every February, for five consecutive days, over 190 snow sculptures hover over the city, stoically keeping vigil over the town square. These photographs were taken there. They stand testimony to the intricate and time-consuming art form that has come to delight and bewilder those fortunate spectators who are able to view them before the images vanish forever into an unrecognizable liquid pool. Both sculptures on these pages depict warriors from Akira Kurosawa's film *Kagemusha.* Kurosawa's work is venerated around the world, and every year the citizens of Sapporo select a warlord or warrior from one of his films to be represented. Kurosawa's most recent film is *Ran*, a baroque interpretation of *King Lear*. Most likely, the characters will be sculpted to intrigue next year's spectators. It might be possible to see an intricately sculpted figure's expressions displaying the emotional range of the film.

Sapporo is located on Hokkaido, the northernmost island of Japan. Hokkaido's main industry is fishing—a profession easily conducted year-round, despite the island's four months of steady snowfall. In 1950 a handful of bored teenagers initiated a snow festival, building huge snowmen from blocks of snow and ice. The citizens of Hokkaido flocked to see those massive samurai snowmen, and from that year on, Sapporo has held what has come to be called Yuki Matsuri—literally, "snow festival." In 1972, the year Hokkaido hosted the Winter Olympics, Yuki Matsuri gained worldwide attention. Now a profitable tourist attraction, the annual snow festival draws over

A Sapporo sampler: a colossal buck glistening in the afternoon sun, a Brobdingnagian cartoon, and a luminous ice train on a replica of the old Sapporo railway are just a few of the festival's treasures.

YOSHITSUNE
義經

two million people, who come to revel in the shadows of some 200 ornate sculptures of ice.

Unlike the simple construction of the average backyard snowman, building ice gods requires tremendous manpower and strategy. In fact, every year the Japanese Self-Defense Forces lend 24,000 soldiers who spend an entire month building and sculpting the likes of 40 warriors weighing in at a hefty 2,000 tons. This is not an easy feat. The soldiers must trek to the countryside and gather blocks of ice, some 30,000 tons, and truck it back to town. Then they strategically pile layer upon layer, finishing each layer with a fine mist of water. The result is a gargantuan icy mass, awaiting the time when nimble hands will chisel and sculpt, with the aid of hatchets, scaffolding, knives, and even soup bowls, these mini-glaciers into lofty ice giants. Any citizen of Sapporo, young and old alike, can build a snow sculpture

It is fitting that the Japanese invest hundreds of hours of manpower on sculpture that is intrinsically fleeting, since so many Japanese follow Zen teachings on accepting the impermanence of life and the fleeting nature of all things.

as long as they have the time and endurance to sustain the cold and the tedious work. Affiliates of the national army have annually sculpted giant warlords and intricate ice palaces since 1955. One veteran sculptor, Hachiro Takahashi, sculpts Kabuki figures 43 feet tall, and begins his time-consuming task 15 days prior to the opening of Yuki Matsuri, working around the clock.

Nowadays, the construction of ice sculpture in Sapporo is extremely sophisticated. Blueprints are drawn up, and a miniature model is initially constructed. Next, a plywood skeleton frame is shaped as an outline of the actual figure. Logs and boards are used for the interior frame. Snow is then packed into the frame, and within a few days, an icy mass with recognizable definition is formed. This method often reduces the manpower required to sculpt a square block of ice. It also allows for the creation of much more detailed and elaborate sculpture. Using the framing method, a group of soldiers spent 19 days building an image of the Buddhist god of love. The model for the Buddha was a 700-year-old wood carving, a mere foot tall. The detailing of the scupture was so intricate that even Michelangelo would have been proud.

Each festival reflects Japan's changing sociological climate. For example, such American cartoon favorites as Tom and Jerry are now as popular as King Kong and Doraemon, a robot cat with extraordinary powers. Situated among them are the ancient mythological warriors, warlords whose presence reminds the spectators of a rich culture and history that cannot be forgotten.

But for all the backbreaking work and preparation Yuki Matsuri requires, the festival lasts for only five days. (Why not simply let the ice sculptures melt? Once the frozen mass begins to deteriorate, huge pieces of molded ice falling from 40-foot heights can be extremely dangerous.) When it's over, the ice sculpture is disassembled and the fantastic images seem to have been nothing more than a passing dream. Perhaps it is not so curious that Sapporo has nurtured this festival. For, as Japanese philosopher Eiji Miyazawa has said, "Japanese art, poetry, and philosophy have always dwelt on the impermanence and fleeting nature of all things, whether cherry blossoms, snowflakes, ice sculptures—or human life itself."

DIET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

After Dr. Gerson treated him, his migraines disappeared—but so, in fact, did the lupus. Dr. Gerson was elated by this discovery, and began successfully applying the migraine diet to other lupus patients. After a short time, he applied the therapy to other forms of TB, also with positive results. Throughout Europe, the media hailed Dr. Gerson's work as a great discovery. Soon other victims of lupus were coming to Dr. Gerson, and they, too, were cured.

Migraine and lupus were only two of the many conditions that Dr. Gerson would ultimately submit to his nutritional theories and treatments. Dr. Gerson had found that many of his patients suffered from other chronic degenerative conditions, such as arthritis and vascular disease. When diet therapy continued to bring more positive results in victims of these illnesses, Dr. Gerson began to suspect that he had stumbled upon some truths about metabolism and the effects of modern life. He realized that it was his duty to take these related truths, synthesize them, and piece together the puzzle of a curative for some of civilization's woes.

THE THEORY

Said Dr. Gerson in the landmark book, *A Cancer Therapy:* "What is essential is not the growth itself or the visible symptoms; it is the damage of the whole metabolism, including the loss of defense, immunity, and healing power. It cannot be explained with or recognized by one or another cause alone. . . . In particular, in degenerative diseases and in cancer, we should not apply a symptomatic treatment or only one that we can fully understand; we need a treatment that will comprise the whole body as far as we know or can imagine it."

"Cancer is not a single cellular process," he went on to say. "It is an accumulation of numerous damaging factors combined in deteriorating the whole metabolism." This theory is borne out by the frequent appearance of degenerating functions in cancer patients. For example, one of Dr. Gerson's patients was diagnosed as having a brain tumor accompanied by failing vision. Another patient, diagnosed as having giant-cell sarcoma, found that as the disease progressed, she lost her ability to concentrate and remember. Still another patient with a malignant melanoma had also suffered from rickets, encephalitis, and recurrent sore throat. Said Dr. Gerson of this problem: "In cancer patients, frequently a combination of several degenerative diseases is observed. I found cancer frequently combines with chronic osteoarthritis, high or low blood pressure, chronic sinus trouble, or other chronic infections. . . . I think that the origin of the cancerous disease is more probably where the reactivation of the oxidating enzymes, one of the finest developed functions of the liver, is impaired."

This theory applies to the studies that have shown a high incidence of cancer in people with weak liver-intestinal systems. The theory has also been corroborated by a study in which cancer was induced in rabbits by rubbing a tar substance on their ears. Cancer appeared when the liver showed pathological change. There was also damage to the kidneys, spleen, and lymphatic apparatus—the organs whose main function is to rid the body of poisons.

Further evidence showing the validity of Dr. Gerson's theory has been found in studies in which mice were injected with cancer tissues or extracts. A defensive, healing reaction resulted. However, said Dr. Gerson, "the reaction was different in cancer patients. There, all different types of experiments had only a minimum or temporary effect, as the cancerous body had lost its defense and healing power."

> “Dr. Gerson was far ahead of his time. As Albert Schweitzer said, "He leaves a legacy which commands attention and will assure him his due place."”

A related study confirmed that tumors could be controlled by a general restriction of caloric intake as well as a restriction of calories derived from fats. This proved that tumor formation is dependent not only on the *degree* of caloric restriction, but on the *composition* of the diet.

The body's inability to defend itself in a deteriorated condition became the cornerstone of Dr. Gerson's theory. The next step was developing a regimen based on the healing process of the body's metabolic system.

Dr. Gerson then addressed his efforts to what he called the "external metabolism," that part of the environment that includes the life of the soil and the cultivation of food. He later wrote, "Whatever grows on a poisoned soil carries poison too. . . . We no longer have living, normal food. Our food and drink is a mass of dead, poisoned material, and one cannot cure very sick people by adding poisons to their systems." As another direct result of clinical observations, Dr. Gerson noted which foods brought on migraines. He also took note of foods that caused the recurrence of various degenerative diseases and cancer.

Dr. Gerson found that chemically fertilized soil produced fruits and vegetables with a decreased potassium content, accompanied by a rise in the sodium content. When he saw that plants grown in naturally fertilized soil produced an excess of potassium over sodium, Dr. Gerson began to think that a high-potassium/low-sodium diet would probably maintain a healthful balance in the metabolism. He maintained that cancer develops particularly in the various organs in which sodium is physiologically reabsorbed, or stored up—in the pancreas, for example.

In addition, his laboratory experiments showed him that "in chronic diseases, sodium and calcium, both negatively charged, invade the weaker, positively charged organs; accordingly, potassium is lost from these organs, opening the door to further negative metabolic transformations. *Here the disease starts, not the symptoms.*"

Dr. Gerson's theory of how positively and negatively charged minerals (potassium and sodium, respectively) influence other body materials and processes was revolutionary. What we have inherited in the way of metabolism through evolution is an adaptation to the natural composition of the soil. If that composition is altered, it would follow that human metabolism would also be altered. This theory was carefully considered in the 1970s and early 1980s. A significant number of experimental observations made clear the physiological advantages of a high-potassium/low-sodium diet, not merely for the outward appearance of well-being, but at the cellular level.

Modern methods of artificial fertilization and food processing affect us because, as Dr. Gerson has shown, the natural mineral balance becomes reversed. First, the potassium content of food is considerably reduced; often, the food is boiled, which reduces the potassium even more. When table salt, or sodium chloride, is added to the food, it increases the imbalance.

There is further evidence to support this theory. As far back as 1950, in an analysis presented by the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, it was shown that potassium deficiency occurs in the following diseases: leukemia, diabetes, glaucoma, chronic arthritis, acute and chronic asthma, sinusitis, cancer (mostly in moderate and advanced cases), and other degenerative diseases. In addition, table salt has been found to be a cancerous growth agent, and Dr. Gerson had shown how the loss of potassium from the cells invites the subsequent invasion of sodium—and excessive water retention, or edema.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer often talked about the effect of modern civilization on the human body. In 1954, he noticed an "increase of cancer with increased use of

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These facts prove beyond a doubt modern man's need for a better diet. Dr. Gerson attempted to address this need by devising a salt-free, high-potassium diet that would establish a healthy metabolism for those who have been "ravaged" by modern civilization.

THE WAY TO HEALING POWER

Dr. Gerson developed the practical application of his detoxification and health-building theories over a long, arduous period of scientifically controlled study. While working in Berlin, he published 14 papers in various German medical journals on the effects of diet on the treatment of tuberculosis and lupus—and the medical world buzzed with disbelief. In order to quell suspicions about the validity of his treatment, a committee consisting of an internist, a radiologist, and a specialist in tuberculosis was established to monitor Dr. Gerson's progress on cases considered incurable by conventional methods.

It was here that Dr. Gerson obtained his most astonishing results, which were published in his book *Dietary Therapy of Lung Tuberculosis*. But it was 1933, and the political situation prevented the long-awaited public demonstration of his findings for the Berlin Medical Association.

Dr. Gerson went on to do his clinical work in Vienna and France, and he lectured at universities and before medical associations throughout Europe. During this time, he published an additional 12 papers on various aspects of his therapy.

In 1936, Dr. Gerson finally came to the United States, where he continued his research. But he encountered considerable prejudice—such an across-the-board lack of cooperation that it made it impossible for him to publish in scientific journals. And this was at the time that Dr. Gerson was pursuing some of his most important work.

In 1943, his article "Cancer, a Deficiency Disease" was rejected by the *New York State Journal of Medicine*. In 1944, his paper on "Dietetic Treatment of Malignant Tumors" was rejected by other publications. In fact, it was not until 1945 that Dr. Gerson was able to publish any new work concerning his treatment of degenerative diseases. A full ten years had elapsed since his last paper, "The Gerson Diet in Home Practice," was published in Germany.

On the face of it, a connection between an inability to publish and an outright conspiracy against Dr. Gerson by the medical world at large seems tenuous at best. The letters of rejection state what appear to be reasonable objections to publication: "The journal is not one that specializes in oncology." . . . "The hypothesis needs more complete data." . . . "There is no room in the next issue." And if it had been Dr. Gerson who complained about unfair treatment, many would call it simply sour grapes. However, it was not Dr. Gerson who cried foul, but Raymond Swing, an ABC radio journalist. In a letter to Senator Claude Pepper, Swing suggested that Dr. Gerson be called to give testimony before the Senate concerning Senator Pepper's proposed bill for cancer research. "Let me say," Swing wrote, "that I also hope that you will not yield to the demand which is sure to be made by reactionary [orthodox] medical leaders to make sure that all government money spent on cancer research be under their supervision and control. The orthodox people have failed, and the country must not allow them to hold back the striking new work of the unorthodox."

The result was that Dr. Gerson was invited to appear before a Senate subcommittee that was considering appropriations for cancer research. Here, for the first time, patients were brought before the Senate in a dramatic demonstration of a positive treatment for cancer. Leading clinics had given up on these five cancer patients, who were subsequently restored to health by Dr. Gerson. He explained how he had successfully treated his first cancer patient in 1928, and how, since January 1946, he had been successfully treating cancer patients in New York at the Gotham Hospital.

> “Dr. Gerson believed that disease was the result of a human organism's being out of balance, and that degenerative diseases can be prevented and cured by diet therapy.”

His first case was a 15-year-old girl who had been treated for a tumor in her spinal cord. She had been paralyzed, and her father had been told that she would die. When she came to Dr. Gerson, she couldn't walk or feed herself. In front of the Senate, approximately eight months after beginning Dr. Gerson's treatment, she could move her arms and hands, and her tumor had vanished. Now, over 40 years after her appearance before the United States Senate, this woman, who in 1945 was given approximately six months to live, is still alive. "I have been tested throughout the years," she writes, "and there is no sign of any tumors." She concludes by saying, "I truly hope that our government will soon open their eyes to the truth even if it does hurt the can [sic] food business."

The second case presented was a young soldier who had a basal-cell carcinoma of the neck that had grown into his skull. He had been operated on, but could not receive radiation therapy because of the risk of brain damage. After about six weeks of the Gerson Therapy, he showed improvement, and at the time of his appearance in front of the Senate subcommittee a year later, there was no sign of cancer at all.

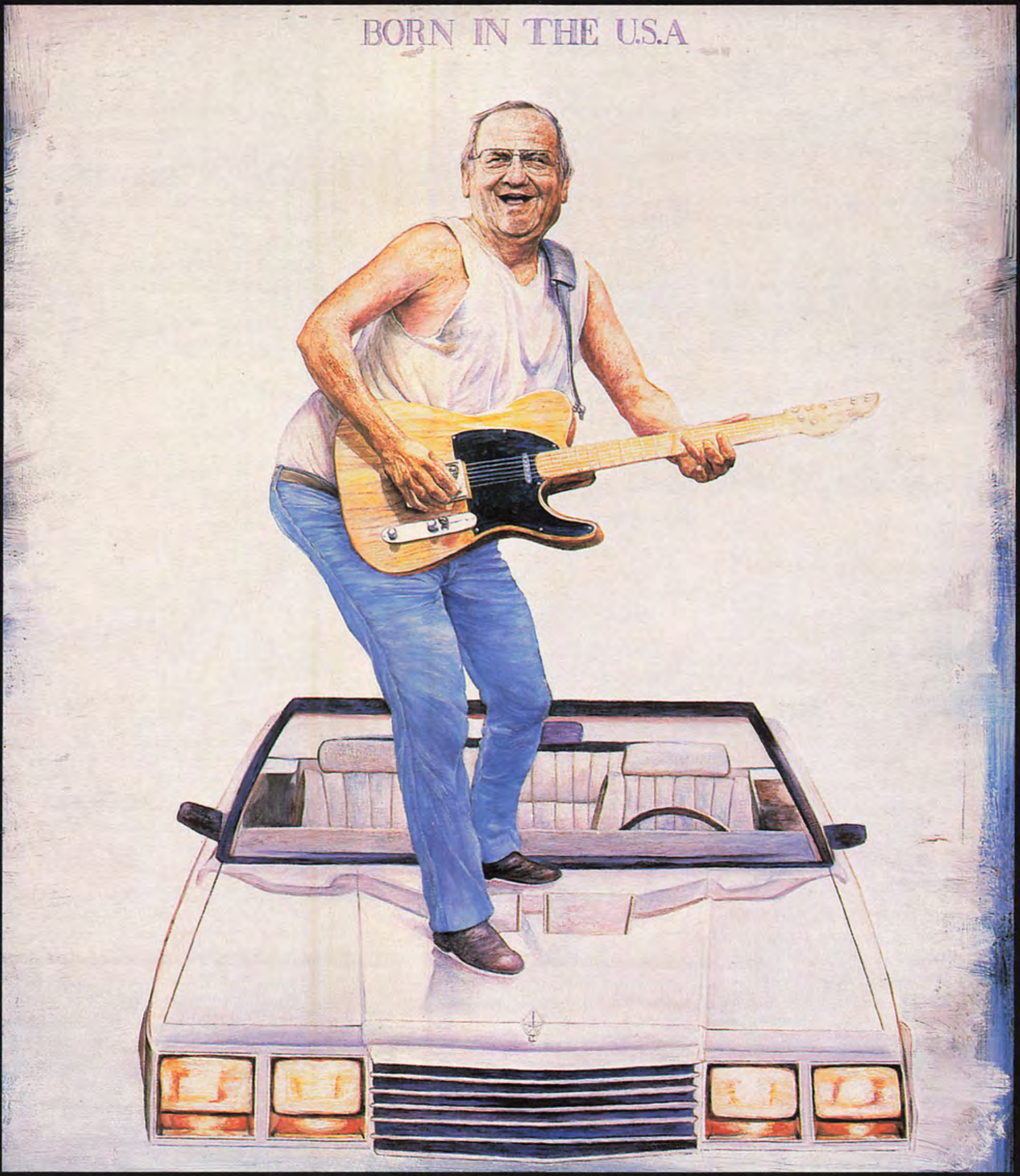
Another case was particularly dramatic. The patient had had a malignant lymphatic sarcoma that had resulted in very large tumors of the abdomen, neck, groin, and other places. After going to two hospitals, she was informed that nothing more could be done. A year on the Gerson diet changed her life completely. When she was presented to the Senate, there was no sign that she had ever had cancer.

The final case was a woman who had had recurrent breast cancer. She had undergone mastectomy and radiation treatments, but then she had been told that nothing more could be done. Three weeks after starting on the Gerson diet, her cancer began to disappear. Nine months later, it was completely gone.

TRAGEDY AND TRIAL

Dr. Gerson's testimony at the Senate Subcommittee Hearings on Cancer Research in 1946 should rightfully have been the turning point in his career. At the hearings, a fellow researcher summarized the persuasive results of the Gerson Therapy—results never before accomplished by any therapy. The Gerson Therapy went further toward the abolition of pain, he said, "than any other method today." The researcher also confirmed that the therapy retarded the spread of cancer and reduced the size of malignant growths, actually causing them to disappear, and that it controlled acute infections, a chief cause of death in cancer patients.

But Dr. Gerson was finding that his work was coming under mounting attack. In November 1946, the American Medical Association published a damaging editorial in its own journal. "Fortunately for the American people," it read, "this presentation [before the Senate] received little, if any, newspaper publicity." The editorial belittled Dr. Gerson's startling results by reporting them in this way: "Indeed [Dr. Gerson] admits lack of any actual cure, claiming *only* that patients seemed improved in health and that some tumors were delayed in growth or became smaller [italics mine]." The editorial went on to cast aspersions on Dr. Gerson's financial backing and said that "the journal has on several occasions requested Dr. Gerson to supply details of the method of treatment but has thus far received no satisfactory reply." And this appeared after Dr. Gerson's repeated, futile attempts to publish scientific papers in the journal!



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE:
FOLK HEROES, PART 36

Iacocca keeps thinking of ways
To recapture Detroit's Glory Days
But he couldn't buy the Boss
So he said, "No great loss!"
Now he sells out wherever he plays.

This editorial was followed by several investigations. Meanwhile, reporter Raymond Swing of ABC, who had covered the hearings in the Senate, broadcast a summary of the testimony on his radio show on July 3, 1946. Anonymous letters were then sent to the radio station warning both Swing and the station not to broadcast any more information about the Gerson treatment.

In the latter part of 1946, Samuel Markel, the president of Dr. Gerson's research foundation, arranged to set up a demonstration for physicians. Of the 100 doctors he invited, only 30 attended. And of all these, only one congratulated Dr. Gerson on his work with melanosarcoma, an extremely resistant cancer. Yet this same doctor was warned by his colleagues to be quiet after his display of appreciation. After this demonstration, the Research Foundation asked the AMA to make a statement about its results. But, according to Dr. Gerson, his request was never answered.

Afterward, Dr. Gerson was investigated five times by the Medical Society of the County of New York. After each of these investigations, the foundation requested, and was denied, a statement.

Finally, a review of Dr. Gerson's work was published in the AMA's journal in 1948. The review was called "Frauds and Fables." Dr. Gerson's foundation threatened a lawsuit. Swift action by Gerson's lawyer forced the journal to stop publishing the article in subsequent printings, but the damage had been done. In 1950, Dr. Gerson's affiliation with the Gotham Hospital in New York was terminated.

THE LONG BATTLE

After his conflict with the AMA, Dr. Gerson turned once again to Europe, where a German medical journal gladly accepted the papers that had been rejected by U.S. journals. Two of these were landmark reports—"No Cancer in Normal Metabolism" and "Cancer: A Problem of Metabolism"—which contained most of his theoretical work, an outline of his diet, analyses of X rays, and case histories.

He was also invited to the 1952 International Cancer Congress in Berchtesgaden, where he displayed X rays of his patients. He was then invited to the University of Zurich, where he encountered one of the leading cancer specialists in Europe, who had written several books; one of them, on bone cancer, had been translated into 12 languages. On a 1957 radio talk show, Dr. Gerson recalled this meeting: "When he saw my cases and X rays, he told me, 'Dr. Gerson, the American physicians must be very proud that you found this cancer cure—and please don't let anybody tell you that this is not a cure.' "

More than 25 years after Dr. Gerson found it necessary to publish in Europe, cancer researchers testing unorthodox methods still find the international climate more receptive to such work.

Even though Dr. Gerson gained wide recognition in Europe, the battle in America continued to brew: In 1954, in response to the fifth investigation of his work by the Medical Society of the County of New York, Gerson said, "I have always stated to the medical profession and any investigating body, I am eager to interest them in the results of my cancer treatment; therefore, I highly appreciate your desire to see the real proof, the records and the X rays of these results."

Dr. Gerson then expressed his wish to present these cases to the entire medical society by publishing them in the *New York State Medical Journal*. But Dr. Gerson was not published in U.S. medical journals after 1949.

Dr. Gerson described his last investigation in the 1957 radio interview. At this time, he was under investigation by the Licensing Board of New York State and his malpractice insurance had been discontinued. "The last time, six professors came—outstanding professors from our best hospital. . . . I asked some of the patients to come, and I demonstrated ten of these. After that I told them that I had 24 X rays of very well cured, even remarkable cases; but they said they had seen enough, that they had no more time. They spent about two and a half hours, then I didn't hear anything from them."

"Physicians approach . . . almost completely cured patients," wrote Dr. Gerson, "and try to have them return to their hospitals. Here they manage with orthodox treatments to kill them."

On March 4, 1958, a year before his death, Dr. Gerson was suspended from the Medical Society of the County of New York. Before his death, laboratories that Dr. Gerson used for blood-testing and urinalysis work, as well as for X rays, were threatened with economic ruin if they continued to associate with him. Patients were being told by other doctors that Dr. Gerson charged $2,000 or more for the first consultation, whereas Gerson actually charged only $25.

As a result of the activities of the AMA's journal and the New York County Medical Society, Dr. Gerson was prevented from demonstrating patients at cancer conferences, such as the October 1953 hearings on causes and controls of a dozen major diseases, including cancer, that were held by the House Commerce Committee. In a letter to his attorney, Dr. Gerson said that "many of my patients informed [the chairman of the hearings] about my results in cancer and requested that he invite me to demonstrate before the committee." In addition, Dr. Gerson sent a letter to the chairman, who never replied to him.

In 1957, Dr. Gerson wrote to a close friend about what discouraged him the most: "The most difficult and inhuman part of the aggressive measures taken against me is that the physicians approach the best and almost completely cured patients and try to have them returned to their hospitals. Here they manage with their orthodox treatments to kill them. I lose in this manner somewhere between 25 and 30 percent of my best cases." In one such case, a patient of Dr. Gerson's who had refused orthodox treatment was repeatedly telephoned by physicians and nurses, even though they had previously told her that nothing more could be done.

This kind of harassment continues today at the Gerson Therapy Center, which is located near the California border in Mexico. Dr. Curtis Hesse, former chief administrator, described in a recent interview some of the ordeals the patients go through. "It is quite a story that the patients come with," he said. "We've actually had people call the patients while they were here in residence at the hospital. They traced them down here and called, haranguing. It's really something how some of these doctors seem to take their chemotherapy very personally—when one of their patients decides not to take it."

The Gerson Therapy, practiced with so much success in Mexico (40–50 percent improvement in terminal cancer patients and 80 percent improvement in early to moderate cancer), has been placed on the American Cancer Society's Unproven Methods List. This makes it impossible for its proponents to continue their work; grants dry up, and the doors to publication are closed.

When asked about the Gerson Therapy, the American Cancer Society (ACS) stated that the therapy was still on the Unproven Methods List, even though this list is "reviewed approximately every six months for new information." A spokesperson said, "To date, we have not gotten to revising any information we have on the Gerson theory of cancer treatment." When asked if the ACS had added the recently published supporting evidence of Dr. Gerson's work from the *Journal of Physiological Chemistry and Physics* of 1978, the spokesperson said they had not seen the information.

G. Congdon Wood, assistant vice-president for professional education at the ACS and director of the Unproven Methods Information Office, said: "We don't have the facilities or the staff to make a full-time effort on this, and we're not really

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

ADRIANA

❛I'm very aggressive. I never take no for an answer, and men seem to like it.❜

CITIZENS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!!!

The light, continental sparkle in Adriana Boulyn's words betrays her Parisian birth. Her exotic, sloe-eyed look and gentle savoir faire easily disclose that this 36-24-36-inch Capricorn is something more than the girl next door. "I've lived—well—all over," says she, rattling off exotic climes like Brazil, Romania, Italy, and Greece. "L.A.'s my home, but I feel more like a citizen of the world."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

"I've always been very independent, even when I was growing up," Adriana explains. "But that's not always what other people like. There've been a few special men in my life, but I'm always looking, looking, looking." Her experience as a professional model and stylist has taught her to understand and appreciate beauty—other people's as well as her own. "I like my body and I love being in front of the camera. It is really very easy for me." Adriana doesn't necessarily like to tease, but, she says, "I love being sexy, and i get away with murder because of it."

Her way of getting to an interesting man? "I'm very aggressive. I never take no for an answer, and men seem to like it."

There's nothing here that connects with anything real, but the sex is right where we want it: below the belt.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

PENTHOUSE PICK

Candy Stripers II
(Arrow)⊥⊥⊥

Glancing at the package for *Candy Stripers II*, I concluded it would be just another video knockoff, a cheap, quickie sequel designed to test the reliability of your fast-forward button. As soon as I saw the name Larry Revene flash on the screen, however, I knew I was wrong and that I was in the hands of a master. Revene is both director and cinematographer here, and his expertise behind the camera is legendary.

This time around he has some stunning women to work with: Sheri St. Clair, Taija Rae, Coleen Brennan, and Kathlyn Moore. One thing all these delicious females have in common is a natural exuberance in front of the camera, and Revene allows it to come out, even though the effect is so steamy he's in danger of fogging his lenses. The girls go from bed to nurse and try out their "Genital Hospital" routines.

The plot involves some breezy mindlessness about aphrodisiac gas, which has escaped into the ventilation system at a generic hospital called "Northwest General." But the women are so hot they don't need aphrodisiacs. Revene's technical mastery and dynamic, close-up sex scenes make us forget about plot and concentrate instead on the overheated bodies involved. (A scene where two candy stripers and a nurse take on a hypochondriac is especially steamy.) This tape is a dose of good medicine for adult entertainment. *Candy Stripers II* delivers.

DORK HORSE

Black Throat
(VCA)⊥⊥

The notorious Dark Brothers are at it again. Walter and Gregory Dark, the producer-director team behind *New Wave Hookers* and *Let Me Tell Ya 'Bout White Chicks*, bring their peculiar brand of eroticism to *Black Throat*. As its name implies, the tape is a study of sexual dynamics between the races. But using words like "study" and "dynamics" to describe a Dark Brothers film is using logic to describe the surreal. "Mr. Bob," a talking rat, guides his "main man" to the ultimate whorehouse: "Madame Mambo's House of Divine Inspiration Thru Fellatio." The rationale behind *Black Throat* is a little bit screwy. But the sex is hot, being mostly a tribute to the art of the blowjob, and the women are willing even if they are a little freaky. The Dark Brothers have returned to the fine form they were in when they made *New Wave Hookers*. If crazy is your cup of tea, then this is it.

Cynthia *manages to raise the heat level.*

GOOD FOR THE GOOSED

Initiation of Cynthia
(Quality X)⊥⊥

Initiation of Cynthia is just about the best level that shot-on-video adult entertainment can achieve—which is not saying much. But even with murky, hollow video sound, unrealistic, stark video lighting, and an assembly-line approach to plot, acting, and sexual nuance—the albatrosses that usually drag shot-on-video down—this tape still manages to raise the heat level a bit. That it happens at all is mostly a tribute to Coleen Brennan and Amber Lynn, the two female leads. To paraphrase Freud, sometimes a cigar is just a cigar, but a woman with big tits is always a great fuck.

The "Cynthia" of the title is Coleen Brennan, and she is "initiated" into a local live-sex club by a hypnotic George Payne. Her philandering hubby, of course, winds up at the club and sees her onstage—proving, I guess, that what's good for the goosed is good for the gandered. There's nothing here that even remotely connects with anything that's real, but the sex itself brings the level right back to where we want it: below the belt.

CLICHE OF THE MONTH

I've Never Done This Before
(Now Showing)⊥⊥

You can always tell a tape made by Bob Wolfe (aka Lawrence T. Cole). The technical values are sturdy, the women mildly horny but not overly pretty, and the action is always a little theatrical and unreal. In fact, Wolfe puts a disclaimer before *I've Never Done This Before:* "Any resemblance between the characters and incidents in this film and real life is ridiculous." Indeed it is. Wolfe supplies us right off the bat with the plot cliché to end all plot clichés in adult entertainment: the bored housewife. Then, in quick succession, he gives us the repairman, the dildo salesman (who looks like a dildo himself), the cheerleader, etc.—cramming more and more adult-entertainment stereotypes into the bored housewife's house and pussy. All told, though, the action is sexy enough, the close-ups steamy enough, and the technical values rigorous enough to rank this tape one step above the ordinary.

LUST WEEKEND

Obsession
(Hollywood Electric)⊥

The "obsession" of the title is that of Edward Yancy (Harry Reems), who, as the proverbial dirty old rich man of porn, invites a group of his friends to his mansion and observes their sexual antics via an elaborate video system. It would have been

Obsession: *bored sex.*

a good idea for a flick—a sort of *Osterman Weekend* of porn—but here it's a weekend that seems like a year. Unrelenting technical shoddiness and listless sexual performances send this one straight into the toilet. It's as if the women here are intent on adding a third sexual style to go with hetero and homo: bored. There is one silver loining among all the clods: Sheri St. Clair, a perfect, great-bodied blonde, totally sculpted and blemishless. She's got enthusiasm, too, but it's as out of place in this tape as it would be on the deck of a sinking ship.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

Bad Girls
(Collector's Video)⊥⊥⊥⊥
Bad Girls is a little recent to rate classic status, in that it was made in 1981, but the tape has a horny staying power that makes it a candidate for permanent addition to your video library. It was made by David Frazer and Svetlana—their first big hit—and you see here why this production team is the best in adult entertainment. First and foremost, you can always identify a Frazer/Svetlana film by the beautiful leading ladies, and the "bad girls" of this title are incredible lookers, fresh-faced and hard-bodied. The technical values are also first-rate, and the plot and dialogue are accomplished enough not to interfere with the sex. Four horny females—all new faces at the time the film was made, and not seen much afterward, either—head up to the mountains outside L.A. in a Winnebago. In the course of their vacation, they encounter a Boy Scout, a mountain man, and a kinky swinger's retreat nestled away in the foothills. The action is fast and raunchy, but it is the beauty of the females which makes *Bad Girls* a classic.

PENTHOUSE PICK

Sex Crimes 2084
(Essex)⊥⊥⊥
Sex Crimes 2084 is another in a long line of futuristic sex romps, first begun with Gerard Damiano's trendsetting *Satisfiers of Alpha Blue*. This new tape teeters on the edge of parody, and sometimes can't seem to decide whether it wants to be a comedy or a drama. But the essentials are there: great bodies, technical proficiency, sexual inventiveness. The story concerns three "sex cops" from the year of the title—only these sex cops are not Orwellian prudes. They're on the scene to see that everyone has sex, chastity being illegal in the twenty-first century. When the three get sent back in time, however, they have plenty of work: They aim for the "cockteasers and virgins" and proceed to seduce the hell out of present-day prudes of every stripe. Sheri St. Clair is great as the only female sex cop, and Veronica Hart puts in a nonsex cameo. If this is what we have in store for us, I say bring back the future.

Crimes: *great bodies and sexual inventiveness.*

BLIMP BAWD

Tons of Fun #1 & #2
(4-Play Video)⊥
How do you fuck a fat girl? Roll her in flour and go for the wet spot. Wait till she pees and head upstream. It's a fetish like any other, I suppose—this passion some men have for women the size of Buicks—but all it makes me want to do is run the other way. As a "pubic service" to those who do like to get laid in the shade cast by a 200-plus-pound behemoth, I'm going to duly report that these tapes exist. The first stars an unmoored zeppelin called "Candy Kane," and the second is, if anything, grosser, featuring a flesh mountain named Layla La Shelle and lots of interracial sex. Your Betamax may need structural supports before you view these. One cock, for fetish value only.

CORRECTION

Some readers of my very favorable review of *The Dancers*, in the May 1984 issue, may have been confused over the credits: The director of that film was Sam Weston (aka Anthony Spinelli). I, of course, did not mean to denigrate the contribution of one of the finest filmmakers in adult entertainment when I highlighted Marga Aulbach in the review.

RATING KEY

⊥ Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
⊥⊥ Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
⊥⊥⊥ Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
⊥⊥⊥⊥ Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

authorized to do this anyway. The Unproven Methods Committee actually makes the decisions, which are based on information received from a number of sources, partially from the medical literature, partially from government agencies such as the FDA or the National Cancer Institute, or in some instances from information obtained from attorneys and various legal bodies, such as the state attorney generals."

But what happens to a treatment whose proponent was expelled by the medical society of his county and state, who was banned from publication in medical journals, and who was rejected by the National Cancer Institute (NCI)? On what basis can the unproven methods committee make its decision? Even when information is published and available, as in the 1978 *Journal of Physiological Chemistry and Physics*, it doesn't seem to reach the right people.

When asked why he was not aware of this information, Wood said, "You can't be familiar with every single journal." Perhaps the ACS, which already spends over 75 percent of its annual income from contributions on nonresearch activities, should buy subscriptions to journals that will keep them up to date.

THE PROOF

Unable to publish in medical journals, his treatment still on the ACS Unproven Methods List, Dr. Gerson knew how important it was to document his theories and case histories before his death. Working against time, he was finally able to publish, in 1958, *A Cancer Therapy: Results of Fifty Cases*, a definitive 250-page treatise on his theory and methods of treatment, and an additional 170-page detailed account of 50 case histories, including X rays and medical records. (When contacted recently, both the NCI and the ACS denied having seen this book.)

Time and time again, administrators in government and private agencies have denied the validity of Dr. Gerson's therapy. However, NCI documents obtained through the Freedom of Information Act portray the facts in a completely different light.

As early as January 1945, C. C. Little, then manager-director of the ACS, wrote the following to a doctor: "It seems to me since Dr. Gerson has frankly stated in detail what his diet is and in addition has given the theory on which he personally believes its claimed efficiency is based, that his material should receive publication and proper attention and criticism by the medical profession. I sincerely hope that it will be possible to arrange this."

In fact, the ACS also wrote Dr. Gerson in 1949 asking for six copies of the above-mentioned article, referring to it as one of the "outstanding articles on cancer published during the past ten years." This stands in stark contrast to a letter posted ten days later to a supporter of Dr. Gerson's in which the AMA's Oliver Field states, "We have no knowledge of any report published in medical literature describing the medication or the course of treatment by Gerson." Meanwhile, Dr. Gerson's article "Some Nutritional Factors Influencing the Origin and Development of Cancer" had been published in 1946.

Yet, as late as May 1984, the ACS and the House of Representatives Select Committee on Aging still contended that the "Gerson method of treatment for cancer was of no value." In the very same report, the ACS presented its dietary recommendations, which are almost exactly those advocated by Dr. Gerson over 40 years earlier!

Dr. Gerson was unable to receive grant money and also could not publish, for related reasons. The NCI handpicks the people who sit on its peer review boards from among those who are prominent in their specific fields of research. These specialists tend to be monocultural—that is to say, they are qualified only in their area of specialization. Often, much too often, they simply could not care less about the work of their "good friends and colleagues."

> “One of the main benefits from the Gerson Therapy in an overwhelming number of cancer patients is the relief of pain, testified Dr. George Miley before a congressional hearing.”

This type of thinking can be viewed as one explanation for Dr. Gerson's work not being funded or published. While Dr. Gerson submitted articles, both theoretical and clinical, to virtually every major scientific journal in the United States, they were all rejected, probably at face value, because no one had the experience or knowledge to judge its efficacy.

Medical societies and research centers in this country, be they private or public, have a highly politicized infrastructure, which has unfortunately manifested itself in a blatant patronage system. Those most skilled in obsequiousness become the policymakers. It is from this pool of people that selections are made for peer review boards, editorships of magazines and scientific journals, and heads of research projects. Most of the people, if not all, hold more than one position of power. The chairman of a pathology department at a large teaching hospital may also be on a peer review board, be an editor of a journal, or a consultant to a pharmaceuticals manufacturer. It behooves an institution such as a large teaching hospital affiliated with a major university to have an individual well connected in different areas of government and private research, for then that institution is all the more likely to get large research grants.

In theory, the peer review system for allocating grants seems fair and reasonable. Sometimes these reviewers make on-site visits—and sometimes the grant applicant is called to Washington for an interview by the review board. The proposal is then rated numerically. In theory, then, the peer review system seems very scientific. However, in practice, it is not scientific at all. The chairman of the peer review committee averages the various scores, but the final decision is up to him. He has the power to kill a grant or let it go through. Theoretically there is an appeals process, but again, in practice it is basically useless, for the system can be manipulated fairly easily.

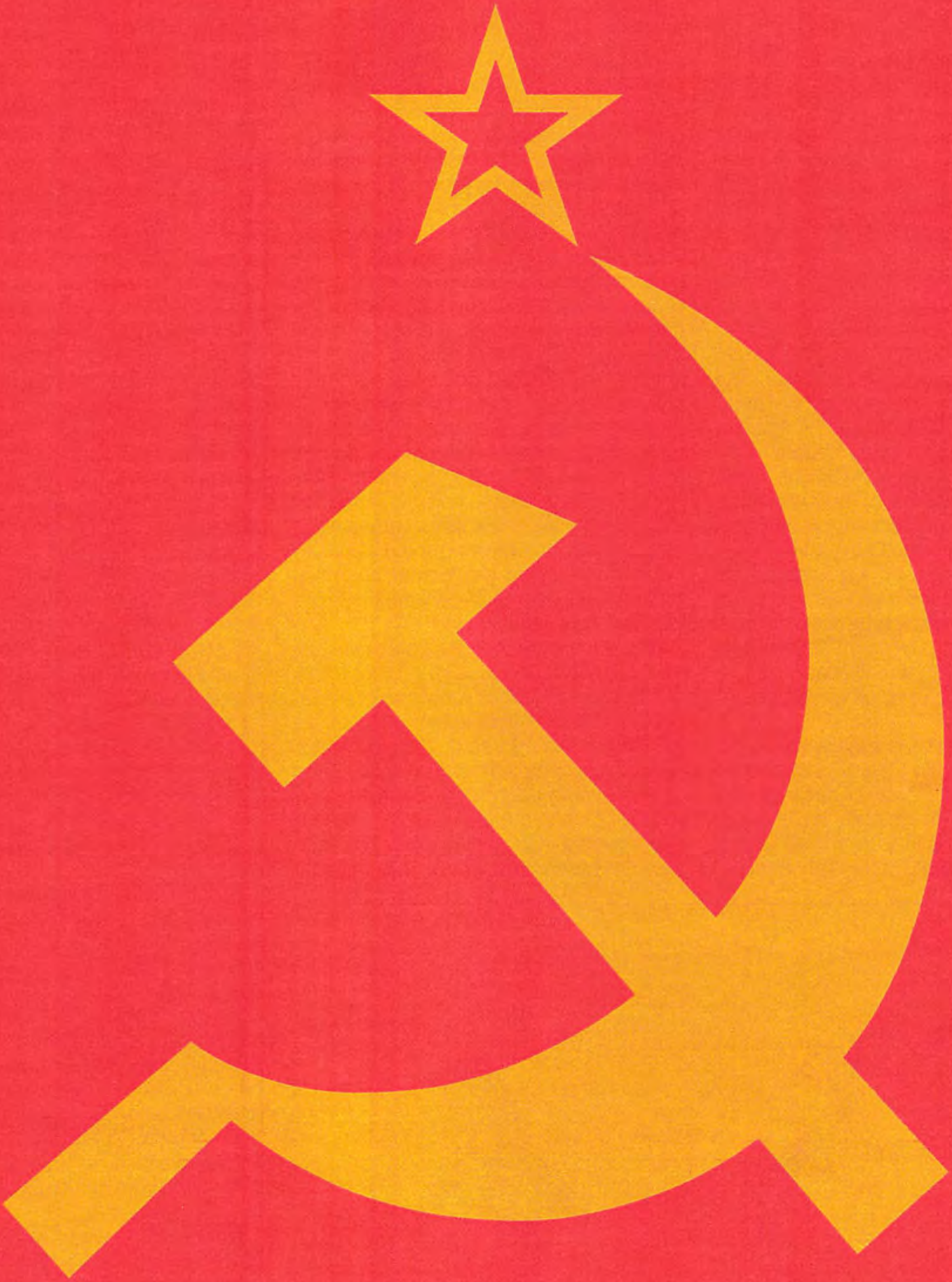
Although it may have been formed with the best of intentions, it seems that the system of peer review breeds corruption; people who have political clout can get what they want. If the NCI wants a grant approved, it puts people on the peer review board who will approve it. One doctor described a peer review board as an old boys' club: The "boys" sit around and hand out money to each other.

One would imagine that there is some way to check whether these funds are being used properly, but again, this just is not the case. Reports are required from the grant recipient on how many people he hired, how much lab and office space he had to use, how much equipment he had to buy, the drugs, chemicals, etc., necessary for the experiments, but there is absolutely no check on the *quality* of performance or the results. More often than not, the reports are not read or reviewed, but simply filed away when the grant is completed.

Why, then, does the peer review system, as practiced today, still exist? To put it simply, you don't bite the hand that feeds you. It seems that everyone knows that the integrity of the peer review system is a myth, but no congressman is willing to say anything against cancer research. And since Dr. Gerson would not play politics with his "good friends and colleagues," he was excluded from the funds they were charged with allocating.

THE LEGACY

Since Dr. Gerson's death, his work has mainly been carried on by his daughter, Charlotte Gerson Straus, president of the Gerson Institute in Bonita, California. At first she devoted herself to the awesome task of keeping *A Cancer Therapy* in print



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Once we make exceptions to the freedoms guaranteed us under the First Amendment, anything can happen. Ten years ago, the city of Miami banned *Mother Goose*. Other victims have included Shakespeare, and even *Ms.* magazine.

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and properly distributed. More than once, publishers reviewing the book were threatened by the FDA. Finally, Charlotte and her mother had the book reprinted themselves. Soon Charlotte began to lecture regularly to concerned groups across the country. Interest in Dr. Gerson's ideas grew until it was apparent that a "Gerson clinic" was needed—a place where patients could be treated and doctors could be trained in his method.

The clinic was established in Mexico. California, the home of the Gerson Institute, was no place for the Gerson Therapy because of a statewide "antiquackery" law forbidding doctors to use "any but the orthodox methods in the treatment or diagnosis of cancer." A spot six miles south of Tijuana was chosen.

The La Gloria Hospital/Gerson Therapy Center opened in July 1977 with three patients; it is still going strong today, with an average caseload of about 18–20 patients. It is headed by a young doctor named Arthur Ortuno, who, along with five other doctors, handles cancer patients as well as patients with rheumatoid arthritis, diabetes, heart disease, lupus, multiple sclerosis, and other degenerative diseases.

"The center isn't like any cancer ward that you'd find in the States," said former director Dr. Curtis Hesse. "It has been set up to be pleasant. People have hope. Everyone's there helping each other; when they go back home, they keep in contact just to find out about the triumphs and also the difficulties they've had. It is good fellowship." Even some "healthy" people visit the center to detoxify themselves, for preventive purposes.

However, there are some patients—even some who are terminally ill—that the center does not accept or cannot help. Dr. Hesse explained: "Ironically, the main problem we usually have in this treatment is not always cancer, or disease, but the other medications and treatments that the patients have already undergone. For the degenerative diseases, it is very difficult if they've taken a lot of anti-inflammatory agents, especially in rheumatoid arthritis or in multiple sclerosis. We have difficulty undoing the damage that has been done by the medication. In cancer, we do not, as a general rule, accept any patient who has undergone chemotherapy. From past experience, we know that liver damage and damage to other organs, as well as the immune system, have been such that they do well for a two-to-three-week period but then go downhill."

Today, it is interesting to note that while the NCI is starting to take a closer look at diet and nutrition, it is not exploring Dr. Gerson's work. When asked why not, an NCI spokesperson said, "As you know, the results of some of his work have been looked at, and I don't think there was any indication that the patients he treated really responded very well to his regimen." When asked where this information had been obtained, the spokesperson quoted a 1947 letter from the New York County Medical Society, which stated that there was no "scientific evidence of objective improvement."

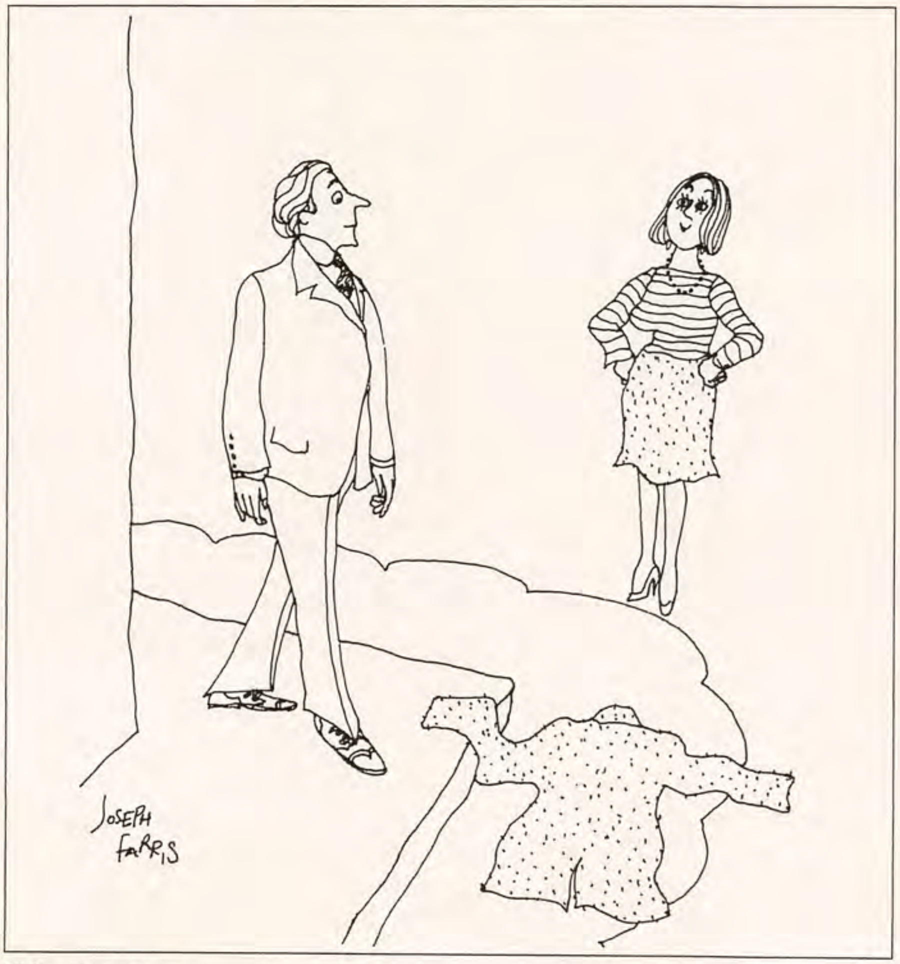
Yet positive results continue to be demonstrated at the Gerson Therapy Center. Dr. Hesse described these results: "As a general rule, the more malignant the disease, the quicker the body responds to the treatment. For example, malignant melanoma [considered to be incurable by conventional methods] is one of the most deadly cancers known, yet we see within two to three weeks a good response, whereas some of the other cancers, like lymphoma, a slower-growing cancer, sometimes take longer to show a decrease in tumor size."

When asked if he felt there was any cancer he couldn't treat, Dr. Hesse responded, "The only ones we don't feel we've had the best success with are those which have extensive liver damage, because the basis of our program is detoxification and recovery of the liver itself. We also have had limited success if the tumors have grown into the brain and destroyed the ability of the body's vital systems to function normally. Then the body just cannot mechanically cleanse itself." Dr. Hesse also pointed out that removal of one or more of the body's detoxifying organs—the pancreas, stomach, adrenals, or colon—may also cause the treatment to fail.

All in all, however, the improvement rate from the Gerson Therapy seems to be higher than from most other nontoxic therapies. Also, the gap between its improvement rate in cases of early or moderate cancers (80 percent) is substantially better than that of conventional therapy. Also, the Gerson Therapy has been shown to heal the whole body, thereby causing improvement where there has been accompanying degenerative disease. In the end, the healthy body conquers all, as Dr. Gerson stated over 30 years ago.

It took until February 1984 for the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute* to print a letter entitled "Preventive Oncology: An Opportunity for Clinical Cancer Centers." It is unfortunate that the author chose to focus on how one can make money off the nutrition trend. The only perceivable difference between the letter and Dr. Gerson's work 40 years ago is that now the information is marketable.

Clearly, Dr. Gerson was far ahead of his time. As Albert Schweitzer said, "He leaves a legacy which commands attention and will assure him his due place."



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HIGH JINX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

some in the chest.

The Album, unadorned in the brown-paper wrapping posted in London, had been addressed to the U.S. ambassador by name. His deputy had opened the package, alone in his office, and, examining it, had no idea what it was all about. He summoned an aide from the East European division and asked if he was familiar with the language in which the headlines were written.

Yes. "It is Albanian."

"What does the headline say?"

"It says, 'COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY PLOT FOILED—INVADERS AND TRAITORS FOUND. EXECUTED.' "

The deputy knew nothing about the operation, the epitaph of which had been sent to him in a cheap leather album. He rose and went to the ambassador's office. Ambassador Joseph Abercrombie Little was a portly man of late middle age. It had once been written in the Hershey, Pennsylvania, *Chronicle* that J. A. Little knew more about the manufacture of chocolates than any single other living being outside Switzerland. He had been made ambassador in recognition of his devotion to the Republican ideal of worldwide nourishment. He was reluctant, on surveying the Album, to betray his ignorance as to what it was all about. He turned to his deputy and told him, in knowing accents, that he would discuss the entire matter ("It is deeply confidential, Reginald") with the CIA station head, Anthony Trust, whom he summoned by leaning over and depressing the switch that put him in telephonic contact with his secretary. He nodded to the DCM, who knew the meaning of that particular nod and excused himself from the room.

Anthony Trust, tall, slim, young, well-groomed, almost playfully cheerful in expression, came in. Wordlessly the ambassador handed him the Album.

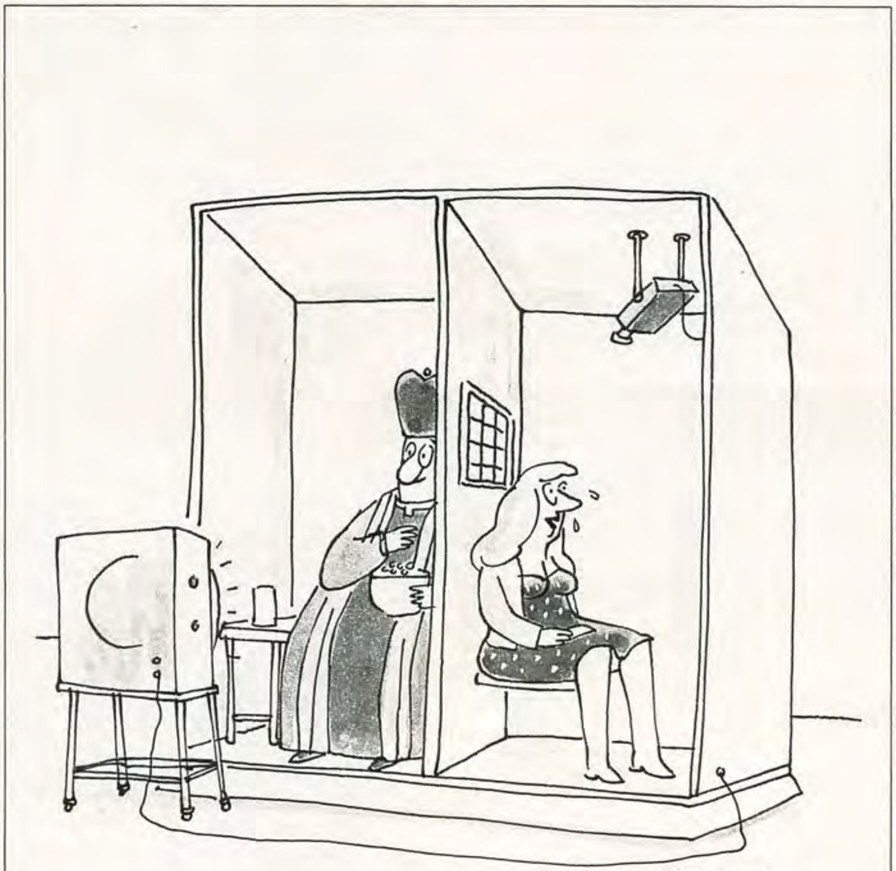
"What do you make of this, Anthony?"

Trust opened the Album. After turning a few pages, the cheer drained from his face. He sat down, and continued, slowly, to turn the pages. He dwelled at some length on the final two pages. The ambassador waited, impatiently.

"Sir, who else knows about this?"

"Only Reginald. Oh, yes. And the Eastern-language specialist, whatshisname."

"You will need"—Trust's demeanor had evolved, inoffensively, to that of the senior, addressing a subordinate—"to instruct them most forcefully not to mention to anyone what they have seen."



"What do you propose to do with"—Joseph Abercrombie Little pointed to the Album—"that?"

"I shall need to cable Washington from the code room."

"Well, go ahead. And," the ambassador turned his head down as if to survey other, perhaps more urgent matters on his desk, "if you have an opportunity to do so, you might suggest to your superiors in Washington that I am more useful as ambassador if I have some idea of what is going on around here."

Anthony Trust said nothing, forced out a routine smile, and walked out.

It was six in the morning in Washington when the Director took Trust's call. He had specified that any development concerning Operation Tirana was to be reported directly to him. When, on D Day Plus 1, nothing had come in on Operation Tirana, the gloom among the officials who had planned it displaced any other concern. Following those first few days—still: nothing. Nothing, nothing at all, about an operation involving 41 men. Until now. The call from London. The report on the Album.

The Director reached his office before seven. The three designated officials he had had summoned were there waiting for him.

Rufus spoke. "The very first question, Allen, is: Do we show the Album to the Brits right away or do we bring it over and examine it ourselves first?"

"Attwood"—the reference was to the head of the British MI5—"already knows about the transmission from our asset. All that the Album does is add concrete proof that what we suspected turned out to be so. Gruesomely so. We shall have to let him know—let him examine the Album—right away."

And so it was resolved. Trust would take the Album to Attwood at MI5, have it copied, and then fly directly to Washington with the original.

"I can't pretend I am looking forward to examining the album described by Trust," Allen Dulles said, rising. "I'm going to have a little breakfast," he nodded at his colleagues, motioning to Rufus to stay as the other two left.

"Treason is heavy stuff," said the Director, somewhat sententiously. "And treason is our business. So I guess it is fair to say we always have *something* heavy on our minds."

"Yes," said Rufus. "But this is different. Every detail. Every last detail. The penetration by Soviet forces of Operation Tirana is almost unique."

And so Rufus disclosed what had been brewing in his mind since it became clear to him—well before the Albanian transmission; before the Album's arrival—that Operation Tirana had been a total disaster. Otherwise, *one* of the 41 special and specially trained agents would have gotten through. When none did, Rufus

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sensed that none would.

Rufus now argued that a special team physically enter the Soviet embassy.

"You do mean the Soviet embassy in London?"

"I do mean the Soviet embassy in London. London is where the coordination on Tirana was done. The information we need is in the Soviet embassy in London."

"Which is protected by British law."

"Which is protected by British law."

"Which law we do not have the authority to alter."

"Which law we do not have the authority to alter."

The Director rose. "You are tired, Rufus."

"Forty-one men have been executed, thirty-two of them Americans. A plan to bring about the liberation of Albania and perhaps the beginning of the dismemberment of the Soviet empire has collapsed. Collapsed miserably. Ignominiously. It was the most important joint U.S.–British enterprise, combining the resources of our respective intelligence forces, since we worked together almost as a single unit during the war. The only dividend of it all is that we have in effect been tipped off that there is *nothing*—literally *nothing*—the Soviet Union doesn't know about our clandestine operations. That tells us one thing: that there is an organized administrative intelligence around somewhere who is seemingly conversant with our most carefully guarded secrets. We need to know exactly who he is. Not only that, we also need to know the exact techniques he is using. I don't think it likely we can happen on this knowledge without a look at the inside of that building."

"Assuming you were right—I mean, about the need to look inside the building—why on earth not make it a joint operation with the Brits?"

"Because I don't know how we would do that without alerting the . . . target. I'm not telling you that I suspect Sir Eugene Attwood, nor do I in fact suspect him. But who else—how many others—would Attwood bring into the picture, assuming he were disposed to join in the enterprise in the first place? And it's in the nature of things more . . . difficult if a branch of the British government gets involved in the violation of British law."

Dulles turned toward the door. "Let's go home."

"Trust is waiting for instructions."

"Will you take care of that?"

Rufus nodded.

They didn't bother to exchange even the most routine good-byes. The Director and his principal spymaster were not, really, friends. Rufus was not, really, a friend of anyone, and the Director was by nature reserved. When there were amenities exchanged, they tended to be formalistic. Even these seemed somehow out of place on the day they learned about the Album.

Blackford was back in London, after a three-week vacation following his departure from Camp Cromwell. He went to the safe house on James Street, where his old friend and schoolmate—his senior, at Greyburn, at Yale, and in the Agency—Anthony Trust waited for him with news of the Album. Blackford stared at its pages, and left the room, saying he would be back in a few hours. He spent these walking circles in the park, his heart pounding with rage and frustration. He reappeared at James Street early in the afternoon, and said to Trust that he would like to consult immediately with an Agency cryptographer.

"What you got, Black?"

Blackford explained about the night he saw the light of the radio operator, and his subsequent search of the premises.

"Doesn't sound all that suspicious to me."

"Doesn't sound all that suspicious to me either. Are you therefore telling me our cryptographer is too busy to talk to me?"

> "But this is different," Rufus said. "They know every detail. Every last detail. The penetration by Soviet forces of Operation Tirana is almost unique."

Anthony laughed, maybe a little nervously, given his old friend's gravity. He picked up the telephone.

When they got back from lunch, Adam Waterman was there. He was young, no older than Blackford. He wore heavy glasses, a tweed coat too large for his slight frame. His hair was long and disorderly, though not self-consciously so. He asked permission to smoke, sat down, and said, "What can I do for you?"

"A couple of questions," Blackford began. He showed Adam the notepaper he had fished out of his briefcase. Blackford said he thought he had once read that a primitive cryptographic code was governed by a simple inversion in a series of numbers. For instance, *1*2345, if *1* were the governing number, would inform the other party in the know that the correct number was 3452, a single change in the sequence being indicated—taking the first number, and putting it last. Accordingly, *2*2345 would indicate that the correct number was 4523, etc. Had Adam ever heard of such a convention?

"When I was about six years old."

"Okay, so I didn't dream it up, good. Next question: Could this five-digit number, after you worked out all the hypothetical sequences based on the governing number, be checked with the Brits? To see where the phone numbers are located?"

"We got friends at the post office. Sure."

"Out of curiosity, how long would it take to make that check?"

"Day. Maybe two. Let me look at it. . . . Hmmm. KEN 21881. The governing number, as you put it, can be placed first, or it could be placed second, third, fourth, or fifth. We would be dealing with the number two or the number one or eight. We'd have to play with corresponding variables with the letters. They may or may not exist. We'd have to try all the possible combinations."

Adam pulled out a pencil, leaned over to the pile of magazines on the coffee table, flicked open the pages of *Queen* magazine until he came to an advertisement for a Rover car that gave up a generous display of white space. In a minute he added up the results of his equations. "There would be, depending on whether the letters were transposable, twenty-seven or a hundred and five possibilities."

"I believe you," Blackford grinned. "Full speed ahead."

Adam rose, lit another cigarette, and extended his hand to Trust and then to Blackford.

The following morning he called Trust and said he was ready with a report. They arranged to meet at 11.

"Turns out only forty-seven possibilities. Two of the letters were transposable, the third wasn't. Here is a list of the thirty-nine phones with client numbers corresponding to the variables."

One of the 39 telephones on the sheet Adam handed over was given as: "UNLISTED. Private number, Soviet embassy."

"I asked my contact how many private numbers the Soviet embassy has, and he looked it up: twenty-four. I found out it isn't possible to know in which office of the embassy a given phone is, because the Russians insist on all phones having jacks, so they can move a phone wherever they want whenever they want, just a matter of switching jacks."

Impulsively Blackford reached for the telephone on the coffee table.

"Black!" Anthony Trust rose from his chair. "You're not going to—"

Blackford dialed KEN 1588.

A woman's voice picked up.

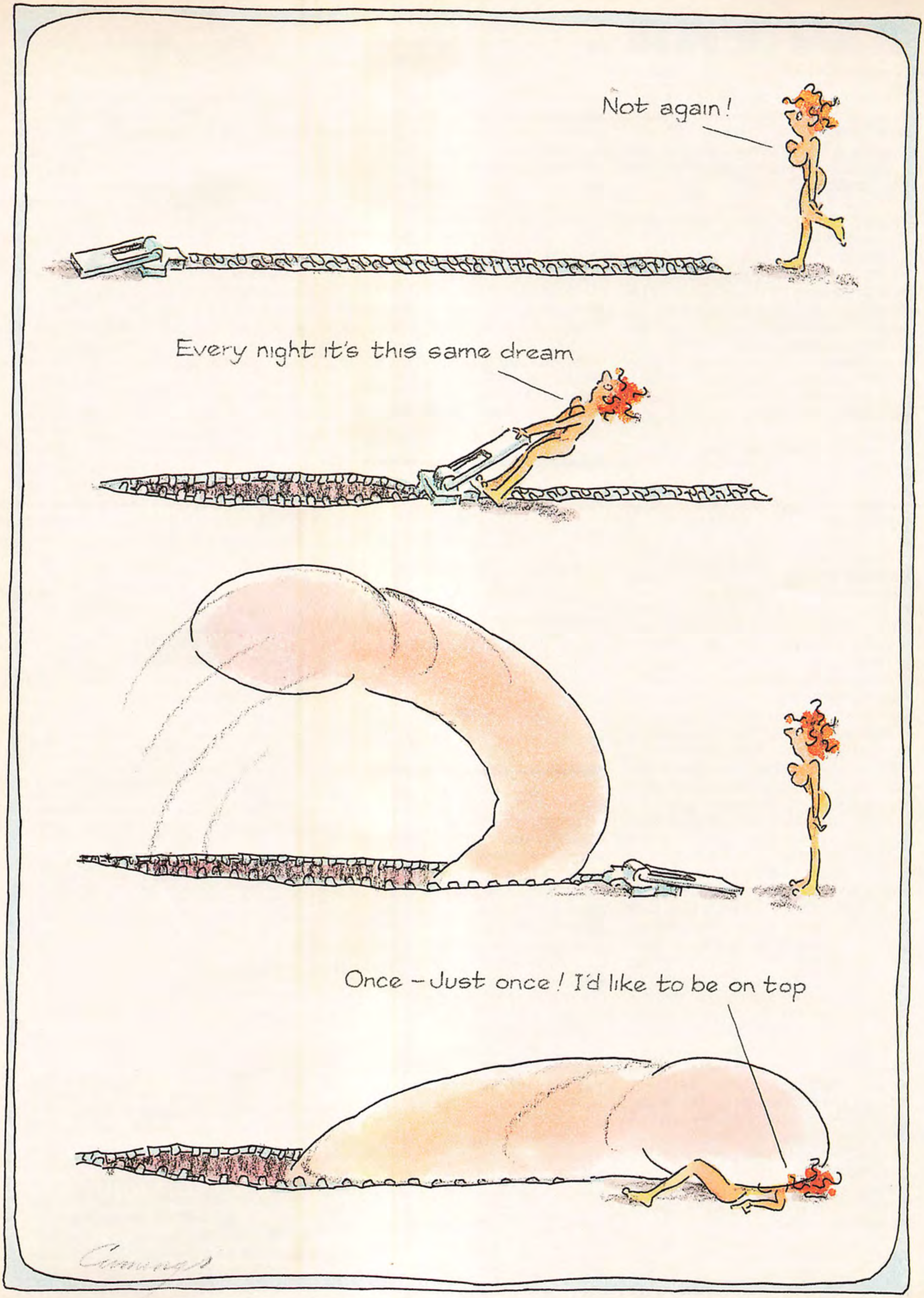
Blackford affected a German accent. "May I spikk wit Colonel Bolgin?"

"Who," the voice replied, "shall I say is calling?"

Blackford replied, "An erld friend. I will call later," and put down the receiver.

The three men, all of them standing, said nothing.

"Those poor bastards," Anthony Trust said.


Not again!
Every night it's this same dream
Once - Just once! I'd like to be on top
Cummings

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

of months, and we're afraid this matter could become a big problem later on. He's never had this "big one" with anyone else, either, so I know it's not just me.

We need your help immediately on this one, Xaviera.—M. B.

Your boyfriend has either been reading the wrong kind of books, or he has misunderstood those he has read. Sexual writing, like everything else, follows fashions, and a while ago there was a load of information available about female orgasm. The problem, it seemed, was that Mr. Average Male, chauvinist or not, was only interested in coming himself. His wife or girlfriend's only chance of achieving what some genius christened the "big O" (orgasm) was to buy a vibrator or turn lesbian.

Basically, a man's and a woman's orgasms are similar, consisting of an immensely pleasurable series of muscular contractions, succeeded by a feeling of total relaxation. There are, however, two important differences.

First, a man's orgasm is accompanied by ejaculation, while, although a vagina lubricates internally when sexually excited, a woman does not ejaculate (except in certain cases, which are so rare that you don't have to worry about them). Second, a man's orgasm and ejaculation drain the glands in his body that manufacture the seminal fluid, and he, therefore, needs a period of recuperation time (except in certain very rare cases) before he can come again. Some women, however, are what is called multiorgasmic and can have orgasm after orgasm, maintaining, as it were, a continuous high.

Within those basic rules, there is great variation among different individuals. Women, on the whole (or in the hole) seem to have much greater *variation* in the intensity and quality of their orgasms than men. On the other hand, many men have told me that their climaxes also differ according to their mood and the circumstances. Some even say that they get better-quality orgasms by masturbating than they do with intercourse. My boyfriend tells me that the orgasms he has with me when we make love in the sixty-nine position are of superior quality, especially when I swallow his come, as that to him is really very, very intimate.

Orgasm is not necessarily what a sexual relationship is all about. Pleasurable though it is, it doesn't last long, so I would suggest that you experiment with foreplay. See how long you can go on without coming, and when you can't hold off any longer, I think you'll find the "O," big or medium, is of a better quality.

WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY

I'm a 24-year-old married female. Sexually, I am very confused and frustrated.

My first sexual experience consisted of being raped when I was 15. The rape left me very scarred. I didn't want to have anything to do with sex or men. That is, until I met my husband four years later. He was very patient with me when it came to having sex. Eventually I learned to enjoy it. We've been married for four years, and we had a good sexual relationship until a year ago.

My husband is a policeman and works a lot of weekends and crazy hours, making it easy for me to get away by myself. One night I made plans to meet a buddy of ours, Ben, when he got off work. My husband and I have been good friends with Ben and his wife for the last five years. When I met him after work we gave each other a friendly hug and a kiss. We both were surprised at what we felt because we had never thought of each other in a sexual way before. But we kissed again and again. Ben's lips were so soft. We kissed for what seemed like a good many hours.

> ‘ It's easy for a young man to fall in love with a good-looking woman who is an experienced lover and horny, as well. ’

We both felt a little guilty, because we are both happily married. But there was so much electricity between us, we just couldn't stop. We were dynamite together! We knew just how and where to touch and kiss each other. I was never so turned on.

Ben and I continued to see each other discreetly for nine months. Then we mutually decided that we should go back to being platonic friends before one of our spouses found out, which would destroy both our marriages.

My problem is this: I'm feeling frustrated now because my husband doesn't satisfy me like Ben did. Ben was so responsive to my kissing his ears, neck, nipples—well, everywhere. My husband doesn't want me to "waste" my time on areas like that. He only likes me to give him head. Part of my excitement with Ben was being able to turn him on in many ways. The more excited he became, the hotter I got. I really miss not being able to give pleasure in many different ways. How can I get my husband to understand this? Or more importantly, how can I get him to enjoy being kissed and touched in other places besides his penis? I find myself longing for the variation and excitement that Ben and I had.—L. R.

In our relationships with the opposite sex we are constantly putting up with the second best, not because we aren't picky enough, but because we are all so different from each other in little ways. So to find a partner—particularly a husband or wife—who is lovable, let alone halfway compatible, is very hard.

You have, or you had, a lover who has all the necessary characteristics of an ideal lover. But he has one noticeable fault as husband material: He screws around. You, dear lady, have the same fault. So probably you would make some guy a wonderful mistress. But ask yourself, are you wife material? Now you have a husband whom you love, but it does not sound as if you could redesign his sexual tastes very much. Some men are like that. They don't know anything about sex, but they know what they like.

Send me your cop husband and I will teach him a thing or two, but he would probably come back to you with a sigh of relief. He is the kind of guy who prefers home cooking to the food you get in fancy restaurants, but he is a good, loving, reliable, faithful husband!

So if you want fancy fucking, find yourself another lover. The fact that it is forbidden fruit triples the turn-on. If your husband had a married girlfriend on the side, that would in all likelihood apply to him, too. She would be saying, "If only my husband made love to me like you do."

CREDITS

Page 6 left, Raphael Gaillarde Gamma-Liaison; **page 6 center top,** Andrew Unangst; **page 6 center bottom,** Alex Gnidziejko; **page 6 right top,** Jeffrey E. Blackman; **page 6 right bottom,** Jeffrey L. Rotman; **page 10,** Heinz Anger/Heinz Georg Killian; **page 20 top,** Earl Miller; **page 20 left,** J. Stephen Hicks; **page 20 right,** Michel Moreau; **page 22,** Rob Nelson Picture Group; **page 35,** Randy Mayor; **page 36,** AP Wide World; **page 37 left,** Peter Ellenshaw; **page 37 right,** Ken Regan Camera 5; **page 38,** Pat Hill; **page 40,** Raphael Gaillarde Gamma-Liaison; **page 41 top & bottom,** Raphael Gaillarde Gamma-Liaison; **page 41 center,** Patrice Habans Sygma; **page 109 left,** Diego Goldberg Sygma; **page 109 right,** John Seakwood Sygma; **page 110 top,** N. Moran Sygma; **page 110 bottom,** Michael & Barbara Reed Animals Animals; **page 111 left,** Tim Graham Sygma; **page 111 right,** Olga Spiegel; **page 143,** Al Robbins New York Post; **page 144 left,** Dean Musgrove Los Angeles Herald Examiner; **page 144 right,** AP Wide World; **page 145 top,** AP Wide World; **page 145 center,** Steven Fromm Delaware State News; **page 145 bottom,** William Karel Sygma; **page 154,** The Granger Collection; **page 162 top to bottom,** Rob Nelson Picture Group; Karen Barbour; David Michael Kennedy; Leonardo da Vinci Art Resource; Ted Thai Sygma

CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Dominique St. Croix was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Earl Miller photographed Adriana Boulyn, who appears on page 123, and the water nymph, who appears on page 44, with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, Harrison filters, and Norman strobes. Our love set, appearing on page 96, was photographed by David Schoen with a Nikon 35mm camera and Nikkor lenses.

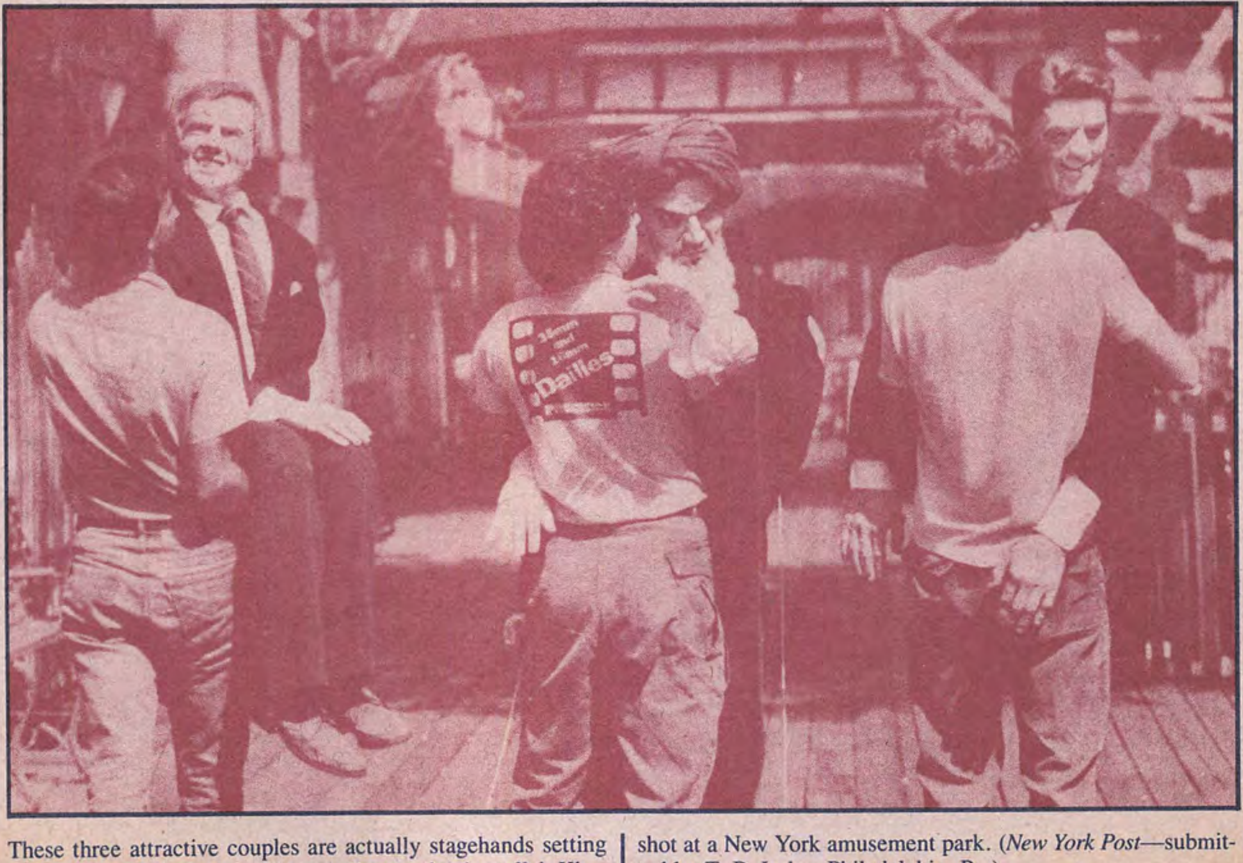
EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

© HARD TIMES, INC. *ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT* VOL. 5, NO. 3

WATCH THAT HAND, MR. PRESIDENT!



These three attractive couples are actually stagehands setting up mechanical dummies of Jimmy Carter, the Ayatollah Khomeini, and Ronald Reagan. The occasion was a music video shot at a New York amusement park. (*New York Post*—submitted by T. B. Lyles, Philadelphia, Pa.)

The middle one says, "Look, Imam, I'm dancin'!"—Editor

You Bed Your Life

Ever have those mornings when you can't get out of bed? Well, if you owned the Ultimate American Bed, you wouldn't have to. Inventor Terrel Sisson claims that this is the bed of the twenty-first century. It has a bar, a built-in television with remote control, a VCR and sound system, mood lights, full mirrors, air-conditioning, a telephone, drinking-glass holders, ashtrays, alarm clocks, and a digital control panel. When the bed is put into "Absolute Privacy Mode," the side panels come down from the canopy to completely enclose you. All this can be yours for $18,500, but the refrigerator, coffee maker, and video camera are optional. (*The Rocky Mountain News*—submitted by P. J. Noonan, Edgewater, Colo.)
That's one deal we want to sleep on.—Editor

MARINE OF THE YEAR: IS HE GAY?

Sergeant Rolf Lindblom, who was named Marine of the Year for 1984 in Los Angeles, has acknowledged that he is a homosexual and wants an honorable discharge. But his superiors claim that since Lindblom's enlistment is not up, he must prove he is homosexual before he can be discharged. "What they're asking is for me to make official statements that I have practiced homosexuality and committed sodomy," said Lindblom. "If I were to make those statements, they could court-martial me and destroy the character of my discharge." Lindblom could be court-martialed for homosexual acts on a military installation or for homosexual acts with another serviceman. The Marines are reluctant to discharge Lindblom just because he says he's gay. "That would be a very easy way for someone to back out of a military contract," said a spokesman for the Marines. (*Los Angeles Herald Examiner*—submitted by Daryl T. Lawrence, Barstow, Calif.)
That's one Marine who's looking for a few good men.—Editor

LITTLE AMAZONS ATTACK BOYS

The Oakland Beach Elementary School in Warwick, Rhode Island, has segregated recesses to protect the boys from the girls. "They kick them in the shins, pull their hair, and kick them . . . well, in various painful places," said the principal. The fights have been occurring daily since the school year began. An 11-year-old boy said, "They beat us up all the time. I've been kicked where it counts." (*The Register - Guard* — submitted by Michel Biedermann, Springfield, Oreg.)
In the battle of the sexes, we'd certainly score this round for the girls.—Editor

Is Nothing Sacred Department

The McDonald's in Anchorage, Alaska, had only enjoyed its 20-foot-tall, inflatable Ronald McDonald for five days when kidnappers took off with the mascot. A few days after the kidnapping, the *Anchorage Daily News* received a classic ransom note demanding a helicopter full of "Happy Meals"—including all four Leggo sets—for Ronald's safe return. Enclosed in the note was a color Polaroid of the kidnapping victim, looking slightly the worse for wear—Ronnie was definitely deflated. (*Anchorage Daily News*—submitted by Bill Schroff, Palmer, Alaska)
Hamburgler, meet McKidnapper.—Editor

A HEAVY DUDE

Benny McCrary and his late brother, Billy, won fame by being proclaimed the heaviest twins in the world. They parlayed their condition into a career as professional tag-team wrestlers. After Billy's death from heart failure, Benny retired to write a book on exercises for people who cannot lose weight. McCrary, at 814 pounds, says that he hoped to teach people who are overweight that they should still travel, exercise, find a spouse, and lead a normal life. Benny is married; he trained his wife, who now wrestles on the ladies' circuit. "Attitude is the big thing," he says. "You can walk around with a chip on your shoulder, but it doesn't do anybody any good." (*The Plain Dealer*—submitted by Jeffry L. Johnson, Cleveland, Ohio)
We'd pay a lot to see someone try to get ol' Benny in a body slam.—Editor

REAL BOOB-TUBE ADDICTS

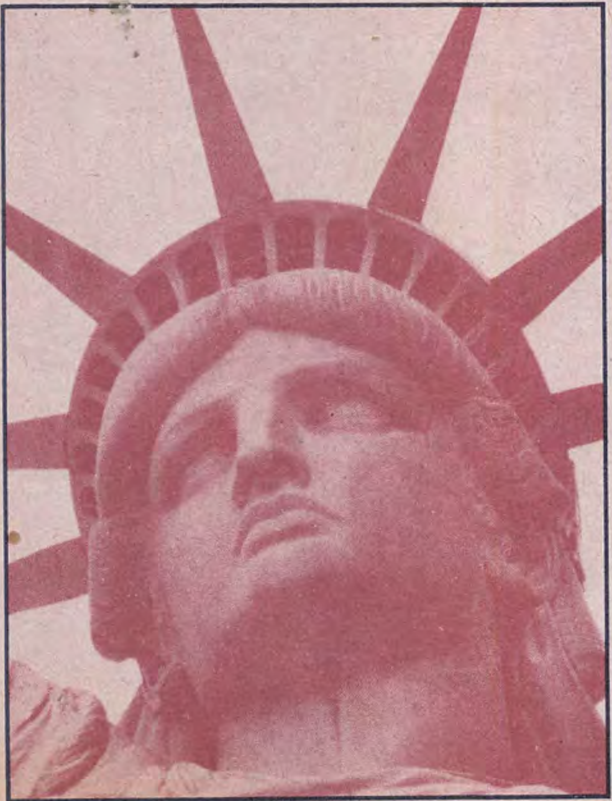
Fire fighters in Smethwick, England, discovered Nancy Thurlow and her daughter sitting in a burning bedroom upstairs in their house watching "St. Elsewhere" on TV. Husband George waved firemen on to save whole family. (*San Francisco Chronicle*—submitted by James A. Morrison, Brisbane, Calif.)

They must have been glued to the screen.—Editor

Dead Chicken Patrol

Sussex County in Delaware is the chicken capital of America. Ergo, it also leads the country in number of dead chickens on the road. To keep track of the fowl fatalities, radio station WSEA in Georgetown has instituted the Dead Chicken Patrol. Every time motorists spot a flattened chicken, they call up the station. WSEA responds with the hourly Dead Chicken Updates: a screech of tires, the death cackle of a chicken, and a report on where the fresh corpse is located. The creed of the Dead Chicken Patrol is: "We really don't care who joins. We don't even care if your credit is good. The important thing is you're sick enough to look for dead chickens on the highway and call us. That way motorists will be able to avoid them or run them over, depending upon their disposition." (*Delaware State News*—submitted by John Weber, Dover, Del.)

Not many chickens cross the road safely in Delaware.—Editor



HEY, BUDDY, WANT TO BUY A STATUE?

The Jersey City tax collector threatened to put the Statue of Liberty up for sale—because the U.S. Government has run up a water bill of $958,000 since 1982. The Jersey City mayor protested, saying that selling the statue would be "anti-American . . . like selling your grandmother." The mayor would rather sue the government to collect the money. Under state law, properties that are three years in arrears on a water bill can be auctioned. (*New York Daily News*—submitted by Gary E. Starr, Walla Walla, Wash.)

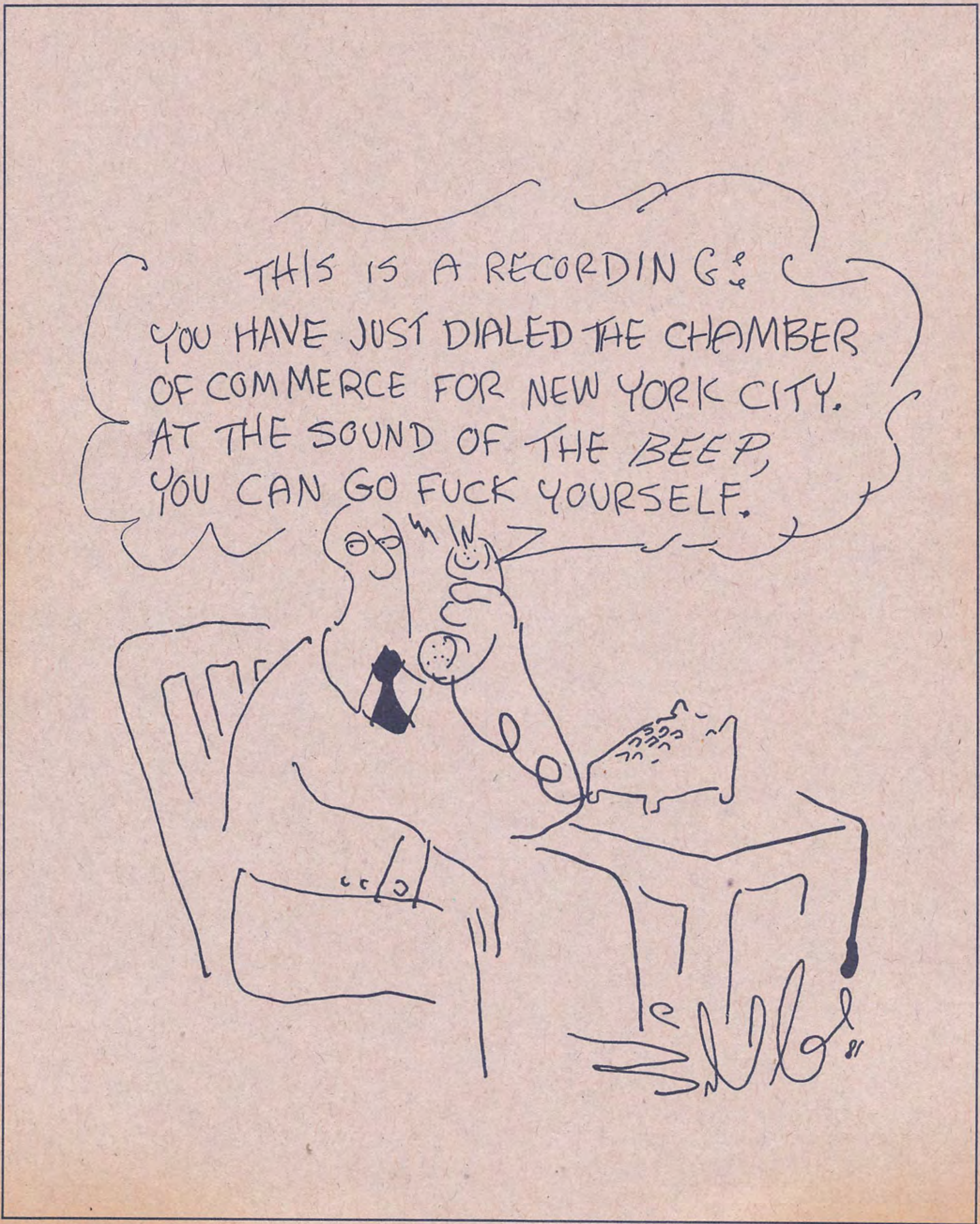
Leona Helmsley would turn it into a hotel, and Donald Trump would move it to the Meadowlands.—Editor

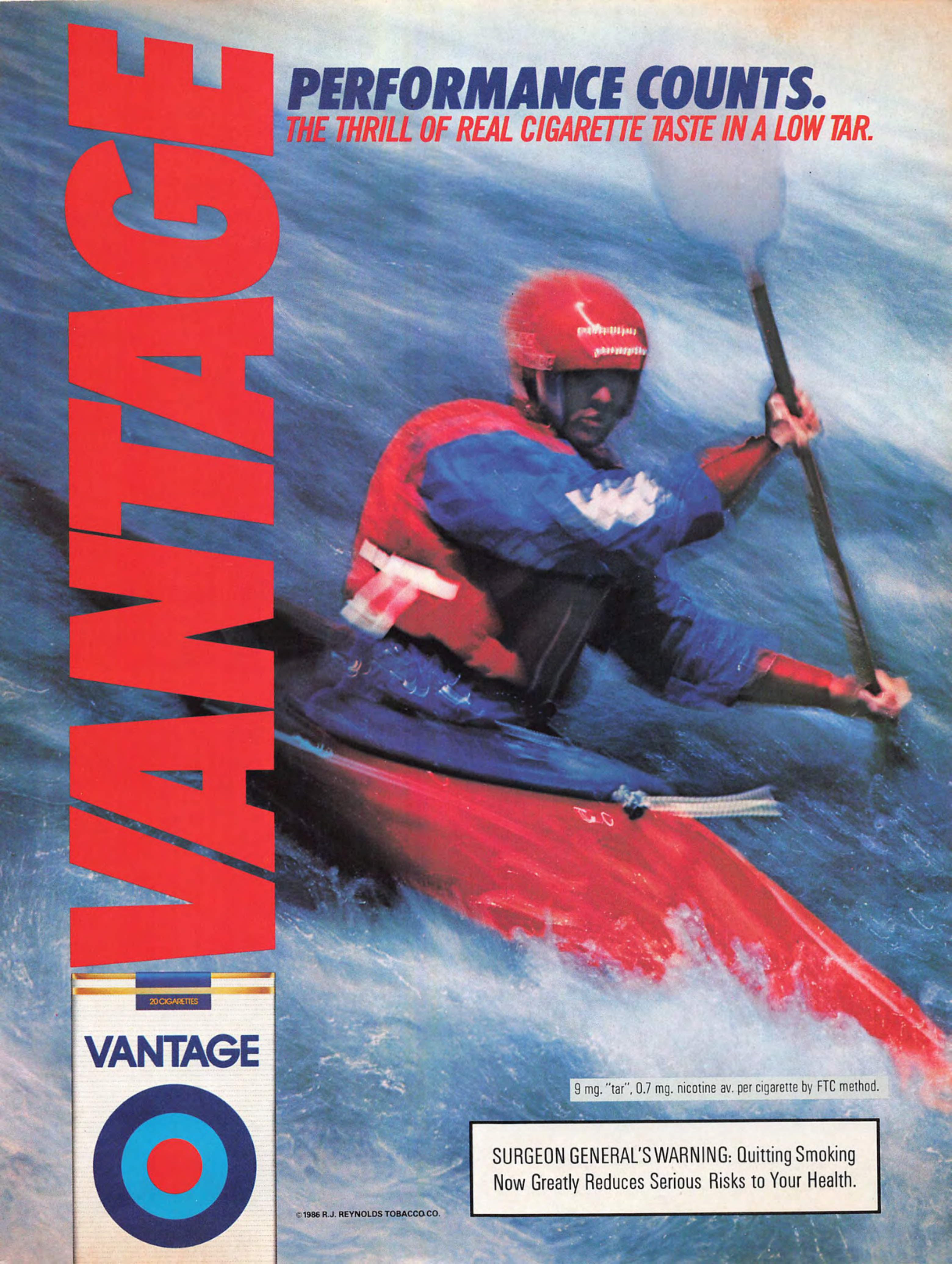
EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE


THIS IS A RECORDING:
YOU HAVE JUST DIALED THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE FOR NEW YORK CITY. AT THE SOUND OF THE BEEP, YOU CAN GO FUCK YOURSELF.
'81


VANTAGE
20 CIGARETTES
VANTAGE

PERFORMANCE COUNTS.

THE THRILL OF REAL CIGARETTE TASTE IN A LOW TAR.

9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

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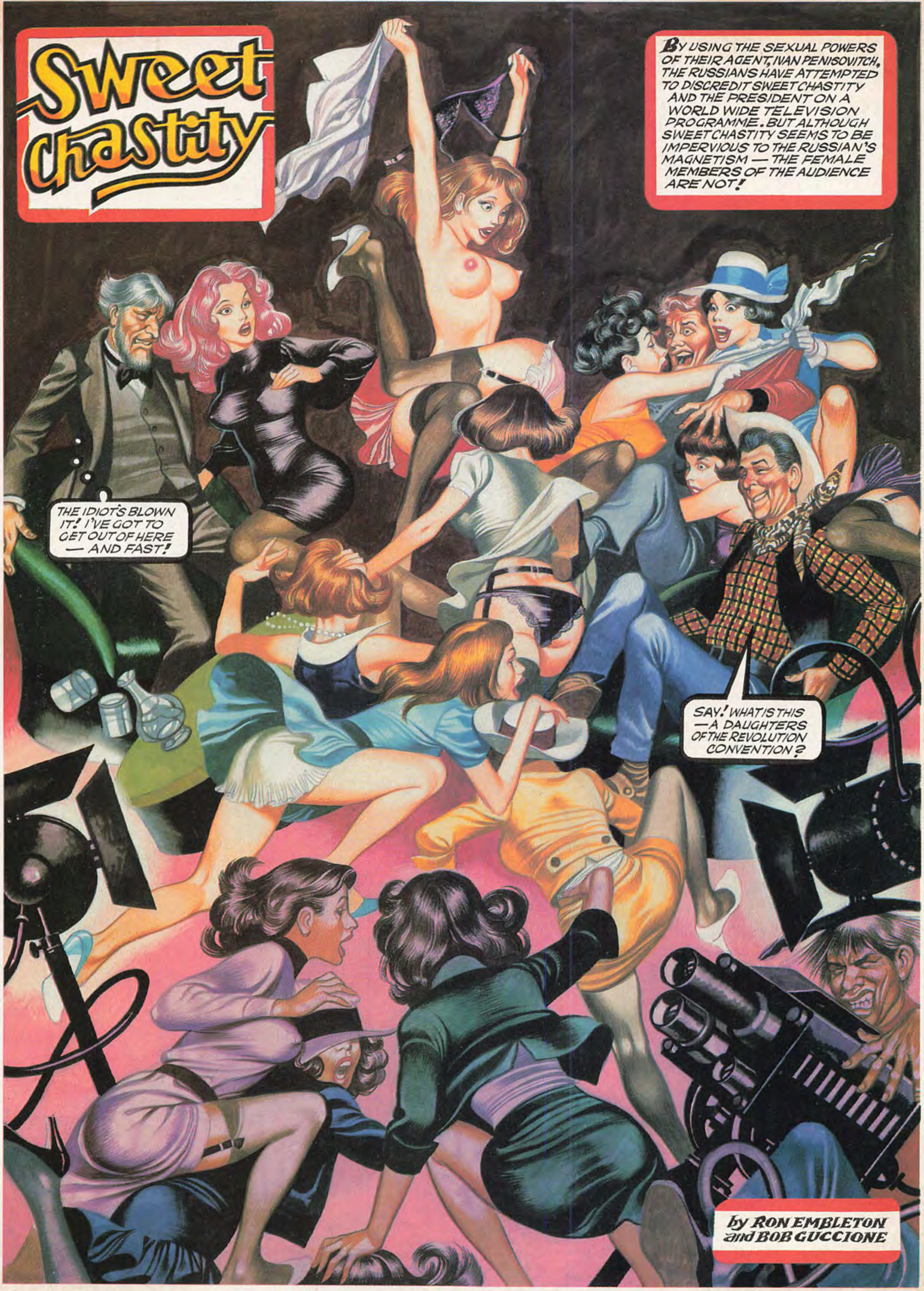
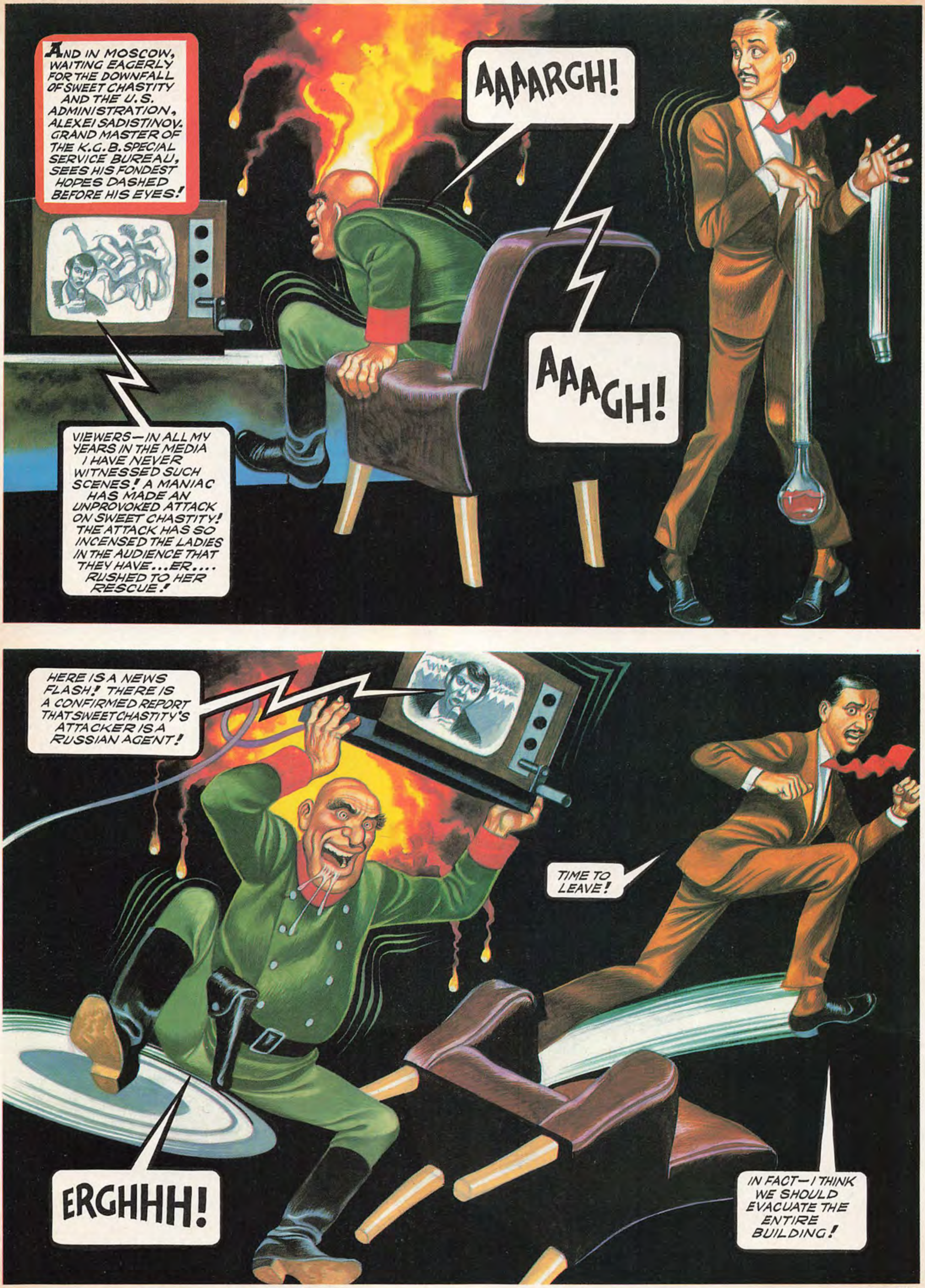
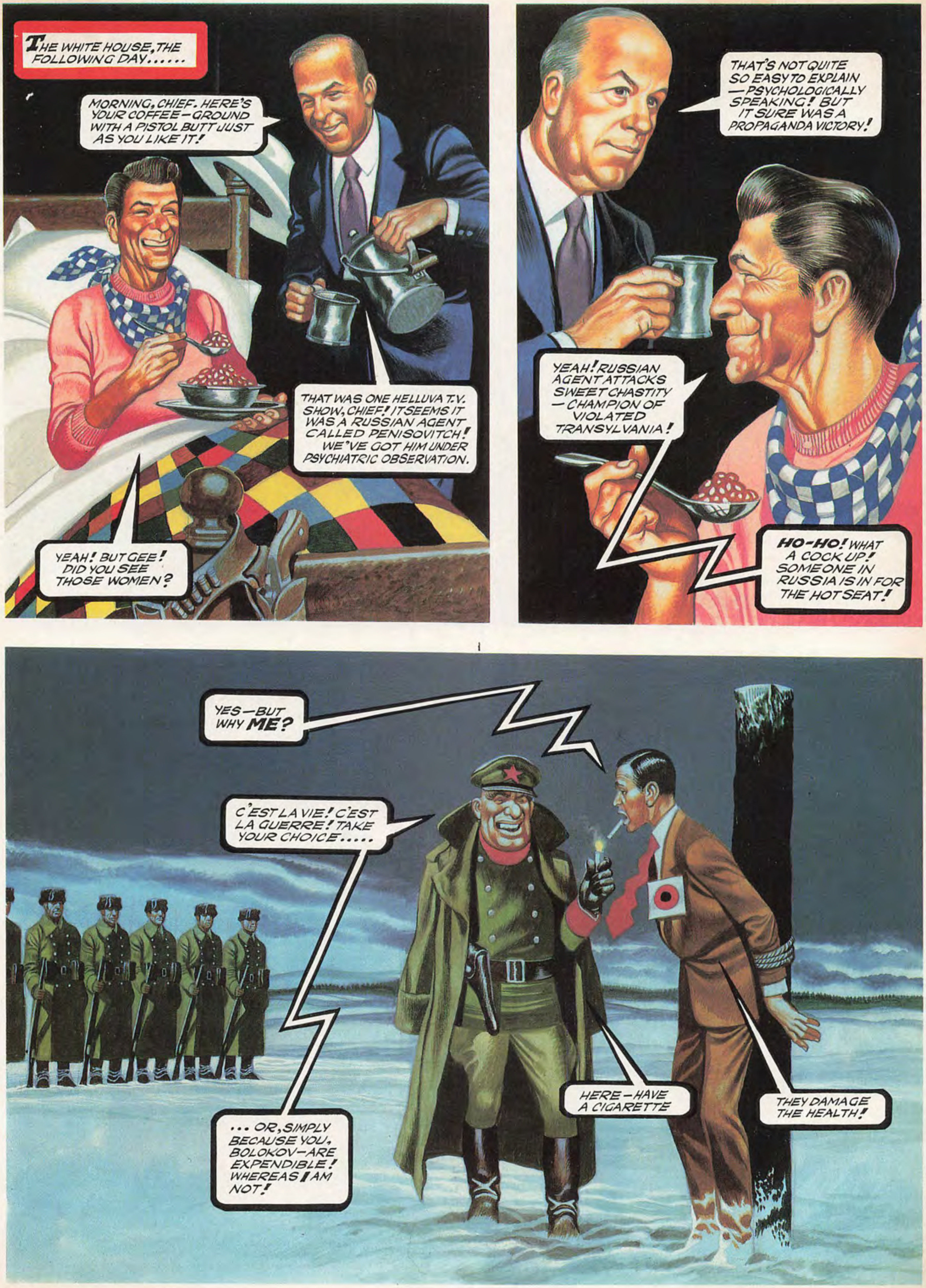
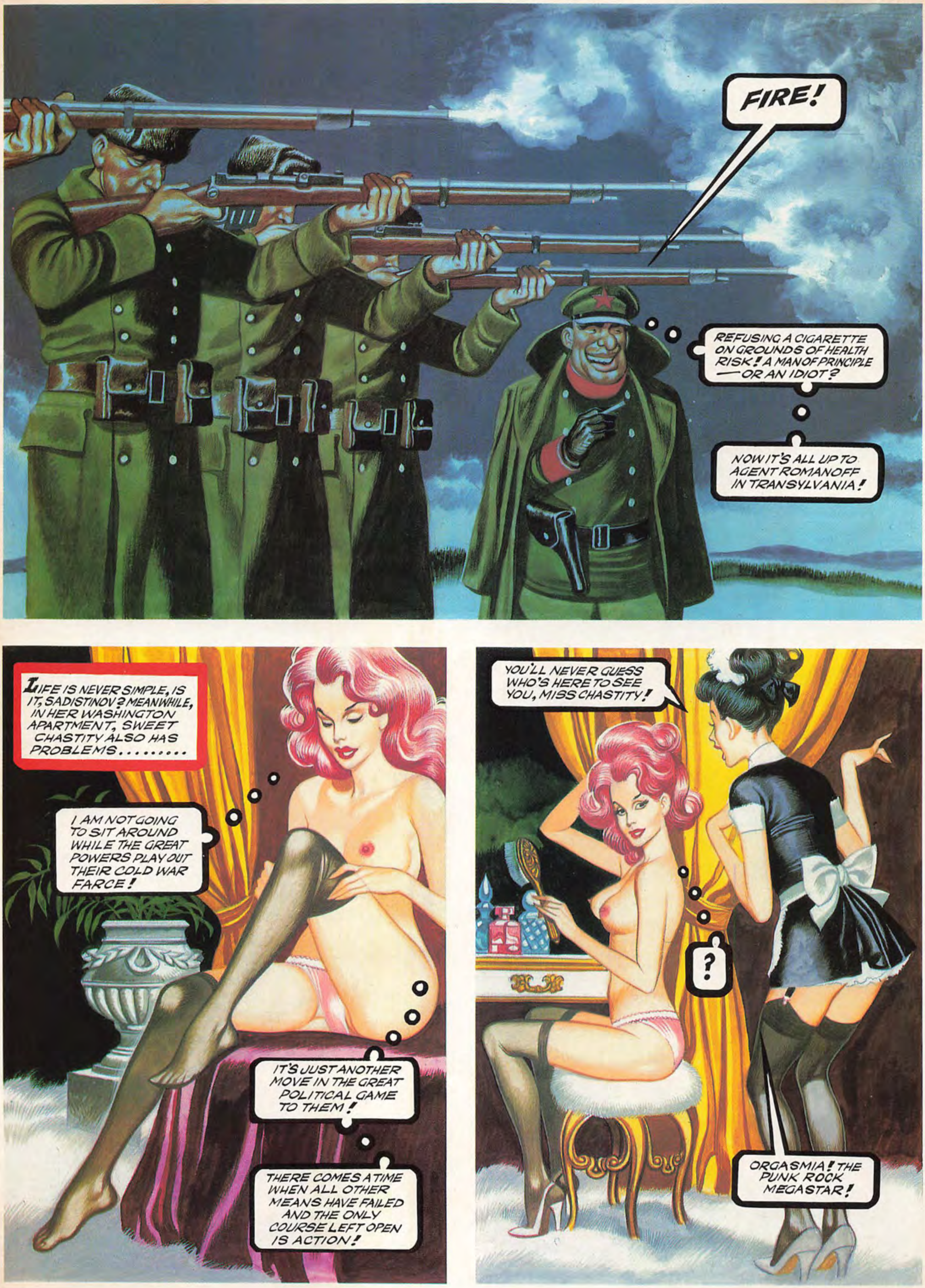
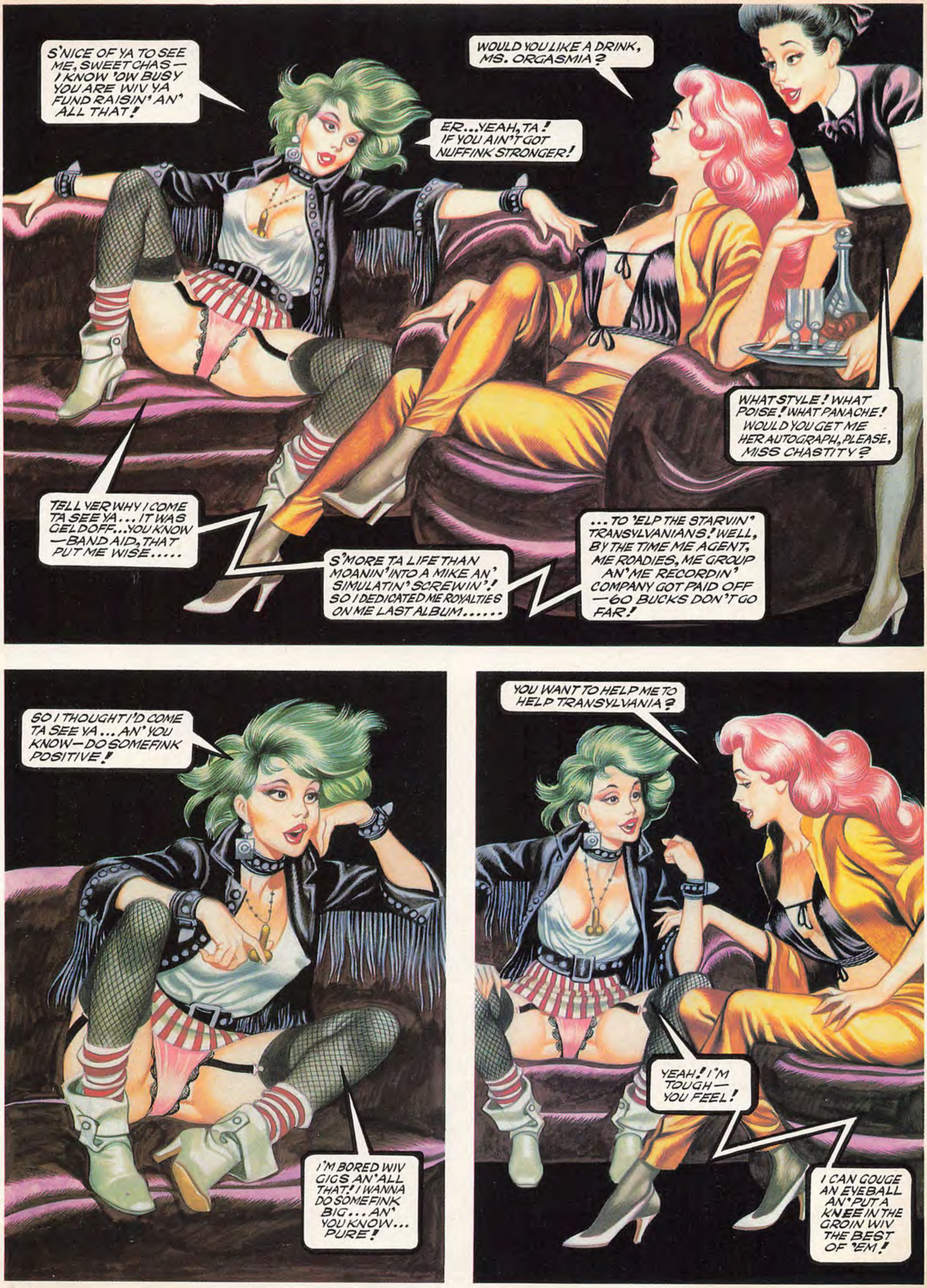
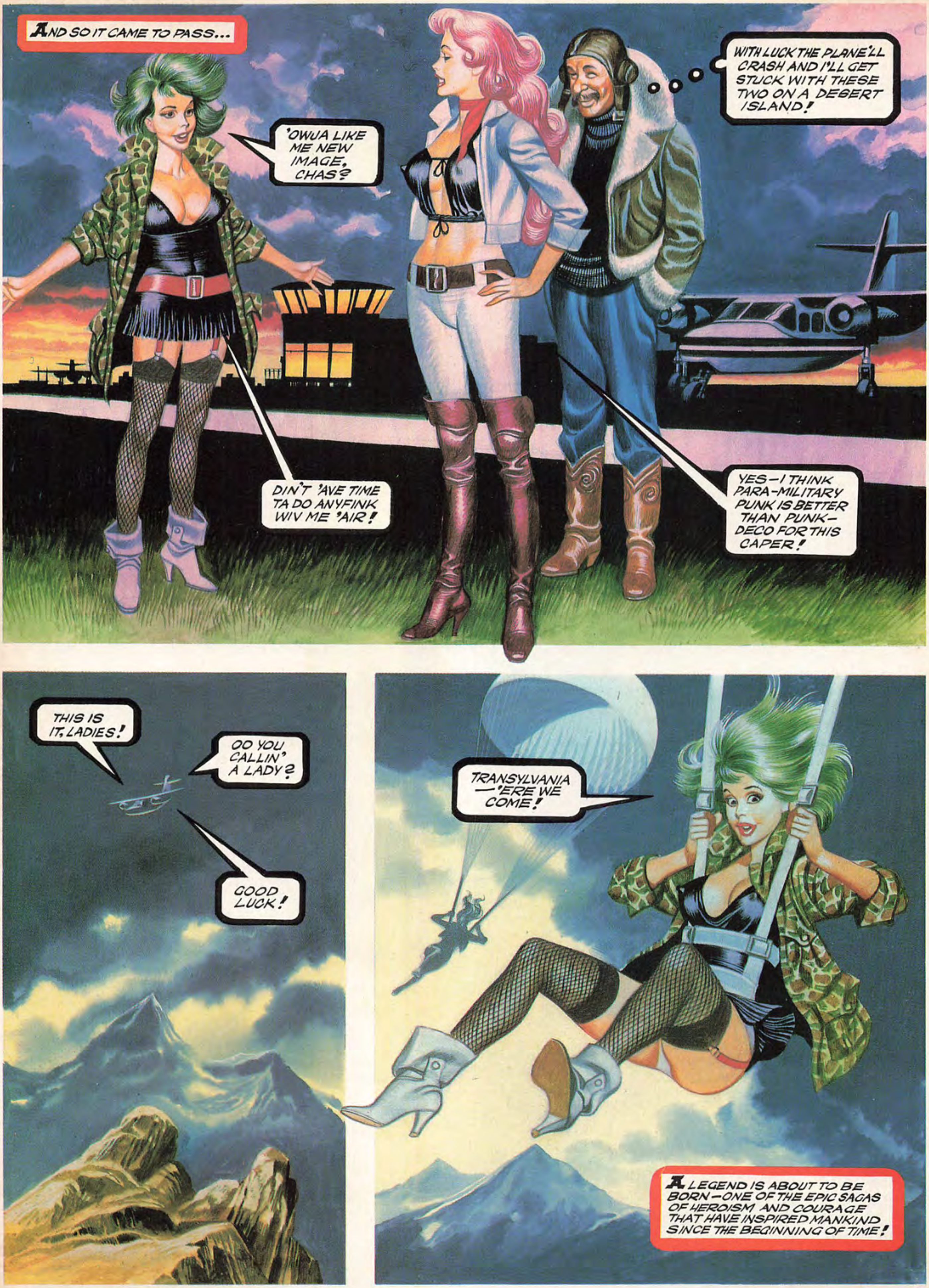

Sweet chastity
BY USING THE SEXUAL POWERS OF THEIR AGENT, IVAN PENISOVITCH, THE RUSSIANS HAVE ATTEMPTED TO DISCREDIT SWEET CHASTITY AND THE PRESIDENT ON A WORLD WIDE TELEVISION PROGRAMME. BUT ALTHOUGH SWEET CHASTITY SEEMS TO BE IMPERVIOUS TO THE RUSSIAN'S MAGNETISM — THE FEMALE MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE ARE NOT!
THE IDIOT'S BLOWN IT! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE — AND FAST!
SAY! WHAT IS THIS — A DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION CONVENTION?
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE


AND IN MOSCOW, WAITING EAGERLY FOR THE DOWNFALL OF SWEET CHASTITY AND THE U.S. ADMINISTRATION, ALEXEI SADISTINOV, GRAND MASTER OF THE K.G.B. SPECIAL SERVICE BUREAU, SEES HIS FONDEST HOPES DASHED BEFORE HIS EYES!
AAAARGH!
AAAGH!
VIEWERS—IN ALL MY YEARS IN THE MEDIA I HAVE NEVER WITNESSED SUCH SCENES! A MANIAC HAS MADE AN UNPROVOKED ATTACK ON SWEET CHASTITY! THE ATTACK HAS SO INCENSED THE LADIES IN THE AUDIENCE THAT THEY HAVE...ER.... RUSHED TO HER RESCUE!
HERE IS A NEWS FLASH! THERE IS A CONFIRMED REPORT THAT SWEET CHASTITY'S ATTACKER IS A RUSSIAN AGENT!
TIME TO LEAVE!
ERGHHH!
IN FACT—I THINK WE SHOULD EVACUATE THE ENTIRE BUILDING!


THE WHITE HOUSE, THE FOLLOWING DAY......
MORNING, CHIEF. HERE'S YOUR COFFEE—GROUND WITH A PISTOL BUTT JUST AS YOU LIKE IT!
THAT WAS ONE HELLUVA T.V. SHOW, CHIEF! IT SEEMS IT WAS A RUSSIAN AGENT CALLED PENISOVITCH! WE'VE GOT HIM UNDER PSYCHIATRIC OBSERVATION.
YEAH! BUT GEE! DID YOU SEE THOSE WOMEN?
THAT'S NOT QUITE SO EASY TO EXPLAIN —PSYCHOLOGICALLY SPEAKING! BUT IT SURE WAS A PROPAGANDA VICTORY!
YEAH! RUSSIAN AGENT ATTACKS SWEET CHASTITY —CHAMPION OF VIOLATED TRANSYLVANIA!
HO-HO! WHAT A COCK UP! SOMEONE IN RUSSIA IS IN FOR THE HOT SEAT!
YES—BUT WHY ME?
C'EST LA VIE! C'EST LA GUERRE! TAKE YOUR CHOICE.....
... OR, SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU, BOLOKOV—ARE EXPENDIBLE! WHEREAS I AM NOT!
HERE—HAVE A CIGARETTE
THEY DAMAGE THE HEALTH!


FIRE!
REFUSING A CIGARETTE ON GROUNDS OF HEALTH RISK! A MAN OF PRINCIPLE — OR AN IDIOT?
NOW IT'S ALL UP TO AGENT ROMANOFF IN TRANSYLVANIA!
LIFE IS NEVER SIMPLE, IS IT, SADISTINOV? MEANWHILE, IN HER WASHINGTON APARTMENT, SWEET CHASTITY ALSO HAS PROBLEMS.........
I AM NOT GOING TO SIT AROUND WHILE THE GREAT POWERS PLAY OUT THEIR COLD WAR FARCE!
IT'S JUST ANOTHER MOVE IN THE GREAT POLITICAL GAME TO THEM!
THERE COMES A TIME WHEN ALL OTHER MEANS HAVE FAILED AND THE ONLY COURSE LEFT OPEN IS ACTION!
YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHO'S HERE TO SEE YOU, MISS CHASTITY!
?
ORGASMIA! THE PUNK ROCK MEGASTAR!


S'NICE OF YA TO SEE ME, SWEET CHAS— I KNOW 'OW BUSY YOU ARE WIV YA FUND RAISIN' AN' ALL THAT!
WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK, MS. ORGASMIA?
ER...YEAH, TA! IF YOU AIN'T GOT NUFFINK STRONGER!
WHAT STYLE! WHAT POISE! WHAT PANACHE! WOULD YOU GET ME HER AUTOGRAPH, PLEASE, MISS CHASTITY?
TELL YER WHY I COME TA SEE YA... IT WAS GELDOFF...YOU KNOW —BAND AID, THAT PUT ME WISE.....
S'MORE TA LIFE THAN MOANIN' INTO A MIKE AN' SIMULATIN' SCREWIN'! SO I DEDICATED ME ROYALTIES ON ME LAST ALBUM......
...TO 'ELP THE STARVIN' TRANSYLVANIANS! WELL, BY THE TIME ME AGENT, ME ROADIES, ME GROUP AN' ME RECORDIN' COMPANY GOT PAID OFF —60 BUCKS DON'T GO FAR!
SO I THOUGHT I'D COME TA SEE YA... AN' YOU KNOW—DO SOMEFINK POSITIVE!
I'M BORED WIV GIGS AN' ALL THAT! I WANNA DO SOMEFINK BIG... AN' YOU KNOW... PURE!
YOU WANT TO HELP ME TO HELP TRANSYLVANIA?
YEAH! I'M TOUGH— YOU FEEL!
I CAN GOUGE AN EYEBALL AN' PUT A KNEE IN THE GROIN WIV THE BEST OF 'EM!


AND SO IT CAME TO PASS...
'OWJA LIKE ME NEW IMAGE, CHAS?
WITH LUCK THE PLANE'LL CRASH AND I'LL GET STUCK WITH THESE TWO ON A DESERT ISLAND!
DIN'T 'AVE TIME TA DO ANYFINK WIV ME 'AIR!
YES—I THINK PARA-MILITARY PUNK IS BETTER THAN PUNK-DECO FOR THIS CAPER!
THIS IS IT, LADIES!
OO YOU CALLIN' A LADY?
GOOD LUCK!
TRANSYLVANIA—'ERE WE COME!
A LEGEND IS ABOUT TO BE BORN—ONE OF THE EPIC SAGAS OF HEROISM AND COURAGE THAT HAVE INSPIRED MANKIND SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME!

Don't be an April fool:
Enter *Penthouse* Competition No. 8.

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

A couple of years ago, when April 1 fell on a Sunday, Martin Gardner wrote in a magazine article that Congress had decreed that that year April Fools' Day would be celebrated on the next day, April 2. We don't know how many people followed his advice, but this year, not to worry—the Day of All Fools will fall, and be celebrated, on a Tuesday.

In school we knew a guy who couldn't wait for April 1 every year—it was a bigger event for him than Christmas. In the previous weeks he plotted and planned all the ways he could fool his sister. His campaign would start at breakfast—he'd put salt in the sugar bowl, or grape juice in the milk carton. His sister couldn't care less about this "special" day—it was all foolishness to her—and this irritated our friend no end, since the prime target of his prankery wasn't into the game. Once, on the morning of the big day he warned her, playfully, "You'd better be careful today. You never know when someone is going to pull an April Fools' joke on you. Are you planning to pull one on me?"

"What do you mean?" she said. "Today is April second. April Fools' Day was *yesterday*." Our friend was dumbfounded. His mind was reeling—calculating calendar days, wondering how he could have gotten it wrong. Finally, the sister's ad-lib joke became clear: "April fool!" she said.

There is something of the April spirit in each of the 25 questions that follow. They are the kind that can lead your mind astray—you find yourself thinking along one line and find later that your first impressions were way off the mark. So read the questions carefully, and watch out for squirting flowers. A score of ten or more correct is good, 15 or more is excellent, and 20 or more means you could be an IRS auditor.

1. GRAND TOTAL. How many three-cent stamps are in a dozen?

2. HAY THERE. Dobbin the horse is tied to a 40-foot rope. There is a haystack 50 feet away from him. Dobbin is able to eat the hay, yet the rope doesn't break or stretch in any way. How is this possible?

3. LEAP TOAD. A toad is at the bottom of a 20-foot well with very slippery sides. Once an hour he jumps up three feet and slips back two. At that rate, with no time off for sleep, how many hours will it take the toad to get out of the well?

Boris wasn't Frankenstein—who was he?

4. BORIS'S START. Ask most people what role Boris Karloff played in his most popular movie, and they will say, "Frankenstein." In fact, this answer is incorrect. Why?

5. COLD COMFORT. It's a freezing night, and you finally reach a mountain cabin that has been rented to you for the weekend. The electricity has been knocked out—there are no lights, and no heat. There is a fireplace with a stack of wood in it, a wood-burning stove, an oil lamp, and a candle. You search your pockets and find that you have a single wooden match. You look at the resources you have available. What will you light first?

6. LIBRARY LOGIC. While walking through the stacks of a local library, you see on the binding of a book, "VOLIX." How should this be pronounced?

7. FIT TO READ. A young woman we know says that after she has had a physical workout she can read through an entire issue of *Penthouse* in 90 minutes, but if she skips the workout and eats a pint of Häagen-Dazs chocolate chocolate-chip ice cream, it takes her an hour and a half to get through an issue. Why the difference?

8. FARE QUESTION. You are a bus driver on the Broadway line. There are ten passengers on the bus. At the first stop, five passengers get on and two get off. At the second stop, three passengers get on and one gets off. At the third stop, no passengers get on and two get off. Question: How old is the bus driver?

9. MATCH POINT. Robert and Kathy played five games of backgammon. Robert won three games and lost two. Kathy also won three games and lost two. How is that possible?

10. DON'T ATTEMPT IT. In most states, the commission of a certain crime is not punishable. However, the state can and often does punish a person for *attempting* to commit it. What's the crime?

11. HOLE TRUTH. How many cubic feet of dirt are there in a hole two feet wide, 36 inches long, and one yard deep?

12. ASIDE FROM NOT MAKING MUCH SENSE . . . What is unusual about this sentence: "Jackdaws love my big sphinx of quartz"?

13. HANDS. Some clocks have only two hands on them. When there is a third hand added, what is it called?

14. COFFEE ACHIEVER. A customer in a restaurant found a dead fly in his coffee. He sent the waiter back for a fresh cup. After taking one sip, he shouted,

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KOOL
KOOL
Filters
MENTHOL
KOOL
FILTERS
COME UP TO
NEW KOOL BOX

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

GAMES

"This is the same cup of coffee I had before!" How did he know?

15. SIMPLE SUBTRACTION. How many times can you take 5 from 25?

16. PEAS IN A POD. Elmer and Cosmo have the same father and the same mother. They were born on the same day of the same year. They look almost exactly alike. Yet they are *not* twins. How is this possible?

17. RUNNING LESSONS? While walking in a library, you see a book with "HOW TO JOG" on its binding. Since you're trying to get in shape and want to pick up any tips you can, you check the book out. When you get home you find that the book has absolutely nothing to do with physical fitness. What kind of book did you check out?

18. NO YOLK. Is it correct to say that the yolk of an egg *is* white or that the yolk of an egg *are* white?

19. CHURCH POSITION. Does the Roman Catholic church allow a man to marry his widow's sister?

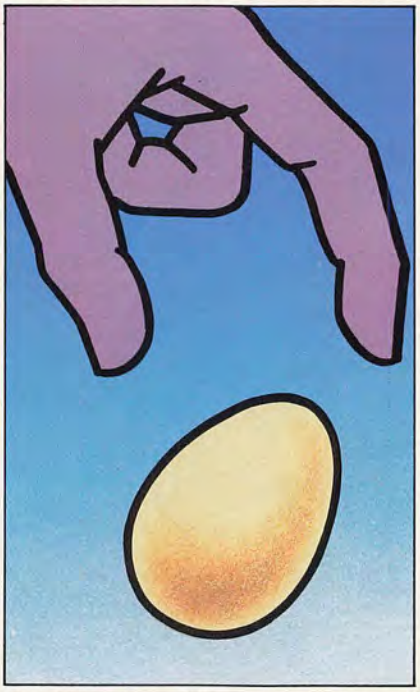
20. POSITION TWO. Whatever you answered to the above question, think again. According to Louis Phillips in his recent book, *263 Brain Busters*, there is an actual case of a man who married his widow's sister. How was it possible?

21. GETTING TO WORK. A study was made of all the mechanical forms of transportation people use every day to get from their homes to work. What mode of transportation turned out to be the most common of all?

22. MATCH WITS. How can you make a cube with five paper matches? No bending, breaking, or splitting of matches allowed.

23. EGG DROP. I have a raw egg. How can I drop it five feet over a solid cement floor without breaking its shell? (There is no "cushion" on the floor.)

24. LADDER. A ship in port has a rope ladder that hangs over the side and into the water. The rungs on the ladder are exactly a foot apart, from center to center. At low tide, three rungs of the ladder are underwater. How many rungs will be underwater at high tide, which is exactly three feet higher than low tide?



The dropped egg: Why doesn't it break?

25. WATCH IT! How many times do the two hands of a clock cross each other in 12 hours? The hands are exactly together at noon, and again at about five minutes after one, and again at about ten after two, and so on. Warning: There's no trick answer here, but people have been known to disagree heatedly. *Penthouse* cannot be responsible for any effect this puzzle has on your personal relationships. With such a provocative introduction, we deem it fair to withhold the answer until next month's column.

COMPETITION NO. 8:
WHO'S A FOOL?

You've seen gags like these before—perhaps even some of these very ones. *Penthouse* Competition No. 8 is for more of the same. We're looking for more questions of the type that lead you down the primrose path of logic and then slap you around with a "twist" answer. We'll award the grand-prize winner a Canon AE-1 Program SLR camera. Two runners-up will each receive a Sony Watchman black-and-white TV with a two-inch screen, and seven other winners will each receive $25 cash. All ten winners will also be awarded a one-year subscription to *Penthouse*.

All entries become the property of *Penthouse;* none will be returned. Deadline: May 1, 1986. Send entries to *Penthouse* Competition No. 8, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965.

Answers:

1. GRAND. Twelve.

2. HAY. The other end of the rope isn't tied to anything.

3. TOAD. Eighteen hours. The usual answer is 20, since there seems to be a one-foot gain per hour. But at the end of the 17th hour, our toad would be three feet from the upper rim. In the next hour, the 18th, his three-foot jump will take him out of the well.

4. BORIS. Karloff played Frankenstein's monster. Frankenstein—Dr. Victor Frankenstein—was the mad scientist who created him.

5. COLD. The match.

6. LIBRARY. "Volume nine."

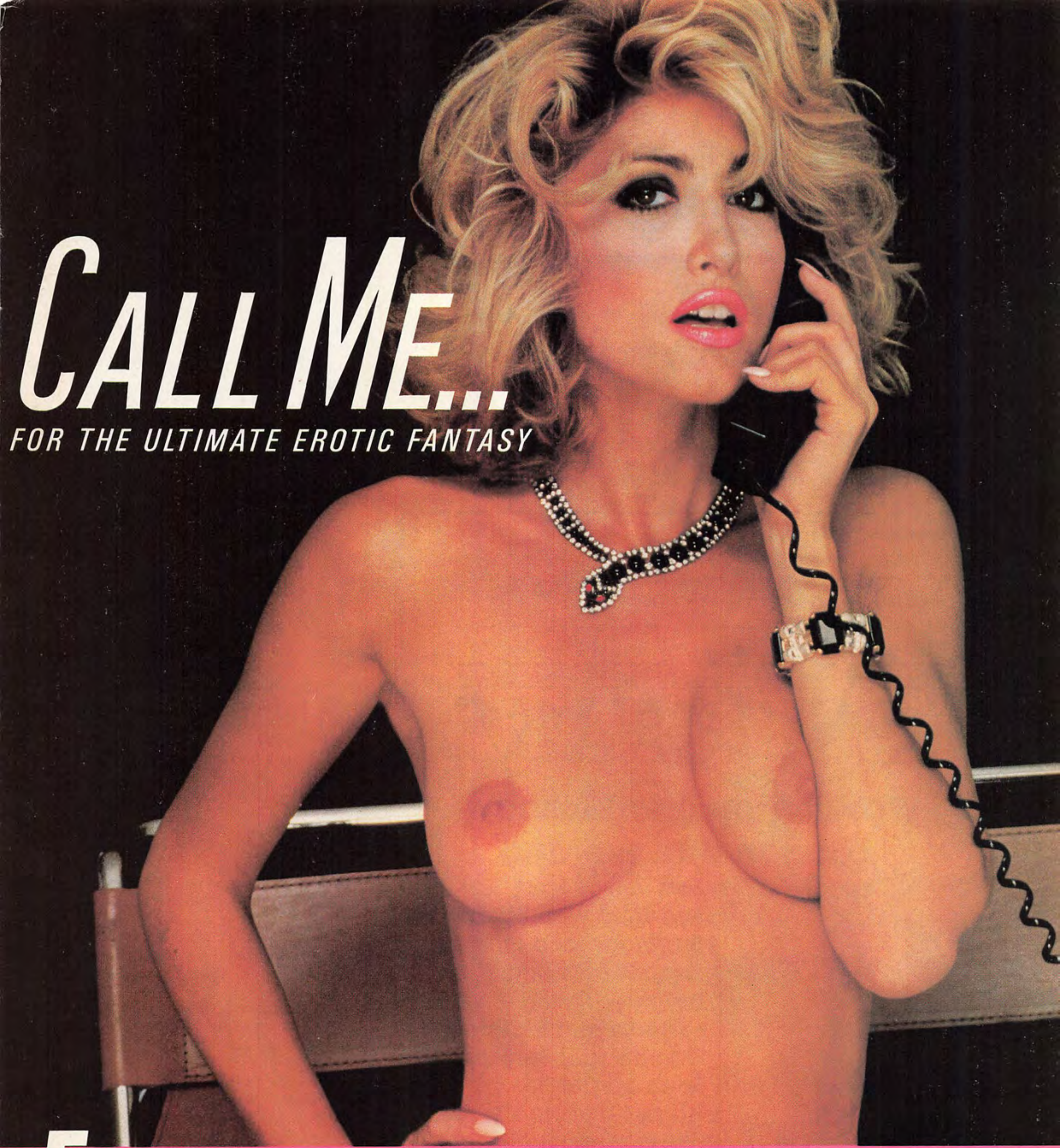
7. FIT. There is no difference. Ninety minutes *is* an hour and a half.

8. FARE. Since we said that "you" are the bus driver, the correct answer is your own age.

9. MATCH POINT. They weren't playing against each other.

10. ATTEMPT. Suicide.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

denly yelled a loud "shit," and her smile unfortunately faded. She said that she had left her money back at her apartment, which was a 20-minute walk away.

My first thought was to just give it to her for free, but I decided to play it out just a little and see what would happen. I asked her how she expected to pay me, and all of a sudden her knockout smile appeared, along with a sudden bulge in my pants. "I have ways," she said, and she quickly stepped around the counter. It seemed as if my dream was to turn into a reality.

With professional ease, she unzippered my pants and let my powerhouse pepperoni fall into the open. She mentioned something about my hammer rising a lot faster than pizza dough before she began to slowly lick the head of my cock. Her tongue darted around the top of my penis as she played with my balls. She then engulfed my cock almost entirely—quite a feat, considering its eight-inch length. I let her lips work away at me for a while, but pulled out as I felt the mass explosion nearing. I wanted to make sure that this woman paid the full price for that pizza.

I took her by the hand and brought her into the back room, where the dough is made. We both stripped, and I nearly blew my wad as her breasts popped loose from her bra. They were creamy white, slightly larger than normal size, and just begging to be sucked on. She smiled seductively at me as she took off her panties, revealing a wet, succulent pussy. As I approached her I grasped a tit in each hand and began to squeeze them. I bent my head down and nibbled and licked at her nipples. She moaned and begged for more delight.

While I left my hands to play with her bountiful breasts, I moved my face down toward her dripping delight. I playfully nipped at the hairs around her opening until she finally begged me to enter her with my tongue. Not being one to disobey an order, I shot my tongue into her snatch and she let out a loud moan of delight. As I worked my tongue around the walls of her cavern, I took my hands from her breasts and latched onto her firm behind. The sound her ass made slapping against my hands turned me on even more, and I buried my face even deeper into her pussy. After a while the softness of her wet snatch caused my massive hard-on to ache, and I knew that it was zero hour. As I slowly stood up, I let my steamy sausage rub along her inner thigh. She uttered, "Fuck me," as my cock reached its destination. I gave her a deep and lasting kiss as I squeezed her tits together and playfully rubbed the head of my cock around the outside of her begging pussy.

"Not here," I said, though I wanted

nothing more than to enter her that very second. I led her to an adjacent room where bags of flour were stacked and could act as something of a bed. Hoping to make this homemade bed a little softer, I broke open a few of the bags and dumped the flour onto the stack. Julia laughed and climbed onto the bed. She pulled me onto the stack by my cock and forced her mouth to mine. Our tongues mixed with each other as we rolled around on the flour bed. I gave her ass a playful slap and laughed as the flour rose into the air. Thinking it funny, Julia gave me a slap as well. She started to giggle, but it soon turned into a moan as I guided my missile into her warm and inviting pussy. Moving my face down, I once again found her jutting breasts. I licked and played with them as I pumped furiously in and out of her dripping crevice. Her panting became louder while the slapping of our skin increased in speed. Moving my tongue up toward her face, I licked and sucked her neck and eventually found her pouting lips. I buried my tongue in her mouth. Our kissing reached a sensual frenzy as I felt my load building to an uncontrollable level. With one mighty and resounding pump, I made an eruption that would put any volcano to shame. My moan mixed with her sudden scream, which indicated that she was having an orgasm as well.

After our ecstasy subsided, we looked down at each other and laughed, since we were both as white as ghosts. After we quickly toweled down and dressed, I told Julia that the pizza was now rightfully hers. She thanked me with a long tongue kiss and left with her pizza.

Now every time that I see a pizza ordered for "Julia," I laugh to myself and find it impossible to stop my cock from rising. All in all, it was a very saucy and spicy experience.—*Name and address withheld*

ACES HIGH

About three months ago, four of us who work for the same company decided to form a poker club. We play one night a week and rotate each week to another house. Our stakes are not high: nickel ante and pot limit. That way no one wins or loses much. The host furnishes the refreshments, which are generally served by his wife. We are all married, and none of the women like to play poker. We play on Thursday nights and usually start at 7:30 and quit at ten. This gives us a chance to get to bed at a reasonable hour because we work on Friday.

One night we were playing at Sam and Martha's house. They have a one-bedroom apartment and a four-year-old daughter who sleeps in the bedroom with them. That night, when Martha came into the kitchen to serve us cold cuts and beer, she had changed from what she was wearing when we first arrived. Now she had on a pair of skintight white shorts that revealed more than they hid. Above the

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waist she had on a peasant blouse that must have been three sizes too large for her, and when she would bend over to serve us our plates, the blouse would drop down enough for us to see all of her down to her toes. She was very deliberate and slow in her actions to let us get a good look.

After she returned to the living room (we were playing in the kitchen), she seated herself on the couch where we could see her. She pretended to read for a few minutes, then she said she thought she would do some of her stretching exercises. Now we were really getting horny.

About 9:15, Martha went into the bedroom, and in about ten minutes returned—this time with a short terry-cloth robe on that reached about midway to her thighs. This was Sam's cue to tell us Martha had something to suggest. Although we had no idea what it was, we all answered together, "Go ahead." She untied the sash and let the robe fall open to reveal that charming body with nothing hiding it. She said that to spice up the evening, she thought we could play the last hand for 30 minutes' time with her. The winner would get the 30 minutes with her to do anything he wanted, and she would get the pot. As horny as she had gotten us, we jumped at the chance. We also decided that the next hand would be the last hand; nobody wanted to wait.

Our pots usually don't amount to much over $3, but this time, when Jerry won, there was $25 in the pot. "Lucky bastard," Bill and I said, and Sam just grinned while Jerry immediately jumped up and asked, "Where will we do this?" Sam got a roll-away bed from the closet and opened it right in the living room. By now, Martha had dropped the robe to the floor. What a sight that was! Sam opened another beer for himself, Bill, and me, and we turned our chairs to face the bed.

Jerry had already taken his clothes off and had a partial hard-on when he lay down on the bed. Martha immediately took his cock in her mouth and began to do tricks with it. She licked it and played with his balls while Jerry moaned and Martha turned her ass to us so we could see her pussy. In a matter of seconds Jerry told her he wanted to put it in, and Martha rolled over and spread her legs wide. Jerry mounted her and started pumping, while Martha's legs wound tighter and tighter around his back. Martha just moaned and hung on while Jerry bounced that bed until we thought it would collapse. After he shot his load, he rolled off Martha, and she asked Sam to get her a towel from the bathroom.

Jerry said he would like to have a beer while he rested a minute, and Martha came into the kitchen to get him one. As she passed by me she said, "You can touch, Bobby," as she swung her tits in my face. I reached up and grabbed a handful with one hand and her pussy with the other one.

Jerry hadn't taken but a couple of swallows of beer before Martha had his cock in her mouth again. When she got him hard again, he took her from the rear, doggy-fashion. He fucked her and fucked her, and she kept saying, "I love it, I love to fuck." Finally, she told him she was worked up enough if he wanted to come in her mouth. Jerry liked the idea, and she took his slick, hard cock in her mouth almost to the hilt. When he exploded in her mouth, she swallowed every drop of come enthusiastically. Then she took the towel into the bathroom, telling us she was going to clean up and for us not to go away. Sam just smiled knowingly.

After a few minutes, Martha returned to the room, jumped onto the bed, and motioned Bill to join her. Then she said, "You too, Bobby." I was up like a shot and had my clothes off as quickly as Bill did. She was on her back, and I put my cock in her pussy while she moaned, and Bill put his dick in her mouth. Jerry was spent for the moment and just lay there. Sam sat at the table and took it all in.

After a few minutes, Martha said she would like for Bill and me to change places. So I slowly pulled out of her pussy and stuck my cock in her mouth while Bill started banging her pussy. A few minutes more and we both came.

Time had moved on, and it was past 11:30 when Jerry mentioned that we had better stop for the night. Martha was stretched out on the bed sipping a beer, and she uttered a little cry of disappointment. With a pout she said, "I haven't had enough yet. Let me get those cocks hard again and we will do a foursome."

During the whole evening Sam had just sat there with a cold beer in his hand and watched. When Bill looked over and asked if he was going to join in, Martha answered for him. "Sam and I have an agreement. One or two nights a week is all the sex that he wants, while I'm a real sexual animal. I simply can't get enough, so I make sure Sam has sex when he wants it. Last night he fucked me real good, and tonight he will not want any, but he likes to watch. Most men, after they have been married a few years, have this desire to watch another man fuck their wife. So Sam enjoys it, I enjoy it, and you enjoy it." And with that she took Bill's, Jerry's, and my cocks in her hands and mouth, and in no time we were all rock-hard again.

My wildest fantasy could not have prepared me for that first night. We only play poker at Sam and Martha's now, and we only play one hand a night. And we play that one as soon as we get there.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

GAMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156

11. HOLE. There is no dirt in the hole.

12. ASIDE FROM . . . The sentence is a *pangram*—it contains all the letters of the alphabet. The most famous pangram is probably "A quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog," but that takes a full 34 letters to cover the necessary 26. The "jackdaws" sentence does it in 31. If abbreviations are allowed, our favorite pangram is: "Mr. Jock, TV quiz Ph.D., bags few lynx." Attributed to Clement Wood, it does the job in 26 letters flat.

13. HANDS. The second hand.

14. COFFEE. It was sweet. He had put sugar in the coffee before he found the dead fly.

15. SUBTRACT. Once. After you've done that you're taking 5 from 20, 15, and so on.

16. PEAS. They are two members of a set of triplets.

17. RUNNING? You took a volume of an encyclopedia carrying entries from words beginning with "how" to words beginning with "jog."

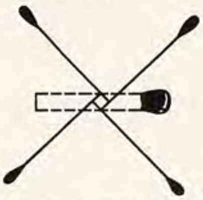
18. YOLK. Neither. The yolk of an egg is yellow.

19. CHURCH. How can a dead man marry anyone?

20. POSITION TWO. He married one woman, divorced her, married her sister, and then died. It is then true that he was once married to the sister of his widow.

21. WORK. The elevator.

22. MATCH WITS. There are two acceptable answers. In one you prop four matches on their edges and lay the fifth match on top, as shown. The result is a cube of space "inside."



An alternative is to arrange the matches to form the Roman numeral for eight, a number that is a perfect cube.

23. EGG. I drop the egg from a height of *six* feet above the cement. After it falls five feet, it still hasn't broken.

24. LADDER. Three rungs. As the tide raises the ship, it raises the ladder with it.

TERROR PLOT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

"That should give us plenty of time," John said. "I think we could use January and February."

"How many men will we be training in the States?" I asked.

"I expect a dozen," John said. "We can train them to take their training to other men, to teach them as well."

"Perhaps we should ask about the documents," the elder said. I looked up, not understanding.

"Oh, yes, we have a need for some travel papers, things like passports. Can you get them?" John asked me. That was a surprise. I didn't have a ready answer.

"Yes," I said, "but I have to make some inquiries first. I'll get you a letter about that, as well. I'll have it in the mail to you next week." The answer seemed to satisfy John.

"How much would a passport cost?" John asked.

"I don't know," I said. "A few hundred. I'll let you know for certain in the letter."

The elder was ready to conclude the meeting. It had taken only half an hour, but I realized I was in. I watched them as they walked away toward the elevators: the short, dignified elder with his white turban and handlebar mustache; tall, awkward Lal, walking behind them; and John Singh, dark-skinned and intense, very much in control. They were serious men, with a serious mission.

Outside, Christmas was coming. The display windows were filled with gifts. Christmas television specials were on the set. Christmas music was playing on the Muzak in the lobby of the hotel. But in my room, it had not been Christmas. We were talking about ruining the economy of a nation, about poisoning the drinking water of children.

I thought about the battle at the Golden Temple and what a massacre it must have been, with the Indian Army's tanks and artillery blowing holes through the walls, and the machine guns pouring fire through the breaches and windows. I thought about how the Sikhs had been run down and murdered by Hindu rioters, their bodies mutilated and burned, after Indira Gandhi had been killed by her own bodyguards.

And now, to keep the killing going, the Sikhs had formulated a plan to contaminate their nation's food and water, to destroy its nuclear reactors, and to assassinate at will with trained hit teams.

The hatred from both sides was almost a tangible thing. Now I was going to become a part of it.

I put the magazine back in the Ingram, and began to structure my notes. I would have a report for the FBI of a kind they didn't see every day.

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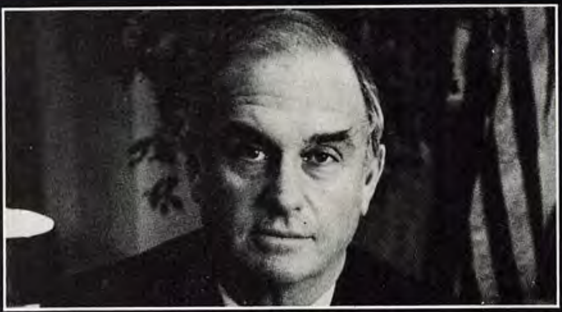
COMING IN THE MAY PENTHOUSE

THE FIRE THIS TIME

A common philosophy links them: Blacks are members of a primitive "mud race"; God intends America to be a white Christian bastion; the government (and the banks and the media) have been subverted by Communist Jews; the United States will be engulfed by a cleansing fire. They are the terrorists of the New Right and their violence is growing. In this dramatic photo essay, written by *Newsweek* reporter Vincent Coppola, you'll meet many of the angry, murderous individuals whose common goal is the violent overthrow of what they call ZOG—the Zionist Occupation Government, their name for the U.S. government.

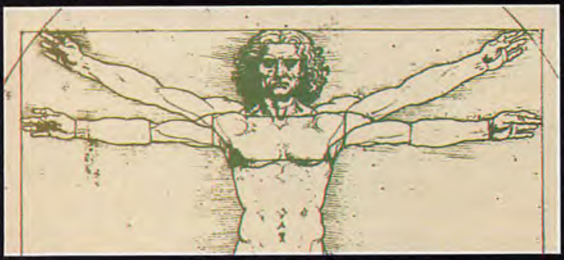
HOW TO GET YOUR WIFE TO SWING

If you are a man who is happy with his wife, the kids, the dog, and the station wagon, and you're a nine-to-fiver and not willing to risk losing it all, it might be time to give swinging some serious thought. Your sex life doesn't have to suffer just because you like family life. In an informative and entertaining article, S. L. Purvis shows how meeting other swingers is easier than you think. "Swinging," she writes, "has unfortunately acquired a bad reputation as a marriage buster, but the fact is that while swinging will not cure a bad marriage, it will not break up a good marriage, either. Couples can learn to enjoy recreational sex outside marriage and have the best of both worlds."



SENATOR WEICKER SPEAKS OUT

The senior senator from Connecticut is Congress's greatest maverick. Instrumental in bringing down President Nixon, this lifelong Republican and grandnephew of the Archbishop of Canterbury has taken controversial stands on everything from abortion and civil liberties to South Africa and school prayer. His independence and fierce devotion to the Constitution have made him a hero to many and have resulted in his being elected for three terms. In this outspoken interview with reporter Lee Michael Katz, Weicker explains his beliefs and tells why he's convinced that the tide of public support has now turned against the Moral Majority fundamentalists and their supporters.



WHO KILLED HOMEOPATHY?

Homeopathy is a system of medical practice founded over 200 years ago that has proven effective in treating asthma, arthritis, neuralgia, and migraine headaches. Thousands of physicians in Europe and India prescribe homeopathic medicines and successfully practice this treatment. Nonetheless, the orthodox medical community in the United States, backed by the pharmaceutical industry, has been determined to wipe it out. In the ninth installment of "Medical Genocide," Gary Null and Leonard Steinman review and document this disgraceful story.

THE AMERICAN DIFFERENCE

America is back on the tracks business-wise, writes Michael Korda in next month's "Power Game." After years of "slipping from malaise down into a giant abyss, during which there seemed to be no hope for American industry, unless it was through prayer or learning to work like the Japanese," Korda reports that with business leaders like Lee Iacocca, "it's a brand-new ball game." Japanese methods work, he writes, *for the Japanese.* As a people, however, we are very different—we enjoy working and having our bosses make seven-figure salaries, so long as they provide the right kind of leadership. "We've come to recognize," in Korda's opinion, "that the business of America is business."

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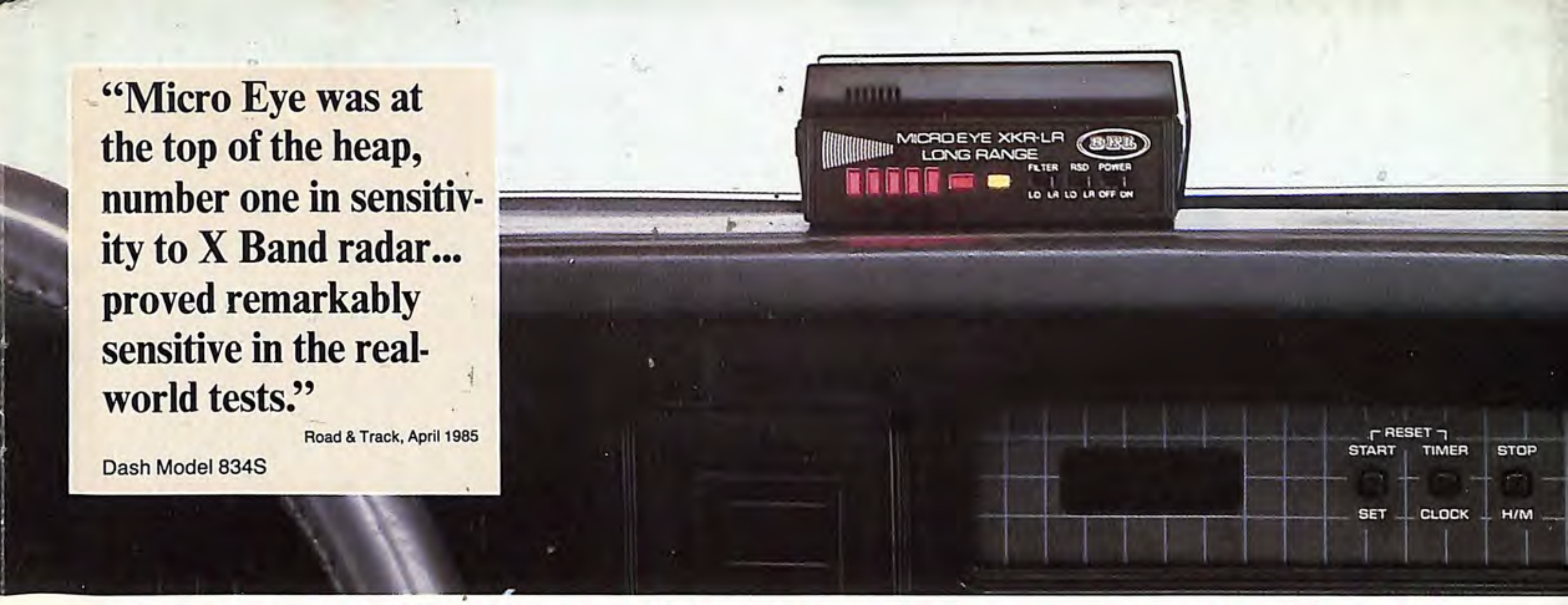

"Micro Eye was at the top of the heap, number one in sensitivity to X Band radar... proved remarkably sensitive in the real-world tests."

Road & Track, April 1985

Dash Model 834S

THE FACTS ON RADAR DETECTION

OFF
A/C
MAX NORM BI-LEVEL HEAT
HI
LO
BEL
FILTER OFF ON
LO LR MICRO EYE XKR-VR
SET

"If a remote-dash mount design fits your needs, this is clearly the one to buy."

Car & Driver, March 1985

Remote Model 837

"UNQUESTIONABLY, THE BEL MICRO EYE IS A TOP PERFORMER!"

This is what **Road & Track** had to say after testing the country's leading radar detectors. Unquestionably. Without qualification. Just the simple facts.

PROVEN EFFECTIVE

Other detectors may claim to be the best — but the latest tests conducted by North America's most respected auto magazines prove otherwise. The MICRO EYE® dash and remote models both ranked first. Overall. Conclusive proof of MICRO EYE's superior detection ability. Around bends, over hills and on the straightaway. City or highway. MICRO EYE® picks up police radar miles before he can pick up on you.

DASH/VISOR MODEL

Of the ten competitors evaluated, **Road & Track** confirmed that "Micro Eye was at the top of the heap, number one in sensitivity to X Band radar . . ." All in all, it "proved remarkably sensitive in the real-world tests. It placed 1st in the hill cresting test . . . and it also has the most effective filter against such (signal emission) leakage from other units." Quite simply, the MICRO EYE®'s computer integrated technology enables it to monitor incoming signals and virtually eliminate those which are not police-originated. The test concludes, "BEL is to be commended for building a unit that offers both superior sensitivity to police radar and effective screening of pollution from other detectors." What more need be said.

REMOTE MODEL

Car & Driver recently conducted a test of their own on remote-mounted radar detectors. In this category, as well, the MICRO EYE® came out on top. It ranked "first overall in sensitivity and also did admirably well in our selectivity test (False Alarms from Other Radar Detectors") and torture test." The MICRO EYE® remote model is hidden from view. Only you know it's there. And "its compact size and flat cables minimize installation hassles." Everything is simplified. There are no control knobs that have to be adjusted. Just set it to city or highway driving and you're on your way. According to **Car & Driver,** "If a remote-mount design fits your needs, this is clearly the one to buy."

THE LEADING CHOICE

With endorsements like these, it's obvious that 1985 is the year of the MICRO EYE®. If you're considering a radar detector, you now have the facts to make the right choice. Dash or remote-mount. The decision is yours. Either advanced MICRO EYE® radar warning system can be yours simply by calling the toll-free number listed below. And if you don't agree that MICRO EYE® is the best radar detection system on the market, return the unit within 30 days for a FULL REFUND.

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